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THE RUSSIAN

[These sayings on war and peace were set down by Madame Fedorchenko, a Russian nurse, from talks which she overheard among Russian soldiers at the front in 1915, 1916, and 1917. From a large amount of material they are selected, translated, and arranged. These detached utterances of wounded soldiers, many of whom could neither read nor write, lying in their cots, were spoken without premeditation or thought of the nurse's presence. Beyond translation, they are printed absolutely without change. Foreshadowing the inevitableness of events, they seem to penetrate the mystery of Russian character.—THOMAS WHITTEMORE.]

WAR, war! To some expected, unexpected to others. Many a man is unready, unprepared, body and soul. The crude gray forces were driven forth, to be the laughing-stock of the nations, with nothing made clear to them; on the principle evidently that, having lived miserably so far, they might as well die for no reason they knew. Straw was good enough for us Russians to fight the Germans with.

By the wish of Wilhelm, by the order of Antichrist, war has been let loose over the world. War has eaten the corn in the land, and war has cut down nations by their roots. From the beginning of time there has been nothing like it. War is more dreadful than thunder, it is sharper than lightning, and is not more merciful than the wrath of God.

A cloud has gathered amid the clear day; war has come amid the Russian people. The women weep, and the girls, and the little children; the old men brood and swear.

At first, when they took us, seven-

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A

teen of us, from our village, we knew nothing, only just felt bad. At every station we raised a row and swore at the girls, and we sang all the way; but we were homesick all the same. Then they began to drill us, and to some purpose, inasmuch as we even fell off in flesh. And they treated us most contemptuously, just as if we had been fools. Yet we were by no means fools. We all were used to farm-work, every mother's son of us. I worked under my father, and he was very strict. The only free time I had was when I worked at a factory for four months. On my way here I cried right along; I felt I was taking leave of life. Mother has been dead these fifteen years, yet I kept moaning, 'Mother, mother!' as I cried.

Our mother sent for us all. I came from the factory, and these were her words: 'Live, my son, long; but live so that your life may not seem long to anyone else.'

I used to attend to a garden. My father was a gardener, and my grandfather also. They were good gardeners.

My grandfather learned gardening abroad, and my mother was a gardener's daughter. That is why I am such a soft fellow. From our earliest age we have never seen blood, and have enjoyed flowers, but at the war we live only with worms and beetles. They dug me up by the roots from my garden, like an old pear tree. What sort of a soldier am I?

I was taken to the war as a chauffeur. I had always, from a child, had a knack for machinery, and in Belgium I learned all about motors. I drove my man right up to the Germans. By the side of us rode cavalry in helmets; they charged, hewing right and left. And Gregory, — before the Lord, I am not lying, — after wounding a man, seized him by the collar, threw him down under his feet, and kicked him and stamped on him, till he gave up the ghost. I met Gregory after that, and I shamed him. 'You a democrat? No, but a vile hound, that's what you are! Is that what you were taught in Belgium? A German is a man all the same, and you handled him worse than a rat.' He wanted to fight me, he was so ashamed of himself.

I had but a brief spell of good living. Mostly I lived miserably. And now I have risen. I have become an important man. And I laugh at everything. I stopped believing in God while I was still a shepherd boy. I said, 'I do not believe; strike me!' There was a great thunderstorm; but He did not strike me. I never particularly cared for life, and did not particularly thank papa and mamma for the gift. But now that they need us for the war, they call us 'brothers,' and 'boys,' and 'dear children.'

Whose is the blame? Who can be reproached with the sin? If we only knew that, if we knew! Is it the Germans, is

it the Pagans, is it the Austrians, or the Bulgarians? One's soul has been sold, and no man is guilty of the war. War itself has come from the other world, and war itself will finish itself.

I am learning everything afresh. The Lord, the Son of God, said, 'Do not kill.' That means, Kill, without mercy! 'Love your neighbor as yourself,' means, Take his last crust; and if he will not give it quietly, hit him with an axe. It was said, 'Do not defile your mouth with unclean words'; but here, Sing vile songs about your mother, to make it merrier for your souls! In a word, grow wolves' teeth for yourselves, and if it is too late and they won't grow, here is a bayonet for you, and cannon, to bite your neighbor under his ribs. But to make a real soldier of me, my back must yet be flogged with whips.

I hate the enemy so, I dream of him at night. I dream I am lying on top of a German, a sturdy fellow, and he won't get killed. I reach out for my bayonet and he takes hold of my hand. I cannot overcome him. I stick my fingers in his eyes, trying to make a hole right through to his brain. At last I find the way! And I am so glad, my very blood boils with joy.

Here you kill a man and get praised for it. Only you don't draw any pleasure from that. What can be worse than taking life? And if you do, you know that you do a forbidden thing. You feel much better if your conscience torments you. If you pay the whole price for your sin, it is gone.

In times of war miracles happen even to the like of us. How that is, I don't know. My feet gave out; I lagged behind and lay down for a brief rest in a ditch. I thought, 'They must pass here,

not far off, and I'll catch up with them.' There I lay, and heard them marching, marching. Night was going, morning was near; but I was powerless to move. I heard them tramping, tramping, nothing but infantry; their boots stamped regularly in time. I thought, 'Lord! there are not so many of us around here. Suppose they are Germans!' I raised my head a bit and looked. So far as I could see, the place was full of the dead. They were disposed in companies, in white winding-sheets. I could hear the tramp, but these seemed to lie flat, like a mist. I lay still as death.

We heard groans, entreaties, questions. We dared not answer; it is forbidden; besides, we did not understand. Woods were all about, and we could not see. But when the moon mounted up, like a rolling ball, we saw; we were surrounded with wounded and cripples, who crept up to us, begging for help. But we could not take them on our horses.

The priest called me to him, and said to me, 'Your sins are many and great. You are more intelligent than the rest, so you have more to answer for.' Had I but known what was coming! We were going there with no thought of blood. Indeed, I kept telling the boys to be careful not to kill the man. But we could not possibly let the scoundrel go scot-free. But when we got there, we began beating him; while he shrieked, we beat him to silence him, and when he stopped shrieking, we just went on. And so it was we killed him, while we never intended to!

He approached me; but instead of looking for my wound, he began to fumble about my pockets. I felt deadly faint, but anger revived me, and I tried to shriek. He squeezed my throat. I

succeeded in throwing him to one side. 'Swine that you are,' I shouted, 'dress my wound! I don't need your help to find my purse.'

I took aim at him, and did not know who it was, but hoped it would turn out to be a German. I aimed from a branch. I took long aim, and shot very luckily. He fell flat, and turned out to be a German, and healthy as a bull.

I tied his hands, and when we came to the little wood, I tethered his legs like a goat's. I said, 'Sit down, we will rest.' He sat, and I at once stuck a cigarette between his teeth. He grinned, but looked very blue. I asked, 'Are you an officer?' He nodded. I asked, 'Are you a soldier?' He nodded. I could not make it out. I smoked and considered how to make him appear as important as possible, when I brought him in, so that I might get a reward. I finished smoking. 'Get up,' said I, 'and come along.' He was silent. I repeated it sternly, but he remained still. Then I looked. He was grinning, and the cigarette between his teeth had gone out. I touched him and found he was dead.

Whether I lay long, I do not know. There were stars. One had to move, and I crept up the hill. On the other side of the hill I knew were the Germans. The rockets were all to the left, and I was glad of that. As I crept on, I heard their talk. I looked, but there was nothing to be seen, only, close at hand a fire blazed up. A sturdy German had lit a *primus*, and was boiling coffee — and the scent of it! 'O Lord!' I thought, 'if one only had that, how good it would be!' My mouth was full of saliva. I crept on; he sat waiting for his coffee and looking at the fire. I fell on him from behind, to strangle him quickly. He died silently, evidently from fright. I took the coffee and

drank it, burning myself in my haste. I drank it up, and carried off the coffee-pot and his helmet.

I unbuttoned his uniform and found the portrait of a young lady: here it is. I don't carry it about merely because she's handsome, but I feel sorry for her, the poor orphan. He used to warm her with his heart; and now I'm sorry for her.

We don't have to answer for anything. Whether the Germans win or whether we win, no one has to answer for it. But among the Germans, it is said, everyone is held responsible, and has to know what he does. Are they taught as we are taught, ra-ta-ta, and ta-ra-ra? No! They are shown how their enemies live, and what their customs are. And when they return after a fight, they are questioned as to what they have done. Each one carries out what is ordered. The Germans will teach us many things, but while they are teaching they will torture us.

I was so stupid once that, when I lay down to sleep, I used to fold my hands in a cross on my breast, in case anything appeared to me in my sleep. But now I fear neither God nor the devil. After I had stuck a bayonet into a man's stomach, it was as if something had fallen away from me.

When the Lord started the Sun on its course in the sky, laughter blossomed among men. They say the Sun is to die some day, and it is true that things point that way. Even since I was born, I can see that men laugh less than they used to.

Father, father! I ask you to teach me, for Christ's sake. I am afraid, I fear death. If I come to Paradise they will ask what good I have done; and

what have I done? Nothing. If I worked, my heart burst with anger, and when I rested, I slept without stirring.

There is no sin in that, that I can see. If I do a thing, and God sees it all, it means that it depends on his will to permit it or not to permit it. If my little one goes near the fire, I'll drag him away and spank him; or if I see his intention in time, I will not permit it. Now God sees everything. If anything bad happens, that too is his will. There is no sin in God.

Whatever one may say to him, he hits you in the face. For a 'Just so!' he'll knock your teeth loose. Well, I could not stand it, but one might not complain. Complaints are not accepted against messieurs the officers. And what sort of a monsieur was he? He had been serving as a clerk in the office, and doing everything for himself. And now he has climbed to be a man! No colonel or general would knock one about so.

I could not endure it. Was I a boy, to be so beaten? I went to report it; but instead of justice, I was sent to prison, and again beaten; and when I returned, I was ridiculed. Life was very hard for me. But here I forgive everything. We are all suffering together.

Take the officers, now, the command; of course they are not always kind to us. Still, they do no little good. They teach you at the very beginning, not merely to handle your rifle, but if need be, to read and write; and that will be of the greatest use to us after the war. And who sees that we are clothed, and shod, and fed? To take away our command would be the same as taking a door from its hinges. We should be running out into every kind of weather. So better keep still.

He received a letter, and shut himself up for some three hours. Then he called me. 'Ivan,' said he, 'tidy up the hut.' But it had already been tidied up that morning. 'Yes, sir!' I turned about and moved things from one place to another. Having turned about long enough, I went out. A bit later he called again. He was sitting with the letter in his hand and seemed strange. 'Ivan, tidy up the hut!' said he. Again I turned things about, and went out. A bit later he again called me, for the same thing. What, thought I, can have so upset him? When I had left the hut, he shot himself.

The two of us, Semion and I, carried our sheep by turns. It was alive, but did not hinder us much. Still, we got so tired, we sat down to rest, and before we knew it, fell asleep. Through my sleep, I heard Semion softly calling me, and saying the Germans were quite near. Sleep fell from me as if it had never been. I sat up, staring into the dark night like an owl, and seeing nothing. Neither could I hear anything but the booming in my own ears from fright. When I had recovered my breath a little, I did hear: true, it was the Germans! And from the time I left home I was afraid of nothing so much as being taken prisoner. Our sheep somehow rid itself of its bonds and plunged into the thicket, making a considerable noise, which fear magnified into thunder. Who else would think of an animal at such a critical moment? Yet my Semion jumped up, and rushed after the sheep; and that was the last of him. The Germans were after him in no time; they fired; then I could hear that they were getting farther and farther away. So I ran in the opposite direction, and toward morning I found our men. But no news of Semion. And he has a family at home. And all for a sheep!

Oh, yes, it hurts when you get wounded! But you get over it, and live on. You eat and drink and talk to people, and are again a man among other men. But the poison gases! To pay for those, many, many Germans should be killed. Nothing could be worse than gas. It twists you and tortures the soul out of you. You won't ever be glad again, not for one little hour.

I cannot say it was very terrible. When I was wounded, I forgot all the world; there I lay and shrieked, and felt no shame. And I cannot say that it hurt so very much; but the thought came to me that I was now alone in the whole world, and so I might do anything. And so I lay and shrieked, then called for 'Mother!' That's all. Then they picked me up. The wound proved of no importance.

My leg was all covered with boils and burned like fire. He said, 'He's pretending.' Think of that, when I wanted to die, I suffered so! How could I work at digging trenches? The clean bandage felt like lead, and if sand got inside, it felt like hell-fire, so intense was the torment.

Oh, what a terrible time we had! When the first wagon arrived, Semion Ivanovitch alighted from it and said to his wife, 'Get the children ready, and get together our really necessary things; we are ordered out of here.' The woman sank down weeping and wailing at the top of her voice. A crowd assembled in an instant; it was as if a thunderbolt had struck the village, and all were crying. Some were striking their heads against the ground, others tearing at their hair. One old woman fetched out a young heifer, put her arms around her neck, and howled; and so did all the dogs, for company. Well, they had to be loaded into the wagons by force, as

they could not be persuaded. Most of them barefoot — rain, mud, cold, a terrible, terrible time at its very worst.

How many ruined children I have seen here! One was so thin that I cannot get her out of my mind. Think of it! In a single hour soldierdom made a wreck of her life. Her mother was beaten to death, her father hanged, and her sister outraged and tortured to death. She was left — not more than eight years old! — with a baby brother who had not been weaned. I began to give him bread as gently as I could, and tried to stroke his head; but he squealed like a wild animal, and with that cry set off to run over anything that lay in his way. After one's eye had lost sight of him, one could long hear how he cried like a beast from grief and loneliness.

Wheat, every ear of it, praises God. It is the trumpet of the Archangels. But amid the corn dead soldiers are lying, ours and theirs. The corpses are fresh, and do not yet cause a smell; the field smells more. And among the corpses, children are wandering, lost. A woman who had decided to run away took a baby on her arm and a little one by the hand. The little one broke loose and was lost amid the corn. They were mostly two-year and three-year children. The people here have handsome kiddies, but they are so frightened that they have long forgotten how to cry; they seem to have lost their voices. They seem stupefied, and dirt and tears have dried on their faces. And some are bloodstained; perhaps they have been beaten. Our Sisters of Mercy began to wash and feed them. They were as silent as dolls. Only when they had gone some ten versts did they recollect themselves and begin to howl. War is hard on the children.

In the wood stood a cross, someone's

grave. I sat down there and did not feel uneasy. At midnight clouds collected under the firs, and the fog crept coldly over me, and sadness seized my heart. I remembered all my griefs. Evidently he must have died suddenly, to be buried in a grave in the middle of the wood. And he must have suffered much, for now that he's dead, he sows sorrow all around him.

In that wood we used the pots that had held the water brought to wash the dead with. Lots of berries and mushrooms grew in that wood, but no one cared to gather them. People said that beasts and birds used to go there to die. It was an uncanny place. In times of drought mists would rise above it, like curling smoke, and a breath of corruption came from it. At night people were afraid even to walk past it. Voices were heard there, and those who heard them did not live long.

That — a church? More like an old chicken-house! It makes me laugh. For I have been, from a child, a diligent churchgoer. Now, their houses are like palaces, with clean beds, wardrobes, and cupboards, sofas, crockery, roses in the front yard, cut and trimmed as if by the barber's hand. But the church might be a stable. It is not so with us. Cockroaches, dirt, a heavy smell that sticks in your nose, that's our *izba*. We sleep in it until the birds wake up; then we eat our fill of bread, and are off to the fields. But we are zealous in worship, and build nice houses for God.

About Masha, a great grief has befallen me. By ill luck I went home. I wrote to say that I was coming, but they did not get the letter. Thirty versts I went by rail, then hired a horse and arrived in the evening. The window was lit up and I looked in. Masha was seated, and beside her some stran-

ger who had put his hand on her breast, and was sitting quietly so. My soul felt like bursting. I wished to break in, but reason restrained me. I knocked at the window. She rose so quietly that it was evident everybody knew about it, and that this kind of thing had been going on long. She came to the window, shaded herself with her hand from the lamp, saw me, and trembled. And I was so glad at their fright that I shook all over. She went back and looked at the man. She told him, and he prepared to run away; but I struck her a mortal blow, and in the morning I drove away to the town, and spent all my money with girls there.

I still had ten days left after the journey, and from the first moment sadness seized me, to think I should so soon have to go back. I did n't have a single hour's happiness. I was afraid to let my heart thaw; I was expecting great grief ahead of me. I shan't again accept leave. God take it!

I no longer want to go home, I saw such things there. I will buy some land here, and will behave well to the inhabitants, so that the blood spilt may be forgotten. More than a little of our own blood also has been spilt. The land is fertile with blood, and it will yield good crops. People will soon forget the war.

I was not to blame. The ice on our river had broken up with the spring. The ice crashed like thunder. Our river is a deep one; steamships go in it. So the river with the ice moved in the early morning, and I had gone to a bath in the suburb, and was returning, being weak after serving in the regiment. I heard a cry; I looked up and saw two boys leaping from one block of ice to another, and the ice was twisting about like shavings in the fire. 'Uncle, help

us! Uncle, help us!' But how was I to help if I did not wish to lose my own life? I did not help. Then folk collected, shouted, and screamed; and the boys were drowned.

I took one swallow of it. It burned, it grew dark before my eyes; a moment later the fire spread through all of me with my blood. I had to laugh against my will, just like a little child, and I forgot all my troubles. That's how I began to drink.

I should like to drink a barrel of vodka. That was what I always had to be at when I was unhappy. And now, as one's life is that of the beasts, it would be better to be like a beast in all.

We loved our mother, and did n't wish to cause her any grief. Our father was a drunkard and used to beat her till she was red all over. I used to pray God to let me grow up quicker. 'Wait a bit,' I used to think. 'By and by you will learn what it means to drag mother about by her hair!' But when I grew up, I took to drink. At first my father and mother used to beat me, but I grew stronger and beat my father, and (sin though it was) I beat my mother, too. There was a fine defender for you!

A woman should be kind and respectful, not envying another woman for her husband, a careful mother of her children, an orderly housewife, zealous toward God, and faithful to her home. Oh, you woman-spindle, twisted by toil! While the peasant labors in the field and works till he gets a bent back, let the wife enter the hut like a sun, sweep up the rubbish, bake the bread, and teach the children sense and knowledge!

I feel queer here sometimes at night before I fall asleep, if I am tired. I seem to be not myself, and I try to

think of some word, some gentle tender word, such as 'blossom' or 'dawn,' or something like that, something sweet and pleasant. Then I will sit on my cot, and keep repeating that word to myself, ten times or more. And then it seems as if a kind hand caresses me, and so I go to sleep.

My heroic action was this. We were lying close up to their defenses, and for four days had not been able to climb out; we lay like reptiles. There was not a dry spot; one could not get accustomed to it. And H——, the ensign, had been caught on the wire when we had started to attack. At first he asked for help, called on the men by name; but one could not show one's nose without being shot. Then he only groaned and breathed heavily. That went on for four days, and he still lived. It is a sin to grumble at God, but here one says, 'Why be careful of one's life if one cannot spare one's soul?' I could n't endure it, and took him off the wire; but I got wounded. Then there was an attack, and our men captured the post.

I am very handsome myself. Women swarm about me like bees round a flower, and I'm not one to refuse them; but I am always expecting things to be different. For what is it like? — just like dogs or cows. Perhaps it will yet come about; I am not yet twenty-three. Beauty must be good for something, or else it's only like sugar in tea.

And then the staff sent some Jews to us. It was a joke. One roared like a whale, and another, as soon as he came, lay down as if dead. He was pale, but his ears wagged. Another, more forward, was always creeping up to the officers and whispering. But there, whisper or no whisper, we must all keep together. We sat in the trenches all night, and when we got there we entered

a house with Stepa Kovalev, and saw a lot of goods of all kinds. We did not know what they were all for. All sorts of articles! Our enemies do live well! We spread a blanket and began to put things into it. What was for each of us we could settle later. And, truth to say, it was a sin. All the same, if we did not take it, others would — there was no owner. There is nothing worse than to abandon a house, but it was not pleasant to stay there, either, especially not for a woman. O Lord, when one sees a woman, one neighs like a stallion. Then, weep or not, one had to act. As we were wrapping the things in the blanket our Jew appeared. 'Lads,' he said, 'that won't do.' We were silent. He went on jawing and we held our tongues. He became excited and shouted, and the captain came. He was amused, but could not help himself, and had to forbid it. He laughed, but ordered us to give up the things. Well, the Jew got it hot from us and from the captain. He went off to the hospital.

Here I am homesick for birds. I remember my boyhood, not only for the beatings I used to get, but also for the delight I had in birds. If Dad, as sometimes happened, would not let me into the house, I used to sleep all night somewhere in a hollow among the vegetable gardens. There were elder-shrubs all around, and the birds' berries. Before the sun rose, the birds would be tuning up in the bushes, trying their voices. In the early morning how their voices feel the sun! So full of joy are those voices, the sun could not but appear in answer to that resounding call, could not but appear.

I was allowed to go out. I went to see the animals and the birds. What beauty unspeakable there is in the world! Some birds are clothed in feath-

ers of every hue in the rainbow, and have eyes like precious stones. And such animals! Incredible! There is the lion, now, the king of beasts. The crowd stands around him, gazing with idle curiosity. But he lies quiet and won't stir, and looks right through you, as if you were not there at all. He is seeing something of his own, quite different. You feel the strength under that hide, a strength like cast steel; and his very calm is terrible. Believe it or not, as you will, but the earth breathes. Only your ear is not always attuned to hear it. Life makes too great a noise around you; we never have leisure, either to look or to listen closely. But there are peculiar days and nights, when the soul tears itself from the material and sees and hears earth live, as you might say, her own separate life. She stirs the swaying grasses and the waters; breathes in vapors, in mists, in the fragrance of flowers, in the exhalations of all living things. So immense is the life of the earth that man can sense it only by feeling, not from knowledge. I think monastic life is the real thing, the stillness that could make many things clear; but where find such retreats?

It sometimes happens that something good comes to you, perhaps a letter from home, saying that all are well, and send their love. And forthwith your soul weakens, and you begin to have all sorts of things the matter with you, and the sum of your sins increases. No! a man should have a stiff soul, tight-laced, trained to think of only one thing; then would there be no room for sin.

Do not pine, lad; what's the use? So very little will be wasted out of life, the merest trifle. You're so very young. The war is making havoc of the whole world. One soul is like one pea in a bag, which, without being

shaken, finds its way to the bottom. The main thing is — preserve life.

One thing a soldier regrets, which is that he has a head on his shoulders. Ah, if he had only arms and legs, he would fight without sorrow, and gain glory for his Tsar.

A blue flame flashed up; a lad ran to the light of it, and grasped it in his hand. The fiery bloom burned his hand, but he did not open it. His heart sank within him, for there were voices and a great noise in the wood; sometimes that, and then again such an unearthly dead silence, as deafens the ear not less than noise. He closed his eyes tight, and through his eyelids he saw devils of various shapes and sizes, who all rushed up to him, but could not strike him. He walked through fire and through water, and through deadly thickets, through this incomprehensible devilish mirage. The live fire blazed in his hand, burning him to the heart, but uttering promises. 'Carry me, lucky one! for the great good fortune I bring. Think of something; give me some order; I will get and bring anything wished for. Let not devilish temptations lure thee. Do not destroy thy soul, nor anybody's soul. This bloom has power in the night, if carried through the mirage. Fortune, success and all good things shall be thine, and joy, love, and heart's ease.'

Thick and ancient woods; one cannot see through them, one cannot pass through them; one can only sing about them in ancient songs. Such woods stand with no path in them. There is such strength in the earth as can overgrow man's roads with wild grasses, and bury them beneath fallen branches, and drive swift currents over them. In the wood there is a different life, not for men's eye. And the devil is there.

One says to another, 'He is no sort of man if he has not read Pushkin and those other writers.' Just think what the fellow who says that imagines! Why, none of us have read them; and are we really not men? He's read them, and yet there's no sense in him! He's weak in body and weak in character, he's easily frightened, he's cross with himself and with the others. He's not a man but a skunk, and that's all your Pushkin's worth. But among us there are real heroes. I can't forget that one, he insulted us so.

He mimicked very well and seemed cleverer than the other simple folk, but when it came to business he was no good. He could tell anything and invent anything, and put songs and tales together well, but he lived only on someone else's hump. Such a fellow could perhaps have found a place in a town; there people loaf the whole day; but the village keeps hold of your hand. If you have n't a hand, you can't feed yourself.

What's the use of talking? As if the like of us were ever asked to talk! At home I was a good scholar. I used to go to the teacher's every day for a separate lesson. He liked me for my cleverness; and indeed I was apt in all things. If I heard a poem but once, I did not have to learn it, I remembered it. I figured out problems in my mind. I could mend a watch or clock as quick as I could look at it. I could understand anything. So I understood that this was not the kind of people that were wanted for the war. And now I am in the infantry; here I sit, like a dog leashed for hunting, and see and know nothing.

Never had I seen such a jasmine. It was not a shrub but a tree. The smell held one's soul. In such a thicket of

jasmine were we posted. We lay down; one could hardly breathe, so strong was the scent of the jasmine. In my head, an old-wife's fairy tale seemed to be repeating itself. There were no real thoughts, nor weariness nor fear; only the fairy-tale. But before long the tale ended. The thing fell right among the jasmines, and I ceased to dream, just as Stepanyack, with an oath, began to regret his legs. He had lost both of them. I had lost an eye at the very same moment. Let the smart old wife tell him stories.

I remained there; had they forgotten me? I was on guard. I lived there a day, and ate dry rusks. The second day there were no rusks left. On the third day I was so hungry I went to search for some mushrooms and found them. I boiled water in a tin and swallowed it with the mushrooms, but threw it all up. What was to be done? No one came for me. By the evening I was ready to die; my stomach ached and twisted, and I was sick. I had an attack of cholera. Then they fetched me to the barracks. Such was my fate.

Inventions, say I, fibs! All that stuff about the soul. The soul is a good thing in the body. And the body is good when in constant activity. Therefore, work, look around you, attend to earthly things. They keep talking of the soul, the soul! and at the same time live like swine.

Go, go, do not wait! Go to beg in the village. Seeking the Lord goes a strange man with a little lad, — a gray one with a white one, — blind and bold, beyond our sight onward to the blue sea, to the edge of the earth. With labor to Paradise, for the maimed and the sinners — out of the thick darkness. Go wanderer, over the earth, winter and summer.

I have got a little property by the war. I did not rob; and what money I have received was given me by a Jewish woman. I took their part. I was looking on when our country-folk, with whips, were making an old Jew gallop over a hedge. He was a hundred-year-old Jew, with curls, dry, with white socks on his legs, and with hair yellow-gray. I went up to them. 'Don't you fear God? The Jew is old. What a sin!' They let him go, and the Jewess thanked me and gave me money. I took it. Ten kronen!

I think I shall have time to run there. I do so want that shirt; it is a nice one, and I want to see the woman, the laundress. A fine woman, she has given me no offense. And an Austrian came to meet me — I from one end of the village and he from the other. And the woman's hut was at the Austrian's end. I rushed into the hut and seized the clothes on the shelves, just what there was; then seized the woman and made for the door and ran. But they shouted and fired. Not one of them hit me! And I had got four pairs of trousers and a warm shirt. I now have a dowry, ready for my wedding.

I went to the window; tap, tap! A woman opened it, a timid woman, who trembled and did not speak. I asked for bread. On the wall hung a cupboard from which she took bread and cheese, and she began warming some vodka on a *primus*. I ate, but there was a noise in my ears. I thought no power could tempt me from this spot. Again came a tap, tap! at the window. The woman opened as she had done for me. I looked up and saw an Austrian tumble into the hut. We looked at one another. A piece of bread stuck in my throat till I was ready to vomit. What we were to do, we did not know. He sat down and took some bread and cheese.

He gobbled it and tucked away at it no worse than I had done. The woman served the vodka hot, two cups of it. And we began to drink just as if we were chums. We drank and ate, and lay down on the bench, head to head. In the morning we parted. There was no one to give us any orders.

Should I inform on him, or should I not? I wanted to, his speeches were so very much against all law. It was not alone that he abused the command — he went for the Tsar himself. Had I informed, it had been good for me; our company commander would have had to give me a bill of three roubles, and those lower down would have respected me. And you know it is those lower down who are nearest to us. Yet I held my tongue. I did not take any leaflets, as that would have been against my oath of allegiance; but I listened, and that was sin enough. But he was such a fascinating speaker. If you ask me why I did not inform, I could not tell you. But the fact remains — I did not. He would bewitch you. We are only too well prepared. Wronged in every way, humbled, living worse than animals, waiting all the time for somebody to teach us; so we listen. We do not follow him — we are afraid; but we do listen. As to informing, God forbid!

As soon as it was dark, we went. They helped us down into their trench. What a trench! More like a palace. And don't the dogs live in clover! Coffee and rum the first thing. They chattered away, but every other word was 'Kamerad, Kamerad.' Their officer distributed leaflets, very politely. We took them — why not? Most of us could not read, so no harm was done; and why should we be rude? So we ate and drank and talked, and now it was time to go home. Half an hour later

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we were firing at each other. Comradeship is one thing, service is another.

Do you think one has to be a special kind of man to kill another man? It does not take much effort to do that. You come home, you find want every where — the children half-starved, the wife dried to a stick, and blaming you and nagging at you for it all. Your own belly rumbles all day with hunger. And then a thief comes by night and tries to steal your only remaining wretched horse. Well, when you catch him, all you think of is to put the evil thing out of the way. And so you kill him.

There is no kind feeling in my soul for those who have remained at home. When I read that things are going badly for them there, I am glad. Let them, think I, eat one another up like reptiles for having sent us into torment.

It is beyond human strength to destroy that monster — War. There is no end or limit to it. So how could anybody be leisurely thinking in a leisurely way about domestic affairs or comfortable living? Think of your soul. That is what everything depends on in the next world. As to this world, our life in it can hold neither light nor joy.

THE REMARKABLE RIGHTNESS OF RUDYARD KIPLING

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

I

It looks Chestertonian as I write it. As if a world of concrete things were to be gathered into the titular abstraction; or as if Kipling's rightness were presently to be proved remarkable in that it is all wrong.

And yet, I think, Chesterton or no Chesterton, — where is he, by the way? — I mean precisely what I have set down: Rudyard Kipling's remarkable rightness. Right, because time has sustained him against scoffers; remarkable, because no one originally expected that particular kind of rightness from him.

This is not to be a discursive or an exhaustive discussion of Kipling's ut-

terances on planetary or even racial questions. I have not annotated his complete works with his 'rightness' in mind. Indeed, to treat him exhaustively would be a very difficult task; for the sum of his wisdom is made up, not of a few big 'works,' but of an infinite number of significant brevities. My only excuse for dealing with him at all is that I have lived a long time with the prose and verse of Kipling, and that my knowledge of him has reached what Henry James called the point of saturation. I will not pretend that I have read every word he has ever printed in the Allahabad *Pioneer* or even in the London *Times*; but I know him very well. I belong to the generation that took its Kipling hard. My friends who

are five years older or five years younger never took him quite so hard as that. They knew other gods.

Rudyard Kipling, in his later life, has suffered under two great disadvantages: his insistence on a political point of view which was unpopular, and the gradual diminishing of his flow of masterpieces. The dullest people will tell you smartly that he is 'written out'; the cleverest will tell you that he was precocious, but always cheap, if not vulgar. Perhaps someone will fling *The Female of the Species* at you. This paper is not to be a catalogue of Kipling's virtues, nor yet of his achievements. But I should like you to consider with me for a few moments that little volume of verse, *The Five Nations*. I take *The Five Nations* purposely, for it is the Kipling of *The Five Nations* that I mean. Not the better known Kipling of the *Barrack-Room Ballads* or *The Seven Seas*. But supremely the Kipling I refer to.

Two things changed the Kipling we first knew: renewed residence in England, and the Boer War. Of course, he was always an imperialist; he always loved Lord Roberts — as long ago as the *Plain Tales*, when Kipling was at once younger and cleverer than anyone else. But he saw these things, then, from the angle of India; he was an imperialist only in embryo. He cared more for the British army — in red — than for the British navy; and Anzacs were not within his vision.

Then — by devious paths — he returned to England; and England held him as it held the man and the woman in *An Habitation Enforced*. The Boer War came; and *The Five Nations* tells how he reacted. He has gone on very consistently from that day, developing, but never swerving from the path of his conviction. England did not listen to him: the Liberals of the first decade of the twentieth century did not pro-

pose to listen to anyone who wrote short stories for the sake of the plot and verse for the sake of a Tory idea. They were much too serious in Great Britain, in those days, to hearken to Rudyard Kipling. And, so far as I know, neither Lord Roberts nor Kipling ever said, 'I told you so.'

Yet listen to 'The Lesson': —

It was our fault, and our very great fault — and
now we must turn it to use;
We have forty million reasons for failure, but not
a single excuse!

How one has heard that rough-and-ready poem reviled — in the early nineteen-hundreds! Even now one recalls abusive editorials in American newspapers about the poem which mentioned

... the flannelled fools at the wicket ... the
muddled oafs at the goals.

'Oblige me by referring to the files.'

I remember those taunting comments very well. Not an editor but was so sane that he could make his little mock of Kipling as an extremist. But if you will get out *The Five Nations* and read 'The Islanders' through soberly, you will curse those editors for fools. 'Preparedness' is so familiar to us all now, not only as a word but even as an idea, that we can hardly believe intelligent people were calling a man names fifteen years ago for stating axioms. We are always thinking the days of Galileo are over. But they are not; they never will be; the human race instinctively and always has it in for Galileo. Kipling could get an audience for tales and ballads and jungle-books; but the moment he tried to speak nationally, he could not get an audience. Even now, they would rather read H. G. Wells.

Do ye wait for the spattered shrapnel ere ye
learn how a gun is laid?

For the low red glare to southward when the
raided coast towns burn?

(Light ye shall have on that lesson, but little
time to learn.)

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'Yes, thanks,' came the sarcastic answer from all the wise British millions; 'we jolly well *do* wait.' And they 'jolly well' did; and a dozen years later it all came true, and their sarcasm was put where it belonged. That is, if they had the sense to see it.

Will ye pray them or preach them, or print them,
or ballot them back from your shore?

Will your workmen issue a mandate to bid them
strike no more?

Well: it very nearly came to that. But I suggest that you re-read 'The Islanders.' I cannot quote any more. Every word of 'The Islanders' is true to make one weep; and it was the storm-centre of *The Five Nations*. How many thousands of people felt that, in writing 'The Islanders,' Kipling had destroyed his own reputation! Doubtless the Germans would have felt the same way about 'The Parting of the Columns'; though, if they had read it and had taken the trouble to believe it, it would have saved them a good many millions spent in propaganda. But the Germans were quite as stupid as the British public.

There has been more than one reason, as I have said, for the waning of Kipling's popularity. In the first place, he does not give us so many good stories as once, in the full flush of his genius, he did. That is a perfectly legitimate reason. Then, too, he has had an unlucky trick of seeing ahead. When 'The Edge of the Evening' was first published (in 1913), it passed for hysteria. Only 'fools' believed in German spies — in 1913. But there are other causes more insidious and more potent. He stands, not only politically for the highest type of Toryism, — at least, one fancies he does, — but for a lot of other outdated things: pious attachment to the soil; romantic love, enduring, clean outside and in; the beauty of childhood and the bitterer beauty of parenthood; patriotism unshrinking and unashamed;

loathing of the mob and the mob's madness and meanness; the continuity of the English political tradition, from Magna Charta down; religious toleration; scrupulous perception of differences between race and race, type and type; the White Man's Burden. And I doubt if, even now, he is an ardent believer in Woman Suffrage.

Almost any one of these attitudes would have been enough to damn him with the British democracy. One quite understands that *The Five Nations* would not have been Mr. Lloyd George's *vade mecum*. One perfectly sees why Mr. Asquith, following the usual tradition, passed Kipling over for the Laureateship in favor of a gentleman whom few people had heard of and no one could read. ('The Widow at Windsor' probably shocked Balliol as much as it shocked Queen Victoria.) No Kipling-lover, for that matter, particularly wanted Kipling to be Laureate. One even realizes — though this time with amusement — why he is *persona non grata* to 'the brittle intellectuals that crack beneath the strain.' The intellectuals say that he is good at times for children, and often for the vulgar, and take their refuge in not taking him seriously. The intellectuals have been Russianizing themselves, in these last years; and Kipling's laughter at that phenomenon must have been unholy. They could scarcely afford to feel him remarkably right, it would prove them so remarkably wrong.

As I say, one quite understands why the gorged and flattered workingman, the demagogue, and the 'brittle intellectual' have not read him or listened to him; but it is none the less a mystery that someone should not have listened to him and seen that he was eminently sane on many vital points. There is, after all, no one living in England who writes so well, who is so nearly master of the English language. But

one has to conclude that his audience has made up its mind only to be amused during a train-journey.

II

There was a merry little international correspondence in 1914 or 1915 over 'The Truce of the Bear.' What did Mr. Kipling say *now*? It was all a great joke on him. People also raked up 'The Man Who Was.' I believe Mr. Kipling never replied to his humorous questioners, or, if he did, it was to the effect that a man, like a government, might change his foreign policy with changing conditions. Still, everybody was very much amused, and for some reason (it can have been only his unpopularity) very much pleased. Perhaps they had not forgiven some of the other poems in *The Five Nations*, and looked to discredit Kipling by pitching on 'The Truce of the Bear' as they had once pitched on 'The Islanders.' With Russia driving back the Teutons on the eastern front, I do not see that Kipling, as a patriot, could proceed to defend his ancient position very loudly. But I do not remember — here I speak under correction, for his war-poems are very elusive — that even since 1914 he has written of Russia as he has written of France. And I have often wondered if, in the last months, he has not taken a very private comfort in his own refrain of years ago, —

Make ye no truce with Adam-zad, the bear that
walks like a man.

He may at least feel that he was essentially right about Russia, if incidentally wrong. If I am not mistaken, 'The Truce of the Bear' was written on the occasion of the invitation to the first Hague Conference. We took it that it was the Tsar whom England was to mistrust. Very likely. But I cannot help believing that Kipling had a pri-

vate suspicion that the Hague Conference was all tommy-rot. Which, obviously, it was, pragmatically judged. The sheer decency and competence of certain Russian generals did save the world in the first year of the war: let us never forget it. There never was a Russian steam-roller, but the Germans thought there was going to be one. Let us, as I say, never forget it. But for the last year, the Russian people has been behaving allegorically in the sense of the poem.

When he stands up like a tired man, tottering
near and near;

When he stands up as pleading, in wavering,
man-brute guise. . . .

When he shows as seeking quarter, with paws
like hands in prayer,

That is the time of peril — the time of the
Truce of the Bear!

Eyeless, noseless, and lipless, asking a dole at
the door,

Matun, the old blind beggar, he tells it o'er and
o'er;

Fumbling and feeling the rifles, warming his
hands at the flame,

Hearing our careless white men talk of the mor-
row's game;

Over and over the story, ending as he began: —
'*There is no truce with Adam-zad — the bear that
looks like a man!*'

I should be particularly sorry to say anything that German propagandists would like to have said. It is perfectly impossible for the average person to know what is the proper and what the improper attitude to take to Russia at the moment. Even those in high places might be forgiven for being perplexed. What the average person perceives is that the Russians are behaving very much, and very vividly, like 'the bear that looks like a man.' Certainly they stood up at Brest-Litovsk 'in wavering, man-brute guise.'

The only point of all which is that the folk who made so merry, a few years ago over 'The Truce of the Bear'

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had better find another joke. One does not base the rightness of Kipling on his merely having been a little less ridiculous, in a given instance, than his contemporaries wanted to think him.

I wonder, too, — still as I turn the pages of *The Five Nations*, — if there is not a tonic value to-day in the poem called 'Sussex.'

God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordned for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all;
That, as He watched Creation's birth,
So we, in godlike mood,
May of our love create our earth
And see that it is good.

So one shall Baltic pines content,
As one some Surrey glade,
Or one the palm-grove's droned lament
Before Levuka's trade.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground — in a fair ground —
Yea, Sussex by the sea!

So to the land our hearts we give
Till the sure magic strike,
And Memory, Use, and Love make live
Us and our fields alike —
That deeper than our speech and thought,
Beyond our reason's sway,
Clay of the pit whence we were wrought
Yearns to its fellow-clay.

The windy internationalism to which we are so often invited, nowadays, to listen, would deny it — might even call it '*chauvinisme de clocher*.' The reply is that people actually do feel as Kipling says they do. He has always tended to serve (in his own phrase) the God of Things as They Are. Granted, for the sake of argument, that it would be good for you to love all men and all countries alike, the fact remains that you do not. If that is your duty, most decent people do not perform their duty; their fathers did not, and their children will not. Even the most radical internationalists wish to substitute class-consciousness for patriotism — on the whole, a less enlightened chau-

vinism than the other. And, judging from the present war, they have not been able to pull even that off.

As for saying that one has the same sense of personal insult in seeing a foreign land invaded as in seeing one's own, that is nonsense. France has been the home of the spirit to many of us; the thought of an invaded France is of a bitterness hardly to be borne. But though one has lived in it and loved it, one is not so angry, in the very depths of one, at Teuton occupation of France as one would be at Teuton occupation of one's own soil. I will not say what German invasion of my own New England would be to me. 'Ten generations of New England ancestors' would rise up to curse the enemy. But even an invaded Oshkosh (and Oshkosh is a mere name to me) would be to me, an American, an even deadlier insult than an invaded Paris. I should take it more personally, I know. And if that can be so for us, in our far-flung, heterogeneous republic, what must be the case with the children of homogeneous France? If I know that I should feel that way about Oshkosh, what must the Kentish man feel about Kent, the Devonshire man about Devon, the Englishman about England? Did not all sane Americans between Bangor and San Diego react in precisely similar fashion to Herr Zimmermann's plans for Texas? I have never even been in Texas, but Texas belongs to me and I belong to it.

No: say what you please, geography is the great human science; it is more intimate than biology. And Kipling has had the sense to see it because he really knows something about the *genus homo*. It was a delightful phrase of the Frenchman's that charmed our youth — 'the passion for the planet'; but are we not a little undeceived now? Do we not at last realize that the only real 'man without a country'

is the cosmopolite? If there be such a person.

I can almost hear someone quoting ironically, —

But there is neither East nor West, border nor breed nor birth,

When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth.

That is very taking; and in a sense it is true, thank Heaven. But I fancy Kipling would want to modify it now. At least he would like to write a footnote containing a careful definition of the word 'strong.' It would not apply to the average German.

Kipling was called, for many years, by the pacifist-Liberals, a jingo. All imperialists were, *ex officio*, jingoes. Some of these people have got into their heads, by this time, the conception of a 'preparedness' that makes for peace, and realize the difference between a real jingo and a man who wants to avert war in the only way possible when a considerable portion of the world remains militaristic. We all know by this time that, if England had been prepared in 1914, there would have been no war in 1914; that, very probably, if Sir Edward Grey had been empowered to say, at the proper instant, that England would fight, there would have been no war in 1914. Had 'The Army of a Dream' been there, the mailed fist would not have been shaken at the world. But that is ancient history. It is to be hoped that everyone who preached preparedness in the old days is not now stigmatized as a jingo. If anyone still thinks of Kipling vaguely as a war-mad imperialist, let him read 'The Settler': —

Earth where we rode to slay or be slain,
Our love shall redeem unto life;
We will gather and lead to her lips again
The waters of ancient strife,
From the far and fiercely guarded streams
And the pools where we lay in wait,
Till the corn cover our evil dreams
And the young corn our hate.

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That is not the accent of the dyed-in-the-wool jingo.

And here again, — still out of *The Five Nations*, — the 'Half-Ballad of Waterval': —

They 'll never know the shame that brands —
Black shame no livin' down makes
white,

The mockin' from the sentry-stands,
The women's laugh, the gaoler's spite.

We are too bloomin' much polite,

But that is 'ow I'd 'ave us be . . .

Since I 'ave learned at Waterval

The meanin' of captivity.

Written at least fifteen years ago — and still, I fancy, the core of the matter. Certainly very different from imperialistic-militaristic conceptions of the rights of prisoners as exemplified by — Wittenberg, let us say.

III

All these later quotations go to show merely that Kipling need not have been so slanged for *The Five Nations*, since in much of *The Five Nations* he has pretty well expressed fundamental British feeling — as is now, day by day, being proved. And — let us face it squarely — fundamental British feeling is on the whole the most decent on earth. As Americans, we like to think that we share it. No one, to be sure, paid much attention to the poems just cited: they took it out in criticizing things like 'The Lesson,' 'The Islanders,' and 'The Old Men.' Now we find that in those much-execrated poems he told the simple truth. Why not admit it? Admit, that is, ungrudgingly, not only that he has been right since 1914, but that he was right much earlier, and that it is the other people who have had to shift their point of view.

But policies — as well foreign as domestic — have, from of old, made bitter enemies and excited acrimonious controversy. No one could have said

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anything worse about Kipling than political folk in all the serious English reviews were saying (before the war), all the time, about their political opponents. You could never take up one of those famous periodicals without feeling that vitriol had been spilled in your very presence. If there is a special rhetoric of vituperation, the English political article was its textbook. We milder Americans gasped. No Southern gentleman, on the floor of the Senate, ever went quite so far.

So we should expect Kipling to be called horrid names by those who disagreed with him politically, because that is English political manners. No one really minds, except as one has always resented the doom of Cassandra. What one does mind, what one does resent, is the judgment of the 'intellectuals' on Kipling's general human knowledge. They seem to agree with Oscar Wilde that, in turning over the pages, 'one feels as if one were seated under a palm-tree reading life by superb flashes of vulgarity. . . . From the point of view of literature Mr. Kipling is a genius who drops his aspirates. . . . He is our first authority on the second-rate, and has seen marvelous things through key-holes, and his backgrounds are real works of art.' Even Henry James spoke of him tentatively, as a young man who had gone a long way before breakfast. Politics always make people see red; but the human emotions in general, people ought to be able to discuss amicably. And the intellectuals have never been willing to discuss Kipling at all. When he is dead, they will, of course. But at present they still consider him negligible.

Now no one — unless Rudyard Kipling himself — is less tempted than I to set Rudyard Kipling up as 'saint and sage,' or to try to establish a Kipling philosophy or a Kipling cult. You may take a man seriously without taking

him religiously, I should hope. But the intellectuals take other people religiously, not to say seriously; and why Kipling is to be forever relegated by our arbiters of taste to the ranks of the frivolous or the hysterical or the vulgar, passes the normal understanding.

Two demands can respectably be made on a writer, in order that he should be taken 'seriously': that he should be to some extent a master of style, and that he should have sane and serious things to say about life. To those who insist that Kipling is not a master of English style, one has, really, — now I come to think of it, — nothing to say. Especially as many of them will tell you, with straight faces, that Galsworthy, or Arnold Bennett, or someone else, *is* a master of style. Mostly, it means that they care so little about what he says that they belittle his way of saying it. They persist in taking a purely momentary point of view. Kipling, I fancy, can afford to await the judgment of posterity. He is destined to become a great English name.

There are probably several reasons for this critical scorn. One is that he writes short stories, and short stories are not yet as dignified as novels — unless the writer be Maupassant. Some of the critics have never read anything but the earliest Kipling. Largely, it is because they have not the faintest approximation to a Chaucerian or Shakespearean sense of life, — life, good and bad, high and low, grave and gay, — and they find no charm, no 'distinction' in the blessed, common, earthy Englishness of the English scene. Most of all, they are uninterested in the very universality of the emotions and events he deals with: patriotism, love, childhood and parenthood, duty, and death. Nor have they much taste for laughter. As for tradition, they are so busy scrapping it, that they are not concerned

with illustrations of its continuity and deathlessness.

I could get up a better brief for Kipling on the human score, if I were not making it a point of honor to stick to *The Five Nations*. For Kipling has gone on very much, even since then. *The Five Nations* deals particularly with the Boer War and reactions after the Boer War. His more explicitly 'human' wisdom is not to be found there in greatest measure. Yet in some ways *The Five Nations* came home to us just now more than other things, when we were in the midst of the very war which he therein prophesied.

Take the 'Chant-Pagan.' When the war is over, there will be some millions of Englishmen (to leave out the other Allies) who will come home singing that chant — if not literally, then in spirit. In fact, that is the most encouraging thing in all Kipling for the reformers — except that I do not believe the returned soldier will care much more for the English industrial paradise than for the 'Squire an' 'is wife.' Even old-age pensions and the abolition of great estates, and all the other articles of Lloyd George's faith, are not going to make him happy. He is going to know too much about real values. There is just a chance that, after having saved England in the field, he may save England at home. There will — God send! — be so many of him. No man can prophesy; and yet already, in America, one hears people wondering about our own boys, in the very sense of the 'Chant-Pagan.'

Naturally, as I say, the more personal human relations are not dealt with in *The Five Nations*. But there remains 'The Second Voyage.' I do not know that anything saner or wiser or more poignant has ever been written about that love between man and woman which is the bulwark of Occidental civilization. No one can deal more ten-

derly than Kipling with the idyll between boy and girl — look at 'The Brushwood Boy.' He can even deal convincingly with the great illicit love (though it is not a favorite theme of his) — witness 'Without Benefit of Clergy' and the great paragraph in 'Love o' Women.' But the love that he most often treats is the love between husband and wife: the love that is built on shared tears and laughter, on deep domestic sympathies and clean sex-attraction, the love that many waters cannot quench. In 'The Second Voyage' he explicitly renounces all others; it expresses love, if you like, more or less according to the prayer-book. He sacrifices to the god of Romantic Marriage. If you choose to put it that way, there ain't a lady livin' in the land as he'd change for 'is dear old Dutch. Perhaps that is why they call him vulgar. Many of our 'serious' contemporaries appear to resent any account of human relations that is both vitally human and essentially decent, because it leaves at one side their two preferred groups: the very sophisticated, and the criminal classes.

I suspect that one difficulty, for the more sincere, if still brittle, intellectuals, lies in the unconventional verse-forms which Kipling often affects. They can stand any amount of slang in prose, but they cannot endure it in verse. At least, they do not believe that 'high seriousness' can wear such a garb. I dare say they would throw out even 'The Second Voyage' on the score of unconventionality. Well: let them. I was going to quote some of it, but I am too out of temper with the intellectuals. They may read it for themselves. And probably none of the moderns would be able to endure the mention of 'Custom, Reverence, and Fear.' I give it up. But they need not think that Kipling's own education in the matter of sex-relations stopped with the Gadsbys.

To the mind of the serious Kipling-lover, the thing that grows more and more impressive is his universality. Perhaps it seems to some an unimportant list of allegiances that I have mentioned: 'pious attachment to the soil; romantic love, enduring, clean outside and in; the beauty of childhood and the bitter beauty of parenthood; patriotism unshrinking and unashamed; loathing of the mob and the mob's madness and meanness; the continuity of the English political tradition, from Magna Charta down; religious toleration; scrupulous perception of differences between race and race, type and type; the White Man's Burden.' Many a man has had a tablet in Westminster Abbey for a lesser creed. And almost no one has sought his wisdom and his delight in so many places or so many classes of society. Engineers, subalterns, ladies of the manor, cockney privates, Hindu bearers, Boer farmers, half-caste Portuguese nursemaids, Gloucester fishermen, bank clerks, reporters, young English children, German scientists, law lords, public-school boys, lamas, pilots, children of the zodiac, even the beast-folk of the jungle — what a Shakespearean welter, and, humanly speaking, what a Shakespearean result! It is the 'good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth.' And the far-flung adventure has brought Kipling back to a very simple but not too easy code. At least, one cannot say that he sticks by the most English of English traditions because he has never seen anything else. He has had room and chance to choose. He has ended by being very orthodox, not to say conventional, about the fundamental human duties; and he reads history with a canny eye. But I do not think anyone can accuse Kipling of being a stick-in-the-mud. 'With the Night Mail' does not look so Jules Verne-ish now as it did when it was printed.

Perhaps some day we shall even have to give the benefit of the doubt to the later 'flight of fact' called 'As Easy as A. B. C.' Though I admit that that is going far.

Just there, I did leave *The Five Nations* for the moment; but it is impossible to mention 'As Easy as A. B. C.' and not also quote some of 'MacDonough's Song.'

Whether the People be led by the Lord,
Or lured by the loudest throat;
If it be quicker to die by the sword
Or cheaper to die by vote —
These are the things we have dealt with once,
(And they will not rise from their grave)
For Holy People, however it runs,
Endeth in wholly Slave.

Whatsoever, for any cause,
Seeketh to take or give
Power above or beyond the Laws,
Suffer it not to live!
Holy State or Holy King —
Or Holy People's Will —
Have no truck with the senseless thing.
Order the guns and kill!

Saying — after — me: —

Once there was The People — Terror gave it birth;
Once there was The People and it made a Hell of Earth.
Earth arose and crushed it. Listen, O ye slain!
Once there was The People — it shall never be again!

Easy enough to see why Kipling is not popular. Yet Kipling is by no means the only person who is warning us that mob-rule may come and sweep away our institutions. Most people who fear that event are doing their best to ingratiate themselves with the mob before it wholly loses its temper. I confess that — politics apart, and as a mere matter of dignity — it is a comfort to hear some man speak in another spirit and sense than that of craven conciliation. I have not quoted from 'MacDonough's Song' because I think it is a great poem; but because it is perhaps the most nakedly, bla-

tantly 'unpopular' thing Kipling has ever written. There it is, openly admitted, in all its offensiveness — his greatest crime. Damn him for it if you feel inclined, but confess that to write as uncompromisingly as that is better manners than to have loathing or fear in your heart and honey on your lips. 'We reason with them in Little Russia,' says Dragomiroff in 'As Easy as A. B. C.' Well, it looks as if, several generations ahead, that might still be the method in Little Russia. The story was written in 1912.

The Five Nations ends with 'The Recessional,' which preceded the Boer War by three years. And there is nothing to add to the 'Recessional,' even now; except that Germany needs to read it, at present, more than England does. All that I have meant to do is to point out that Kipling was right about preparedness, right about the Colonies, right about Germany, right about Russia, right about the Boers, right about Kitchener, right about demagogues and 'labor,' right about the elderly politicians, right about the decent British code, right about patriotism and the human heart — right about love. And that for all those things (except the last) he was slanged as if he were wrong. In political matters, 'thought is free,'

with us, at least. But in the matter of literary criticism, it seems a pity not to realize the worth and distinction of the few people we have who possess either. I have been told that Kipling still sells better than any other author in America. When I think of Harold Bell Wright, I hope, for the credit of America, that it is true. Perhaps the attitude of the intellectuals is mere snobishness, which cannot consent to think a best-seller literature. But, as I say, it is a pity that the greatest living master of English style (for Conrad's is a restricted field) should not be confessed to as such by the few who still profess to care about style. One would not mind so much if they did not commend such a lot of third-rate stuff.

I am glad that Kipling himself has the vulgar consolation of royalties. He has, to be sure, — I repeat, — the disadvantage of telling the truth prematurely. If we have just about caught up with *The Five Nations* — well, let us hope that the argument from analogy will not work in this case: that we shall never have to catch up with 'As Easy as A. B. C.'; that that, at least, may not be an instance of his remarkable rightness. For it does not make one happy about the immediate future.

THE TRENCHES AND THE CHURCH AT HOME

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

I

EVERYONE must realize that the churches cannot possibly come out of this war in the same state in which they entered it. Nothing is going through this fire without becoming malleable, or, becoming malleable, can resist the pressure of remoulding circumstance. And the men of the army will wield an enormous influence in all the changes. Conscription was an impartial hand, that reached down into America's population and brought up men out of every tribe, tongue, people, nation, creed, and stage of culture. The average man always has been here, but now he has been put where we can reach him; he has been given a chance at publicity such as he never had in civil life, and a place of eminent respect where we mind deeply what he says. The chaplains and Y.M.C.A. secretaries, in particular, are living with him, eating, sleeping, fighting, dying with him. He becomes through them religiously articulate where he once was dumb; and because there are millions of him coming home to sway the future of the nation, he is tremendously important. The churches, facing a new day of unpredictable changes, may well see all that they can see through his eyes.

This stressing of the religious importance of the men in the trenches does not mean that they are becoming saints. There is nothing remotely resembling a revival of religion at the front. Our boys are heroes, and because desire is strong, some insist on presenting them

with halos. The actual fact is that war presents a manner of life where religion has a tragic battle even to survive. To be sure, great souls shine brightest against dark backgrounds. So some whose spiritual life in milder days was little noted, flame out in brilliant faith amid war's horrors, like flares that light No-Man's Land at night. Such men have sometimes given fortunate permanence to their spiritual triumph by enshrining it in letters home, and these have been published so that all could read. And because the folks at home have no other way of judging what is going on within the soldiers' minds than by such literary memorials, these letters have been taken as typical. The whole army has been imagined as stirred by war to faith in God, to lives of prayer, and even to an abiding experience of spiritual exaltation.

The fact is far otherwise. The reason for religion's hard struggle at the front must be evident to everyone with imagination enough to put himself in the soldier's place. How lively and acute can a man allow his finer sensibilities to be, when he lives in verminous dugouts, is surrounded by gruesome death, and from time to time plunges into terrific slaughter? The only hope of carrying on is for him to reduce his sensitiveness to the minimum, to habituate his mind to a cool, impassive observation of things horrible, to learn to jest over sights that he once would have fainted at — in a word, to toughen his spirit against the impact of his life and to become as thoughtless as he can. Experience at the front tends to obscure the

loftier ranges of the soldier's life. A devout lover of music, since killed in action, confessed that he did not miss music, because he 'was n't carrying on with those faculties.' Says one chaplain, 'In the trenches, thoughtlessness, in the literal sense of the word, is almost a necessary part of the soldier's equipment.'

This is not saying that these men are not religious. In magnificent ways they are fundamentally religious. They have given self to the more-than-self in unstinted dedication. The very necessity of minimizing life, of which we speak, is the acutest point of their self-denial. And in the cause which they are serving with their very lives, one is sure that the great majority of them feel the divine purpose; in serving it, they seek the help of God. But there is no 'revival' at the front. The soldier does not think overmuch about his religion; he talks about it less; he hates the man who tries to pry into it. It is hard enough to live the part of it that lies next at hand. And one who watches him asks only the chance to help him to do that, —

Hold hard by truth and his great soul,
Do out the duty!

This subnormal life of the trenches, however, does not mean that our soldiers are negligible witnesses about religion and the church. Of all the men of our generation I would choose to know what *they* think about God, and the institutions that are supposed to represent Him, and the people who are accustomed to proclaim Him. I would choose them, not simply because they are the epitome of our American manhood at its best, but because this experience of war, in spite of the self-limitation which it imposes, has been an apocalypse to every sensitive man who has gone into it. Non-essentials inevitably fall away; the conventional

trappings and drapery of life are torn asunder; men, freed from traditional bias, look first-hand at the grim, elemental facts of life. They are not going through this mingled hell of agony and heaven of devotion without growing wise. The church may well desire to know what they are thinking.

The average American churchman needs a new slant in his view of the relationship which we at home bear to these men in the trenches. We call them 'our boys.' It is a phrase compact with affectionate sympathy and pride. It implies the solicitous attitude of experience toward youth. They still are boys to us. And one who lives with them perceives with thankfulness how marvelously amid war's havoc and monotony they do preserve their boyishness. Their endless good spirit; their refusal to take anything very seriously; their happy-go-lucky fatalism about their chances in the battle; the ludicrous nicknames by which they camouflage the most tragic incidents of war; their extravagant happiness over a little extra food or a specially comfortable billet in a barn; their refusal to complain about anything important, like being blown to pieces; and their insistence on complaining loudly about everything unimportant; and, over all, their joyous conviction that they are invincible — such things are a perennial revelation of the soldier's boyishness, and they make the billets just behind the front the most cheerful place on earth in time of war.

But only a shallow observer can suppose that these men are really as boyish as they appear. In this experience they are going down into the heart of life. They have faced a cause that asked of them their all and they have made the great decision. Death, that skillful discriminator between things transient and things eternal, is their constant companion. They go out night after night,

on roads or into trenches, where high explosive shells sing all around, and shrapnel bursts almost as thick as fire-flies shine on country roads in June. They are often frightened — as one boy said, 'frightened but not afraid!' And while they do not think overmuch, — they cannot and still live, — their thinking moves by clear, sharp, sudden strokes to the gist of things. They see what matters most. They hate cowardice, selfishness, snobbishness, tyranny. They love courage and self-forgetfulness and loyalty and deathless faith that right will win. The best among them have been initiated by this war into an insight that neither books nor schools nor threescore years of civil life can give any man. And the pith of the result is this: they have been where only the elemental needs of men are real, where only the fundamental faiths and virtues matter, and they swiftly divine the essential from the accident. They have a quick instinct for what is genuine, for what rings true and really counts. Above all, they hate ineffectiveness and make-believe and unreal talk. And what they hate they have no patience with; they have learned to fight; they are not tolerant. Woe to the man who even now in France addresses them with unctuous phrase or conventional doctrine or wordy exhortation! He will lose his audience and speak to vacant seats before he has well begun.

And these men, by millions, are soon coming home!

That glorious, ominous fact the churches seriously must face. We Christians in America have been asking ourselves, ever since this war began, what we could do for the boys in France. We need now to face another question: what are these returning soldiers going to do to the churches in America? They yet are overseas — three thousand miles of water between

our cherished traditions and their growing insight. Perhaps there still is time. But every day they have become more impatient of sham, intolerant of ineffective words, sick of narrowness and bigotry, scornful of emphases that do not matter and of pretensions that are full of wind. Every day they have learned to face real facts and to fight hard battles. When they come home, they will turn a half-unconscious but scathing scrutiny upon the church and all her ways. Already, as one chaplain says, 'our boys' look upon the folks at home as 'children in experience' compared with them. They went out, boys; they will come back like the Judgment Day.

II

Let this be said with emphasis, — because without it the judgment of the soldiers cannot be understood, — that when they think of churches, they mean *churches*, not the chaplains or the Y.M.C.A. Whenever some phosphorescent tidal-wave, like Dr. Odell's article in the February *Atlantic*, rises to overwhelm the churches, we instinctively raise up the Y.M.C.A. as a bulwark against the flood. See what we are doing in this trying time, we cry; how great the enterprise of the churches' men, how effective their service, how splendid their statesmanship! Within measure, this appeal is just. The Christian Associations do represent the churches in action for the army. Their birth and sustenance are in the churches, their men and women come from the churches. No institution that can throw out such vital and effective means of service is moribund; no society whose representatives can do what the chaplains are doing at the front is in decay. But, so far as the soldiers are concerned, they feel a difference between the churches and these splendid expressions of Christianity's vitality.

And they are right. Back in America's towns and villages our churches stand — Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Old Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarian, and what not. With their sermons, ceremonies, prayer meetings, Sunday-schools, Ladies' Aids, Men's Clubs; with their pastoral visitations and their social gatherings, their finances and their fairs, they are the churches. Is it well with *them*? That question we may not evade by praising the Y.M.C.A.

Moreover, when the soldiers in their thinking fall foul of the churches, they do not necessarily lack devout admiration for Christian people and Christian ideas. One gains among our men in France an impressive sense of the universal influence of religious life and thinking in the United States. Thousands of service stars in our Christian homes and in the chancels of our churches represent these men; their spiritual roots are back in the meeting-houses of America; multitudes of them have their early, hallowed memories intertwined with Christian traditions and customs; and now in France they are unspeakably grateful for the service — motivated by Christian spirit and beautiful with Christian filiations — which for their sakes pours from church and home.

A visitor cannot see, unimpressed, among the bastions of a Napoleonic barracks, a company of Americans at a chaplain's service, welcoming new members into the Church of Christ, with representatives of twenty-two denominations, there present, voting to receive them. Or in Y.M.C.A. huts on Sunday evenings one cannot hear, unmoved, hundreds of our men singing, often with no books, the hymns that they have loved back home. Not easily forgettable such scenes! — five hundred men, just going up to battle, singing in a great chorus, —

'I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless.
 Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness.
 Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy
 victory?
 I triumph still if Thou abide with me!'

Against the background of just such scenes, however, the feeling of so many in the army about the churches becomes the more startling. To hear a man, once a leader in the Christian work of church and college, and lately facing grim events in France, cry out in animated protest against the 'milk-fed Christianity' on which he was brought up; to hear him, not flippantly but in agony, berate 'the utter unreality of the old sentimental religion' on which the churches suckled him; to meet his scornful denunciation of the churches' 'dope' even while he was resolving to find God, not lose Him, in this war, is to be aroused from the complacent lethargy which times of peace too often have induced. The information which one gleans in the army does not concern the splendid efforts that the Christian people have been making since war broke out: it concerns the state of the home churches which these men knew before the war began.

To be sure, no one supposes that he can reduce even to a semblance of unity the bewildering diversity of life and opinion in the army. Some of these men will come back from their experiences saints and prophets, and some will return debased and brutalized. Some of these men will bring back a spirit of sacrifice and a capacity for coöperation which will enrich the social life of America for a generation, and some will conclude that they have done their bit and that the world henceforth owes them a living. Thousands of these men never have had interest in the churches and never will have, and other thousands are utterly loyal to the churches and will return with deep thanksgiving to the congregations

which they left. But I do not see how, even amid this confusion of contraries, one can live long with the army without encountering a certain clear drift and major emphasis among those men whose intelligence and character make their opinions alike most easy to obtain and most difficult to neglect. And this drift and emphasis are very disconcerting to a churchman.

So far as I can see from months of living with the army, there are some things in the churches' life on which the hostility of the soldiers especially will fall. For one thing, how intolerable to those who have caught the devotion of the army is a certain habitual selfishness in the churches' appeal to men! If in France to-day, in speaking to the soldiers, anyone suggests that perhaps they soon will die, that if they do they may go to hell unless they are 'prepared,' and that therefore they had better believe something religious to avoid the sad contingency, that man incontinently shuts up, or else he leaves France, or more probably he does both. The soldiers will not listen to him; the army will not tolerate him. The reason is not simply that playing on morbid fears is an assault on the army's morale: a deeper reason makes this all too familiar appeal of the churches unendurable. There is a fundamental antipathy between such talk and the spirit in which the whole army is living. The former is thoroughly self-centred. The latter is gloriously self-forgetful.

To be sure, soldiers are not super-saints in their lack of all care about themselves. Self-regarding motives never can be absent from complete humanity. Not a few in the army still look to religion as a means of safety, from shell-fire if not from hell-fire. They use God as a last recourse in desperate emergency; they regard him, so one chaplain reports, as 'little more than an extra rifle'; their religion is

sheer magic for selfish purposes. At their best, however, the soldiers, when they think about themselves, rejoice in the personal enlargement, the inner satisfaction, the individual rewards for valor, the anticipated share in future victory, which are the just recompense of sacrifice. They care deeply about the quality and fibre of their individual lives. In the fellowship of a common task they would not for the world have to make the humiliating confession of Masefield's sinner,—

‘The harm I done by being *me*.’

And even such high self-regard is subordinate; the fore-front and cutting edge of all the army's thought is for the success of the crusade. ‘I used to wonder at the Cross,’ an American soldier in France said to me; ‘not now! I think that Jesus was a lucky man to have a chance to die for a great cause.’

How can many of the churches in their present mood expect to appeal to a man like that? Come to God that you may be safe — will *that* do? Come to God for there is in his hands solace for believers — will *that* do? ‘Far more important than your work in France is the preparation of your souls to meet the Lord who speedily will return’ — words used by a preacher to troops on an American transport; will *that* do? Will any mean, self-centred motive do?

Let no one suppose that soldiers are blind to this contrast between selfish religion and the spirit of the army. One of the British chaplains quotes from an English officer an opinion, the full import of which no modern churchman can afford to miss: ‘The reason I don't like religion, padre, is that it's such a selfish thing. It simply threatens sinners with hell and promises comforts to the good.’

Now, religion can afford to be called many names; but in this generation of

splendid self-sacrifice, for religion to be called 'a selfish thing' is to condemn it to irretrievable perdition. Many will cry at once that this officer's verdict is unjust — a gross caricature and perversion of the facts. And it is unjust to all progressive Christian thinking. But as I recall a long and intimate association with the churches, I am not so sure that with clear conscience I can charge that soldier with misrepresenting the appeal, to which I have listened till my soul grew sick. As a lad, I was frightened half to death because I feared to go to hell — not by my family, bless their sane and wholesome spirit! but by the church. At nine, I suffered tragic torments because I thought that I had committed the unpardonable sin, and so was 'lost.' All through my lusty youth I perjured my soul almost beyond redemption in collective expressions of a deep desire to

Wash my weary feet
In the crystal waters sweet,
Over Jordan!

And while the finest, sacredest things of life have come to me out of the church, and my deathless gratitude belongs to her, a hidden anger still is there against this wretched play upon my selfish fears and selfish hopes.

When to-day we hear the most popular evangelists still consigning whole classes of our citizens to hell, while all the leading ministers and laymen of the community applaud; when we hear still the old appeal that men should come to God because they thereby save themselves for future bliss in a golden paradise; and when the chief effect of the war on multitudes of American Christians has been to set them interpreting the prophets to discover the date of the world's end and of their own ascension into glory, how can we say that that English officer was utterly unfair? The churches for generations have

been urging upon us an individualistic and self-centred gospel. We have been continuously supplied, in hymns, in liturgies, in sermons, with Jonathan Edwards's dominant ideal, 'I make seeking my salvation the main business of my life.' Even when this self-regarding motive has not been centred on a *post-mortem* heaven, it has been centred quite as selfishly on this present life. God, a gigantic policeman, forever clubbing those who break his traffic regulations, and feeding with goodies from his ample pockets those who mind his word, so that one had better keep upon his kindly side — H. G. Wells is not the only one who was brought up in the churches on that kind of deity. It was a senior chaplain, who, returning from the front, wrote of our religious thinking, 'It has descended through a steady gradation of selfish prayers and anti-social hymns, till it reaches its final degradation in that definitely and shamelessly unchristian chorus, which was recently so popular in revivalist meetings, —

'That will be glory — glory for me.'

Against the background of the millions of self-forgetful men who fought in France, how dark this record looks! Many a soul is being saved there. Many men, returning, will bless America with a heft and range of character that they did not have before. But they did not go to France to save their souls. They forgot themselves, and went to France to save the world. They are learning that innermost salvation that never comes except through social sacrifice; they have found their lives by losing them in a cause. In the midst of them one feels furiously the shame of the selfishness with which the churches often angle after men.

A lieutenant in the British army writes, 'The war has undoubtedly widened the gulf between the man and

the churches.' I see no reason to suppose that that will not be true in the armies of America. A God who calls men to

. . . smite the lies
That vex the groaning earth,

these men can understand. A God who sets men to hard tasks and gives them inward power to battle through to righteous victory — war introduces thoughtful men to Him. The Christian God of costly moral purpose, building His Kingdom among men — if the church would only lift Him high! But in the name of all the mighty social tasks that await the concentrated energy of the race, now and in the days of reconstruction, let the churches stop making men suppose, what one chaplain says the soldiers think, that religion is nothing more than a 'bribe for protection by a benevolent God!'

III

When the returning soldiers open their assizes, another indictment will undoubtedly be pressed against the church: the pettiness of her sectarian emphases. From the days of the prophets until now, august souls in religion have tried to make first things stand first, and to save the church from her arch sin of 'specializing in irrelevancies.' And in our generation, the belated futility of our denominations, the shame of our stress on dead issues and our negligence of live ones, has been so obvious, that scores of voices have been lifted in agitated protest. But still our churches, for the most part, have jogged on their complacent way. Circumferential trivialities have become the business of the churches. The intellectual classes, trying to think real thoughts about live issues, have gradually drifted away, until Christianity faces to-day, in the defection of the universities, not from religion but

from the churches, a crisis of the first magnitude. The forces of labor, fighting real battles for immediate needs, have passed in multitudes from alienation, through hatred, into contempt of the churches. Social idealists, mystified by the carelessness of the ecclesiastical establishments about the great ends of social reformation, have appealed until weary, and in droves have sought other instruments of service, other sources of inspiration. Thousands, grown spiritually thin on the dry husks of theological speculation or platitudinous exhortation, have gone off into sects, both sane and crazy, to seek some contact with reality. And millions, still members of the denominations, wistfully loyal to the life for which the denominations are supposed to stand, hold hard by God, but find the churches' message and programme uninteresting and unimperative.

And now the crack of doom sounds over the old world as it used to be, and all things are melted and remoulded before our very eyes. Do we of the churches still think that in undisturbed serenity we can jog on in the old rut?

That this is a real issue, as critical as any which the church has faced in all her history, one feels who has lived with the men in France. Whatever else this war has done to thoughtful men in the army, it has made them see that life is short, that only a few great things in religion matter, and that it is a waste of breath to spend much time on accidentals. The main issues of religious faith often loom large at the front. 'God and Heaven seem more real here in the presence of suffering and death,' writes one soldier, 'than they ever did at home.'

But the minutiae of our denominations — what possible importance can the returning soldier see in them? They are an impertinence. Protestants of all kinds, Catholics and Jews, men

of forty different nationalities, speaking many tongues and approaching God by many avenues, have lived, endured and died in France together. They have not weakly submerged their differences in the common thought, but they have learned to love and honor many men from whom they differ more than some men with whom they well agree. They have grown impatient of false and insignificant divisions between themselves and their comrades. They would not easily tolerate being told that they must not fight beside an American Indian because of King Philip's War, or beside an Englishman because of Saratoga. It seems obvious and important in France that the tasks which unite modern men in a common enterprise for the weal of humanity must not be broken up by insistence upon differences that should have died a natural death years ago. And plenty of the soldiers see that this thing which must not happen *is* happening in the churches. Excommunications because of forms of baptism or theories of the Eucharist; debates waged with weird fury over whose hands were laid upon whose heads in apostolical succession; heresy trials about old miracles or fine points of authorship in Biblical literature; quarrels over creeds that the Christians of the second century fought the Gnostics with, or in the fourth century used against the Arians; ferocious insistence on points of doctrinal difference that were live questions when Knox shook Scotland or Calvin in Geneva held intellectual court for all Europe, but which it is a shame now to keep from decent sepulture—what sense is there in basing our churches upon these, in making ecclesiastical divisions follow the boundary lines which these denote, and in causing men, like our soldiers now, to think that Christianity chiefly is concerned with the maintenance of these?

Writes one lieutenant, 'The majority have not the foggiest idea what Christianity is all about!' Write six chaplains in a concerted statement, 'Men have absolutely no clear conception of the Christian religion.' Well, why should they have? Washington Gladden surely would not be alone in saying, 'While therefore I had as large an experience of churchgoing in my boyhood as most boys can recall, I cannot lay my hand on my heart and say that churchgoing helped me to solve my religious problems. In fact, it made those problems more and more tangled and troublesome.'

Is this judgment harsh? Then let a returning soldier speak for himself. He came home from war and went to church, and this is what he wrote: 'The sonorous ritual was recited with prosaic monotony; the scriptures were read without sympathy or understanding, as though their language were too sacred or too unhuman for mortal articulation; the singing was a thing of faint and feeble beauty, dwelling afar from human emotion in the sanctified east, a thing of delicate frailty in which it were sacrilege for the assembly of the faithful to have any part or lot; the collection of the metallic offering was accepted as a welcome diversion from the more solemn and sanctimonious routine; the sermon was a stunted dissertation upon the importance of the Church, the greatness of her mission upon earth, the value of her consolation when one is not finding everything rosy in the secular world, and ending with an appeal to everyone to do something vague and ethereal and indefinite for Christ, in order that they might obtain a spiritual certificate of fitness for a state of felicity in the world to come. . . . This lifeless conventionality, this numb inertia, this sterile stagnation, this insipid, lukewarm Laodicean pap!'

I will not vouch for the justice of

that. Only I know that a Christian soldier came home from war and, endeavoring to go to church for help, wrote that. And there are very many Christian soldiers coming home!

Granted that they are not infallible! We need not make them popes because they are heroes. Anyone who knows them understands that they are not even noted among themselves for nicely balanced, even-handed justice. They make snap judgments like other men; rather more than other men, they are given to swift, hard condemnation of things that they do not like. They are not famous for finesse. But while the soldiers' judgment often is abrupt and fallible, we know well, when we cease poulticing our consciences with soft complacency, that any impatience of the soldiers with our belated sectarian divisions is justified.

For a long time now we have been concocting excuses for our lamentable situation; we have grown fluent with historical explanations of present ills, and with comforting analogies of other institutions' similar misfortunes. The day for this pleasant dalliance is over. Whitewash cannot forever support rotting timbers. The hour of the church's crisis and of her splendid opportunity has struck. An aroused spirit of religious faith, social hope, and splendid sacrifice is rising among men. It centres around great matters, not trivialities. It must have gangway. And the present churches are about as well fitted to express and further it as are the boundaries of ancient Indian tribes to form the basis of the new League of Nations.

IV

Whatever differences of opinion there may be about these criticisms of the churches which we have just discussed, there is one point on which, in the British and American armies alike, I

have found absolute unanimity. The men of the army quarrel with the negativeness of the churches' ethic. The British chaplain who, better than anyone else I know, has a grip on the religious conditions in his army, writes, 'I am beyond all question certain that one thing which repels Tommy in our churches is our negative attitude toward life.' We of the churches, in our pleasant day-dreams, love to picture Zion calling the evil world to righteousness. It is a shocking experience therefore to discover that our most virile manhood strenuously objects to our whole idea of what righteousness is. The soldiers seriously think that the character which the churches seek consists of little more than abstinence from a multitude of pleasurable things. In the midst of a tremendous generation, when men are rising to super-human heights of positive character in service of gigantic aims, the churches often stand, in the imagination of the soldiers, insisting on a list of prohibitions, which the army as a whole regards with sheer contempt; thinks it narrow, negative, piffling; passes it up as unworthy of a real man's ambition to observe.

At first I was disposed to call this interpretation of the church's teaching most unjust. And so far as many churches are concerned, it is unjust. But I remembered the minister who preached a long Sunday evening sermon, for the acknowledged purpose of persuading a few of us to sign a pledge never to drink sweet cider as long as we lived. I remembered with resurrected wrath that, as a boy, I missed my one and only opportunity to hear Edwin Booth in *Hamlet* because some brethren stirred my sensitive conscience on the wickedness of the theatre. I recalled the agonizing scruples induced by fervid sermons against everything that a normal boy wants to do, from dancing the Virginia Reel to reading George Eliot's

novels. The whole programme of negative ethics, which the churches have so insistently proclaimed, came up out of the limbo to which years of forgetfulness had consigned it. If everywhere in the army one finds these splendid men thinking of Christian character in terms of negation, whose fault is it? For years the solicitous, paternal attempt of the churches to build a protecting hedge around their people's character has been confirming the idea that the marrow of Christian duty is 'Thou shalt not.' Granted that the vanguard of the churches is far beyond the spot where this criticism strikes! One returns from France with the impression graven deep, that the vanguard of the churches is very much smaller than he used to think, and that the bulk of the churches is a long, long way behind. The righteousness of the saints, in the general estimation of the army, is little more than *anti* — *anti* dance, theatre, cards, drink, smoke, profanity, and all fun on Sundays.

Some of these things we all may earnestly hate and vigorously fight; in others of them we well may see the peril; but that the demands of Jesus on human life should be so emasculated that discipleship to Him becomes a list of negations, however important, is one of the major sins of the churches. And it is a sin whose nemesis now has its foot upon the church's doorsill. For whatever war is bringing out in these men overseas, it is surely eliciting the masterful, positive elements in character. Courage, self-devotion, fortitude, unconquerable cheer, fidelity to comrades, loyalty to undertakings, perfect willingness to die for their cause — these things seem great in the army. One understands, as he never could before, Jesus' moral emphases: spiritual virtues, supreme; spiritual meannesses, most damnable; sins of sudden passion, tremendously disapproved but merci-

fully forgiven. As one takes the moral measure of some of the worst of these men, rough as sin but loyal as the saints, one keeps recalling a verse of the gospels: 'Jesus saith unto them, Verily I say unto you that the publicans and the harlots go into the Kingdom of God before you.'

A sergeant of the British Regulars, seeing gas-patients die, — twenty-four hours of drowning agony, — exclaimed to a friend, 'This sort of thing makes me want to suffer everything for everyone once and get it over!' Consider such a man going home to hear some dominie, who never came within sight of so vital a Calvary, urging through a whole sermon the sin of baseball on Sunday afternoon. Is this overdrawn? Yet it is a picture that hangs in the minds of the soldiers. They honestly think that the ethical interest of the churches chiefly centres in just such questions of abstinence.

These soldiers see ahead of them a generation facing prodigious problems, on whose successful solution the weal of humanity depends. They see arising questions of international organization and of social justice, which, unanswered, will make defeat out of the most splendid victory that they can win. They see the need of great character directed to great ends. They do not want to die in vain. They want a fairer, more fraternal world to show for their travail. But only vaguely, if at all, do they associate the churches with that deep desire or rely on them to help much in achieving it. The churches which they have known have impressed multitudes of them as having no ethical enthusiasm for anything except negative ideals of individual behavior. And one returns from France vehemently feeling that, in the midst of so great a generation, to be a small man or a small church obsessed by piddling prohibitions is disgrace.

Can written words make this fact sharp enough to pierce clean through the church's self-content? Donald Hankey has said that many of the finest characters in the army, whom Christ would have loved and in whom he would have seen his spirit, are often, not only unallied with the churches, but utterly unaware that that sort of character has anything to do with the aim and interest of the churches. I know no competent observer, in the whole line of France, who would not, with whatever regret, consent to that lamentable report. The church as the organized force of militant righteousness, fighting the evil of the world — how fair a picture! But multitudes of these men in the army, utterly unchurched, are not representatives of the world's evil. They are the very salt of the earth, its benediction and its hope. This is the point of the sting which drives a lover of the churches out of his silence into this agonized complaint. The only use of the church is to gather up humanity's best, to be the coöperative unit where those who would fight for the highest against the lowest may take their stand. And lo! the church is failing just there. The best is escaping her. It is finding other voices to speak through, other agencies to work through; and in individual characters, like multitudes of these men in the army, it rises to superb heights, careless of the churches, sometimes scornful of them.

Let the matter stand, sharply put! For generations the churches have been calling men to fight the world's worst; their present task is, first, to see if they can somehow become once more the rallying-point of the world's best. Urgently we desire these men of the army to accept Christianity. But before we succeed, many of our churches will have to get a type of Christianity that it is worth the real man's while to accept.

v

Such are the places of obvious conflict between the men in the trenches and the church at home. One other might be added. Comradeship is the glory of the army, and in that comradeship previous wealth, rank, occupation do not count. Only manhood matters. I do not see how these soldiers are coming home to many of our churches, where pews are owned or rented, and where the congregation is so seated that a man's relative income can be estimated by his comparative distance from the altar of the Lord's sacrifice. The class-divisions in our churches are in ill accord with the democracy of the army. There is a shocking incongruity between an attack at the front — rich and poor, learned and ignorant, prominent and obscure, going over the top together — and a congregation in a wealthy metropolitan church singing, —

'Onward Christian soldiers, marching as to war.'

As one considers these accusations which the spirit of the army brings against the churches, — the selfishness of our appeal, the pettiness of our sectarian emphases, the negativeness of our ethic, the undemocratic quality of our fellowship, — he sees that they are no theoretical complaints. They fall upon us all in vital spots. Some in this last generation, were for saving the churches by keeping them theologically and ritually orthodox; some were for saving them by making them liberal; and now the army drags up the manhood of America where we can talk with it — and behold! the soldiers do not know much about our points of controversy, take little stock in any of them, waste no time to think or wind to talk of them, but seem to feel that, liberal or orthodox, our churches may incontinently be consigned to obliv-

ion unless they can make some vital changes in their *life*. Some of the soldiers are liberals; they consciously think in modern terms and argue modern problems; some are so orthodox that they lay bets, calling Y.M.C.A. secretaries to hold the stakes, as to whether they have guessed right the date when the forty-two months of Revelation's thirteenth chapter predict the ending of the war! The men in the trenches have no distinctly theological message for the churches whatsoever. The army's specialty is not speculation.

But these men are learning everything that fellowship in devotion, sacrifice, suffering, and death can teach. At their best they are very gallant gentlemen. At times a minister who lives with them turns bitterly upon himself — O sleek and satin-voiced dominie, what can you tell these men about life's realities? And when these men smite the churches with their criticism, they strike us where we live.

These accusations of the soldiers pierce like spear-thrusts into the heart of a churchman with the army. His comfort is that a deeper message from the army's men still is lurking underneath. One who lives with them feels at times not so much the sharpness of their criticism as he feels the poignancy of the appeal which, often dumbly, they are making to the churches. I heard a lecturer, speaking to a great audience of Americans in France, turn aside to plead with them about the church. He pictured to them their possible return to America, not negligent of the church, or alien, but concerned to blow to smithereens the conventionalities that impede her usefulness and to make of

her again the place where those who march with God can find their point of rallying. Not even denunciation of the Kaiser called out more long and eager cheers.

Once let these men feel that the churches have been stabbed wide awake, that, like all other institutions in this direful, slaughterous generation, they are resolutely planning for a new and greater day, and the best men of the army will run out to them. Atheism is negligible at the front. The army as a whole believes overwhelmingly in God and immortality. The churches' day of crisis with the army's men is also her day of unprecedented opportunity. Let the churches proclaim social aims worth fighting for, not a mere selfish gospel of safety; let them lift up the central faiths of the Christian life, with the fringes hanging how they will; let them make ethical negations only the shadows cast by the great light of positive ideals; let them practise as well as preach fraternity; and, doing these things, let them draw together in one common cause, because they have learned how much they all agree and how insignificantly they differ! They need not fear the return of the army, if they will do that.

Facing this coming decade with its unbounded opportunities to fight for things worth while, I should desire before all else to be a Christian minister. But to be a contented minister, a conventional, placid minister, soothingly mellifluous on Sunday while the whole world is on fire — that is anathema! As in every great generation of the church, the glory which the ministry offers to robust young men to-day is the glory of a fight.

THE IRISH MIND

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

I

I WAS a plain American, interested, but a little naïve, when I entered Ireland in the spring of 1918. I believed then, like most Americans, that Ireland should have come wholeheartedly into the war; and I think so still, except that I know now that Ireland will have suffered most because she stayed lukewarm. I believed, like most Americans, that Home Rule was a good thing and should be put through; and I still so believe, but see the complexity of the problem. I was a little weary, as are most Americans, of the endless fuss over Ireland while the world was burning; but now I realize that, however insignificant in a universal conflict may seem the Irish political squabble, the mind of Ireland is important, is significant for us and the future, and is deeply misunderstood by general friend and general foe in America.

I hear in the clubs, 'Who is interested in Ireland?' and I wish to answer, 'Millions of Irishmen in America and Canada and Australia, and in our armies in France, who are storing up confusion and bitterness.' The question was a foolish one. I hear, 'What difference does it make what happens to Ireland?' and my answer is, 'Will it make no difference for the future if in Ireland democratic government scores a conspicuous failure?'

It was my privilege to see in London the library of German propaganda printed for neutral countries and captured in the course of the war. Half of

it treated of race-problems, and of that half, two thirds was on Ireland. Do we still sneer, as in 1914, at German propaganda?

I entered Ireland by the green hills of Ulster, and moved freely through County Antrim and Belfast. I talked there with bishops and deans of the Church of Ireland, and fine upstanding generals and county families in their walled gardens — friendly people, solid, simple, more voluble than the Scotch, but with hard-gripping minds like theirs, that took one thing at a time and wrung it. They had worked for their comfort, made prosperous land out of a waste of whin and gorse, and would keep it against Prussian or Sinn Féin — that was my impression. Speculation upon world-politics did not interest them; they knew little of the new England, less of America; the war was the war, and they intended to fight it out — that was all there was to that subject. They were a perfect type of the *genus* Tory, with his limitations, and especially with his virtues of self-reliance, self-respect, and the steadiness which comes from caste.

I talked with bankers and manufacturers and gardeners and cabbies — Presbyterians this group and representing the Orange wing of the Ulster party, but, like the others, proud of Belfast and of the relative prosperity of the North of Ireland. Belfast is a black city, a depressing city, full of overdriven faces, but full of energy, too, and the signs of success. Here it was religion one heard about, and the dangers of

Roman Catholic domination; it was customs and excises and the fear of a lazy South battenning upon Northern taxes that they talked of; it was the shiftless Celt, who still gets his water from rain-barrels and yet thinks he can run the country; the Pope and the £42,000 he draws annually from Ireland, 'And how much would he be getting under Home Rule?' And I formed, I think, a just idea of the 'case' of the North — her right to safeguard her economic prosperity, the honest fear of a vote controlled by the church, her unwillingness to let slack, spendthrift Dublin run neat, orderly Belfast. But I left, wondering why these sturdy Scotch-Irish folk were so timorous. Why, unlike their ancestors in the colonies, they dared not run risks in order to gain the benefits of a united island; why these builders of ships and weavers of linen, who alone had made commerce and local government successful in Ireland, were so resolute to cling to England's skirts, even at the cost of perpetuating Irish division and rancor among their own minorities; so afraid to venture union with a people whose practical efficiency they despised. For while all in the North argued their right to stay in the Union, no one supposed that this would satisfy anyone in Ireland but themselves and a few Unionists of the South.

Later I traveled south through the meadows of County Down and past those dim beautiful mountains of Mourne, in a country so rich and so peaceful that one could not but reflect uneasily upon the men who kept it in turmoil. My compartment was full of officers of the British army of occupation; in the villages I saw children half naked and wholly dirty; on a platform was chalked, 'Down with Home Rule,' and 'Fight for every country except your own.' And so I came to beautiful, disheveled Dublin, a city of the soul,

with dirty finger-nails and a torn dress and a nasty temper and a voice of the angels.

II

While I lived in Dublin I saw much of Nationalists and those intenser Nationalists who, in all but republicanism, are really Sinn Feiners. I talked with friends of George Moore and the Celtic twilight, who loved me because I was an American, and insulted me in the hope of surprising an admission that America came into the war 'bought by English gold.' I talked with Æ in his workroom frescoed with Celtic gods, where he strides from his mountainous desk of pamphlets to paint in an Irish scene, then turns back to economics, or pure milk, or poetry. A black-bearded man with burning eyes and a voice that chants, he gave me my first idea of the intensity of life in Ireland.

I talked with poets consuming in an hour a week's rations of emotion. I talked with John MacNeil, ascetic, intellectual leader of the Sinn Fein party, whose judgment kept the Easter rebellion from becoming a national disaster; who thought clean and cool on all points except the relations between England and Ireland. I talked with radical priests; with Unionists in government service who, after a second glass of port, became equally Irish and almost as radical; with scholars, business men, women, intellectuals; and began to see that nationalism in Ireland (I mean the emotion, not the party) was a religion; was a passion so strong that arguments which ignored it for questions of efficiency or profit were untrustworthy.

I met, too, the wilder Sinn Feiners, in assemblies which began at indefinite hours and lasted indefinitely. There were labor leaders present, whose sense of Ireland's international responsibilities was struggling with distrust of what they thought was an 'English war.' No

one in a press censored with more vigor than intelligence had explained to them why it was also America's. There were destructive radicals, who added to Ireland's hereditary grievances all grievances that the supposedly downtrodden have voiced anywhere, and slid from Bolshevism into Nationalism, and from Nationalism into Pacifism, with easy inconsistency accompanied by vituperation. There were fanatic women who kept their watches an hour and twenty-five minutes behind the official time, because 'summer time' was an English invention and real Irish time ought to be twenty-five minutes slower still. There were melancholy idealists, pure of motives, noble of heart, drunk with vision and with wrath; and truculent chaps with angry eyes and a general expression of having been kept too long out of a fight. To them all I talked America and American ideals in the war, not hesitating to express views in sharpest conflict with their own; and I was sometimes agreed with, usually understood, always listened to tolerantly. (Except for an excited poetess, who challenged me because in our own Civil War we had thrown the tea into Boston harbor while now we were tied to the apron-strings of Britain!) For as the Irishman once looked to Spain and then to France, so now he looks to America for sympathy. And I came away convinced that the so-called Pro-Germanism of Sinn Fein (a very few individuals excepted) was like much of their extremist politics, mere froth and spume floating up from a troubled mind out of joint with the times and mishandled by those in authority, signifying rebellion against circumstance but no treason. And with this conclusion I find the calmer sense of England agrees.

Afterwards I saw much of Sir Horace Plunkett and the Moderates of the South, in the exciting days when the Convention was closing, and just before

conscription, at the moment of expected preliminary settlement, struck Dublin into a mute rage in which fear and indignation had equal parts; the time when the extremists of either party were seeking walls against which to set their backs.

It was easy to admire the system of agricultural coöperation, founded by Sir Horace, which is making rural Ireland comfortable; easy to sympathize with the belief of many Moderates, both Catholic and Protestant, that poverty and waste and alcohol are more dangerous to Ireland than England, or Orange Ulster, or radical Sinn Fein. The imagination warmed to a programme, not exclusively political, which would make of Ireland, not a second-class England, but a civilization based, like Denmark's, upon scientific agriculture, free as might be from the evils of industrialism, yet successful and populous. I remembered that Ireland had halved her population in the past while Great Britain had been doubling hers. I considered that the years between 1914 and 1918 have not demonstrated the surpassing value of a civilization moulded by industrial countries where the normal life is of the factory or the sweat-shop; and I wondered why such a programme seemed so little to interest political Irishmen; why we heard so little of it in America. It was like a cool draft after the chill of Ulster commercialism, the vaporous heat of Sinn Fein ideology; but it was clearly not the accepted potion for Ireland's ills — yet.

Night after night I talked half the night through in Ireland, and I was showered with documents from every party — books, leaflets, letters, statistics, reports, clippings, economic solutions, religious solutions, political solutions, complaints, until, as I looked over my desk, all Ireland seemed to be shouting in print, 'This is what I want:

this is what will cure me'; and no two voices cried alike.

Later, in England, the complexity of the problem was only increased; for England realizes, as America seemingly does not, that Ireland cannot go on as she is without clogging the wheels of international progress; and there is no man in any party who does not have his bitter opinion as to what thing is best to do. And of course I formed my own opinion which, unimportant though it is, I shall probably be unable to keep out of this essay. But more important than any opinion seemed the conviction borne in upon me that all things I had seen and heard were symptoms of some inner malady. That, at least for us Americans, it was better to sweep away all statistics and documentary solutions, discourage the pamphleteer and the writer of letters to the press, and try to understand the Irish before we took a hand in the universal game of solving the Irish question on paper. And I found myself equally convinced that the humblest attempt was worth while, not only because the steady earnestness of Ulsterism and the invigorating Nationalism of Sinn Fein are the best fruits of Ireland, but also because these lovable, vivid Irish have disappointed us in the war, because they puzzle and irritate us, because it will be so easy for us, as for them, to make irrevocable mistakes.

III

To begin then with apparent but not real harshness, if I may be allowed to present my diagnosis, the atmosphere of Ireland is psychopathic, and the Irish, South and North, and, what is more curious, the English who are sent to rule them, all, at one time or another and in different fashions, manifest clear symptoms of abnormality. Ireland is like those interesting abnormal cases

which specialists have to handle, where the patient is sometimes a genius and sometimes subnormal, where every trait that is really characteristic, good or bad, is magnified until it threatens to crush all the others. There have been many such cases among famous individuals, — Poe was one, Nietzsche was another, — and science seeks them out keenly because by their exaggeration of traits common to humanity they have become large-print books in which the qualities of modern man can be easily read. But an abnormal nation is dangerous to itself and others because it cannot, like a patient, be kept under easy observation; because it may at any moment carry through the unexpected, ruinous act. Yet, even in partial derangement, it may exhibit, for the world to read, virtues as well as vices more emphatic than those of less turbulent races.

The fanatic patriotism of the radical Sinn Feiners is abnormal. It burns so intensely that their judgment is affected. Great Britain, in spite of her creditable world-history, in spite of her modern leadership in social reform, they see only through the darkening lens of Irish history. Hatred of England is like a hand before their eyes; and the balked vision turns back always upon the woes of Ireland. Their grievances are real ones, — especially the historical grievances which mean so much to Irishmen, — but they are magnified. Sir Horace Plunkett's epigram, 'Irish history is for Ireland to forget and for England to remember,' has been applied on neither side of the Channel. And their own virtues are also magnified — the strengths and the loyalties and the ideals of their patriotism. Ireland is full of men who are willing to die for a principle, although they cannot agree with each other as to which principle to die for. 'I want to fight in this war,' I heard an Irish poet say; 'I

want to be conscripted; but I think I ought to let myself be shot for refusing. I don't mind dying, but I should like to die for Ireland.' Particularistic patriotism this is, like the patriotism of Prussia; but if it is less practically effective, it is also far nobler. Intense and fine and also self-regarding, it is the patriotism of my country right or wrong and the devil take the rest of the world. In brief, it is the patriotism of the man who has a genius for being just patriotic — who is, thus far, abnormal.

Ulster, with her determined 'stand-patism,' is abnormal in quite another sense. Is there such a thing as abnormal normality? If so, Ulster has it. It is normal to care for one's pocketbook, to distrust visionaries, to prefer a low tax-rate to soap-box oratory. Telephone Belfast, they say, and your business is done in five minutes. Telephone Cork, and it takes fifteen. Telephone Dublin, and they reply, 'Ah, call again to-morrow.' It is normal to be proud of a clever, hard-headed community which is as pleased with the *status quo* as most of us were before 1914. But to be as wholly and successfully Tory as the ruling class in the North of Ireland is abnormal. The Bourbons were also abnormal in this respect, but the Bourbons were stupid and Ulster is not. She merely manifests a typical case of being completely satisfied with the state of life into which it has pleased God to call one. All she wants is to be let alone; 1913 (English Liberals say 1774) was quite good enough for her; there would be no desire for change in Ireland if mischief-makers would keep their mouths shut. The war is a good war; her system of industries based upon cheap labor is a good system; the Protestant religion is a good religion; all is for the best, — as the Deist-Tories of the eighteenth century used to say, — if only Dublin and the Liberals and the

Labor Party would let well enough alone.

It is not surprising that Ulster has been popular with a British government which had to keep the Empire going in war-time; but such a warm-hearted desire to stop the clock is certainly abnormal. These fine, steady, self-reliant Scotch-Irish, full of Puritan dogmatism and practical efficiency, are museum specimens exhibiting in its un-mixed condition the conservatism possible to man. Indeed, when one breaks away from the fold, he becomes, not a moderate, but a radical Nationalist like George Russell, or a Sinn Feiner like John MacNeil, and puts drive into the ideas of the opposite party. Everywhere in the world except in Ulster they are wondering what will happen after the war. Ulster knows — nothing will happen!

It cannot be denied also that, by some curious process of infection, the actions of the British government in Ireland have become abnormal also by comparison with their procedure elsewhere. The friends of the government praise its attempts to conciliate or its efforts to 'hold down' Ireland, according to their views, but wonder at the inconsistency of doing both together. The enemies of the government maintain that no policy whatsoever is to be found, but only the resultant of attempts to soothe the party which at a given time is likely to make the most trouble.

The truth is that it is extremely difficult to handle abnormal conditions and keep your head. A wise Cabinet proposed to accept the report of the Irish Convention, and then, in spite of imperfections, to pledge itself to put through its moderate proposals. A perturbed Cabinet, on the day the report was delivered, announced immediate conscription in Ireland, even though knowing that this would make impos-

sible any 'Moderate' solution. A panicky Cabinet, a little later, suspended conscription in Ireland in hopes that the Irish would become 'Moderates.' This is not normal British policy or British sanity. I am, indeed, not the first by many to observe that the Britisher in Ireland, or treating of Ireland, loses his tolerance, his patience, and sometimes his balance, and often becomes either a despot, or a weakling, or (if he stays long enough) a radical Sinn Feiner.

The disease, however, is an Irish disease, and it is in Ireland that it must be cured. In Ulster it is constitutional, and will probably yield only to operation, or atrophy of the obstructing parts. Ulster is relatively happy, and rightly so; for, no matter how reactionary in policy, she has earned self-respect. She is useful in the war, which is certainly more than can be said without reservation of the rest of Ireland. She is making money. And furthermore, her excessive desire to let the future take care of itself is less punished in this world than any other abnormality. Except in times of revolution or rapid change, it runs with the wheels of ordinary living, and often directs them.

But the malady in Southern Ireland is more dangerous and more sharply affected by the difficulties of the present. In some respects this Ireland is, I think, the unhappiest country in all this unhappy world. Others — Serbia, Roumania, Belgium — are infinitely more miserable, but they have not unhappy souls. The chief reason is that all her emotions of patriotism, hate, love, desire for action, are suppressed. I do not mean suppressed in the sense of being put down by force, like seditious meetings, rebellious organizations, or scurrilous newspapers. I mean suppressed by circumstance and the conflict of the emotions themselves.

IV

The history of Ireland up to the last century has, of course, been one long tale of suppression in every sense the word can bear; but I am not referring to inherited maladies, although no one can deal intelligently with Ireland who fails to take into account the reaction of her past upon a people vividly, abnormally conscious of it. I speak rather of the immediate suppressions of the present. Patriotism, for example, in Ireland, even among the bitterest Sinn Feiners, is a mixed brew of fierce love for Ireland with enthusiasm for the cause of the Allies; and when their distrust of England blocks the way of sympathy with democracy, the result is a choked utterance and hysteric actions. Hate for England is an honest, though not an admirable sentiment in Ireland, but even that gets no free outlet, for whatever England may have been in the past or may intend in the future, it is clear even to the most impassioned intellect that she has been fighting an avowed tyrant. And it is evident to more thoughtful observers that the anger hurled at liberal-minded, present-day England should often be reserved for Ulster, or a wing of the Tory party, or for mere unfortunate circumstance. Love for Ireland turns to gall daily as the Irish factions wrangle and backbite and forget, not only the larger issues of the war, but even the welfare of Ireland. Suppressed desire for action is the keenest torment of all. It has always been characteristic of Irishmen to spend their energies freely wherever feeling ran high. They have been in all wars everywhere among white races, and in politics wherever a man speaking English could vote. They have always loved action more than the fruits of action; and yet in our war — the greatest of enterprises — they stood aside or entered with troubled hearts. They went about

their business (and few Southern Irishmen care fundamentally for business) while the rest of the world dropped prose for rough poetry and emotional sluggishness for intense activity. As a result, minds are fevered; they became like mischievous boys kept indoors on a rainy day. Suppression is always dangerous. When windows are shut, the house grows sour and mouldy.

But this suppression as one sees it in Ireland is perhaps also only a symptom. The real malady of the Irish state results from deeper causes, and is of the tragic sort of which great drama is made. Irish literature is solemn with its note. Irish brawls attain a dignity because of it, which we of the outer world admit by the attention we give them, but are at a loss to understand. In Ireland, the age-long, universal conflict between realist and idealist fights its sharpest and least conclusive battles. In Ireland, this conflict in philosophies of living, like everything else, is abnormal, and its exaggeration may explain abnormality in other directions and may be the ultimate cause of her unfortunate suppressions.

You cannot bring twelve men together anywhere in the world without feeling their division into tough and tender-minded, into those who are interested in facts and those others whose minds are stirred chiefly by ideas and emotions. And the tough are usually too tough, the tender too tender, and conflict between them is inevitable. So it is in Ireland, where a South which, in spite of its shrewdness, is predominantly idealist and 'tender-minded' faces an Ulster and a landed aristocracy which, in spite of its sentimental obstinacy in religion and economics, is realist and 'practical.' And there is this added circumstance, that it is 'tough-minded' realists in England who have usually governed or tried to govern the Irish idealists. Even Spenser became a real-

ist when he turned from Faeryland to write of the Irish about him.

Barring the Ulster party, some of the Southern Unionists, and the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church, Ireland is the most hopelessly idealistic of modern nations. Life proceeds from idea to emotion, not from fact to fact, and happiness depends upon a state of mind, not upon welfare of body. Talk proceeds in Dublin with fiery lightness because the speaker for the time breathes and lives in the ideas which form and reform as he speaks. In the country the peasants are rich in humor, joy, and sorrow in huts that an American 'dago' would despise. Ideas, principles, emotions, which with us seldom see the light, are the worn coin of Irish currency. All pockets are full of them, and on their exchange the business of life is based. You are poor without them, wealthy with them, even if in poverty and distress. It is the rich and facile idealism which Dr. Johnson could never understand in Goldsmith, which we love and condemn and misunderstand in the Irish to-day.

In its upper ranges, this Irish idealism is a desire for spirituality, for poetry, for beauty of thought and feeling, and so is in sharpest conflict with our prosaic industrial civilization. This is the idealism of the Irish literary movement and of the fine minds among the Sinn Feiners. It is 'unpractical' only in its tendency to go around facts instead of over them. In its lower ranges, this idealism manifests itself as a desire for joy and 'easiness' of living, and so is opposed to current conceptions of efficiency, industry, and progress for the sake of getting on. It may be due to climate, or to race, or to circumstance, but undoubtedly it is there. We as a nation, and England as a nation, want an orderly, progressive, productive state. The Irish wish a happy one, which might conceivably be disorderly,

unprogressive, and just productive enough to keep the citizens going; and almost certainly would not be efficient according to our ideas of efficiency. Grattan's Home Rule Ireland was a scene of wild disorders, yet all testimony goes to prove that it was relatively a happy time for Ireland, when Irishmen, in the midst of corruption and conflict, were better satisfied and more productive than before or since.

This same too logical idealism makes trouble in international affairs. All Nationalist Ireland warmed to President Wilson's declaration of the rights of small peoples and a rule of justice. His programme, with all its implications, was better understood there than even in America. But when it came to supporting the Alliance which alone could make it effective, principle encountered fact, and the Irishman became indecisive. Sentiment for Irish self-determination collided with the rough fact that he must fight for England in order to win the right to it. Ireland became sullen, unhappy, a liability, not an asset, in the world-struggle for better international government.

Facts, indeed, elude them. 'If England,' I said to a conservative Sinn Feiner, 'is beaten in this war, as you believe she will be, the burden of fighting off Germany will fall crushingly upon France and America.' — 'If England is beaten, and France and America must carry on the war,' he replied, 'there'll be no men but only old women left in Ireland.' — 'What good will your handful of soldiers do us *then*?' was the inevitable answer.

It is the refinement of these ideals into a national programme which gives Sinn Fein its strength. Otherwise it would be less than Bolshevik, for it would be inspired merely by hate, poverty, and the desire for power. 'I do not understand Sinn Fein,' said one of the best known of the Nationalist

M.P.'s. 'It is not a party; it is an emotion, or a dissipation.' That is precisely true. The Sinn Fein party is after ends not means; and its ends are Irish self-respect, a sense of national being, the right to live and think and act in an Irish way. The means — no one seems to have thought out the means in terms of a possible Ireland in an existing world-empire; and hence they run all the way from peaceful penetration to open rebellion.

The strength of the Ulster party is its realism, and its position is exactly opposite. Here the means are all codified and can be put into statistics: so much prosperity to be protected from Southern inefficiency, so many determined Protestants afraid of Roman Catholic domination. But its ends are the maintenance of a *status quo* which has not allowed a really peaceful moment to Ireland for hundreds of years. This is realism with a vengeance, the acute sense of the needs of the present which keeps men sane and also makes them dangerous in an age that is changing its garments. Extreme realists like Sir Edward Carson, stiff-necked and efficient, extreme idealists like Pearse, the educational reformer, who rebelled in order to advertise the danger of neglecting Ireland, are in inevitable conflict with a hopeful settlement as well as with each other. Thus a cleavage in temperament runs throughout Ireland, and between Ireland and those Scotch and Welsh and English who, by the logic of circumstance, are set to govern an 'intractable' people.

v

Personally, I think that there will be no final solution of the Irish problem in our time; because I believe that Ireland is one of the world's volcanos, where the hidden fire of human grievance will always break out until the cooling of the

Irish temperament crusts over her hot emotions. The 'practical' man will always oppose the man whose ideals are emotional, as long as there are black and white in the world; and in Ireland they are purer bred in their respective temperaments than elsewhere. Yet evil conditions have enormously aggravated, if they have not caused, this conflict.

And there is a middle party in Ireland, whose remedies may save her from ruin. Sir Horace Plunkett, or someone of his quality, is its predestined leader. It will stand for the economic independence of Ireland and a policy which will make it possible for her to prosper without extending the unlovable factory system into regions better suited for agriculture; and it will point to a half-million farmers who already have won their way out of poverty by such a programme. It will be a party of conciliation between Catholics and Protestants. It will favor a separate state or states for Ulster, on the American model, but keep her bound to Ireland, where she belongs, first by trade-relations, and second by the religious and racial affinities of her little-heard-of Nationalist minority. It will advocate Home Rule, of course; but a status that at present will of necessity be less independent than Canada's or Australia's. For Ireland, internationally regarded, is now England's back door, and, until the world is surely made safer, will remain so.

Against such a policy, dreamers among the Sinn Fein and Tories in Ulster will irrevocably struggle, and the battle will last beyond our generation. If only a moderate government can be kept in the saddle, one hopes that the battle will last, and keep Ireland so busy and so interesting to Irishmen that the rest of the world may be permitted to profit by her genius without being distracted by her woes. I am not of the opinion of those whose heaven on earth

is a stretch of fat prairie upon which all men are equally prosperous, think alike, work alike, agree in everything as their cattle agree, and die like their crops, leaving nothing but wealth behind them. There must be some patches of irritation left on the earth's surface, or we shall all decline into sluggish mediocrity; and Ireland is bound to be one of them. We cannot make a plodding and sensible community — a Holland or a Pennsylvania — out of a national personality which, whether by harsh circumstance or native tendency, is now part genius, part fanatic, part hard-headed materialist. We have room, indeed, for a turbulent Ireland, if only for the by-products, the sparks of wit and poetry and idealist anger shooting worldwide and kindling. But an Ireland with a grievance, an Ireland forced into dependency, with the faults of a dependent, an Ireland spreading the infection of prejudice and hate — that is a different matter.

My conclusion then is, that it is a waste of energy for Americans to bewail Ireland or to condemn her; to support Home Rule or the *status quo*; to argue for dominion government or stern repression, until they better understand the inner nature of the Irish mind and the conflict that is waging. After that, they will still violently disagree upon the responsibility for the present situation and upon the means of curing it, but at least they will not beat the air.

It is not loss but gain to feel the powerful fascination of Ireland. I would rather talk in Dublin than elsewhere, save in the Elysian Fields; I would rather walk in the Dargle or on Antrim moors than anywhere except in my own New England; I would rather live, if life were to be all excitement and spiritual conflict, in Ireland than in any country of the world; I would rather be with an Irishman in a trench than with a Prussian in heaven. But if Ireland ceases

to be a pricking in the side of civilization; if she becomes a country where a man can be native and yet keep his temper; if from the joy of living near beautiful mountains, in a country greener than spring in America, in a society rich with humor and easily pleased with the daily business of living, is to be abstracted the pathos of physical misery, the bitterness of conflict and suppression, it will be because the Irish mind finds stable levels and can accept and apply practical cures and suggestions. We must dimly understand that mind, or we, only less than England, will pay a price.

The Prussian programme is said to have been to drive out the Irish and colonize the island with Saxons and

Bavarians. They were willing to govern Ireland, but not the Irish. What she really needs is a free fight, legally arranged for, umpired but not interfered with — a continuous performance in which every Irishman can join without fear of being jailed by a timorous England. Weapons cannot be allowed, although many think that they would be the more merciful arbiters. Tie hands and feet if you will, — in other words make the struggle constitutional, — but permit no peace without victory and no appeal to England or America. Not until they have fought it out, will the Irish mind be cured and realist and idealist compromise in Ireland. And compromise, self-determined, is the only hope for a stable Irish government.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER OF SILVER MOUNTAIN

BY PETER BLACKTHORN

I

'PROFESSORS don't know everything. Why there's things happened right here in Silver Mountain that would clean stall a professor.'

Billy Jackson, proprietor of the Ethiope's Rest, and frontiersman of a generation's standing, stared at me beligerently for full ten seconds, and convincing himself that he had a potential listener in his grasp, suggested that we sit on the porch and get a bit of the afternoon's breeze.

The porch in question was built out over the water. Across from us the fire-charred forest swept down to the water's edge — a black, violent con-

trast to the vivid blue of the sky and the soft blue-gray of the placid lake. The day was hot, and Silver Mountain had been almost deserted since early morning, because of a vague rumor of a gold-strike ten miles to the north. Mine host had time on his hands and he liked to talk.

'No, sir, there's fellows come along and make you think that everything you know ain't so.'

He filled his pipe and gazed out over the water, a contented figure of a man, with a round, genial face and graying hair.

'Now, you're a stranger up here, and maybe you ain't acquainted much with the boys yet,' he went on, settling him-

self comfortably to the business of narration. 'Some of the best of them are up in the Ungava country, and some of them are just ramming around the North here, footloose, friendless, and free — and there might be some of them that had n't ought to have stayed at home no-how. But you sure must have heard of old Tabby? What! You haven't? Well, what *do* you fellows hear of back there?

'Well, Tabby's one of the things the books ain't explaining. He can sit on a safety-valve till a boiler blows up and never even get singed. Read of a big disaster in the North, and you'll find Tabby in the middle of it. Everybody else dead, and Tabby ain't even wounded. Fossil Johnson, he's the camp Socialist, says that Tabby's been trying to get out from under the ekermonic pressure, but that the system's so goldarned rotten that a man can't even die under it. But I never took no stock in that, because Tabby's been awful lucky. Struck the Little Queen, and sold her to Fossil for three hundred thousand. The system don't seem to have hurt Fossil none either, but to hear him wolf about it, sure makes you plumb sorry for the man. Fossil's mean, in a way. Yes, sir, he's so darn mean that he'd live on milk if Doc told him to — and it's two hundred miles to a cow.

'Well, sir, it was Tabby I was thinking about. There's something phoney about that man. That last time we lost Silver Mountain, — when she was blew up by the powder-cache getting in the way of a forest fire, — Tabby done it again.'

Mr. Jackson meditated a moment, drawing quickly on his pipe.

'Maybe Silver Mountain was n't much to look at them days; but we liked her. She was all right for her size. She's a heap bigger now and better for business, but she ain't the same. Why,

in them days there was n't a man in camp that would think of shaving oftener than once a week — not even the Logican. Of course, the Logican was different from the rest of the boys, but he meant all right. When he blew into camp he shook us up quite a lot. Just looking at him, I mean. Some sporting-goods house had took him under its wing and wished an awful lot of hardware and leather goods on him. But it was the camera bee that bit him the hardest. We used to put in two, three hours a day trying to dope out what he come up here for. Windy Bill O'Rourke held and maintained that it was blit affections. Windy's strong on romance — got thrown out of college in Dublin, Ireland, for stabling his horse in his bedroom. But Fossil Johnson sets it down to the kid's being druv to the jungles by ekermonic pressure. One day we put it up to Tabby, and he suggests that we ask the kid. So Windy puts the question, and the Logican says that he has heard that the greener a man is the better his chance at striking it rich; so he'd come after the big haul. That's how he got the name, Logican. Windy sewed it on to him.

'But after that Tabby seems to take a shine to the kid. Acts as though he's afraid somebody's going to pick on him. And I guess it did make it easier for the Logican, at that. People don't p'soom on Tabby's friends much. There's that about Tabby — even when he ain't upstot.

'Now old Tabby has been rolling into the North and picking up money, and rolling out and spending it, for twenty year; and since Hughie Chapin got drowned while they was shooting the rapids in the Woman River, he's played a lone hand. He's been the first to stake in some of the best camps in the North, too, old Tabby has, and he never was tight with the boys. Staked

what he wanted and passed the straight tip. Be gone for a year or two, Lord knows where, and then, when you'd most forgot him, you hear that the Dogrib Indians up on the Great Slave has killed all but one man of a party of whites — and dang my soul, if the sole survivor ain't Tabby every time! Or if it ain't that, there's a yarn floating around about a lone prospector crossing ice that's so rotten that it goes out one jump behind him. Tabby again!

'Yes, sir, there's something phoney about that man. And Windy Bill O'Rourke was smart enough to see it while it was worth real money. I'll admit that he got into me deep. But I was n't the only one. He rung the bell on Fossil, and he sure did spear Fawghorn McFee.

'It come about this way, far as I can say. Tabby had got plumb sentimental over Silver Mountain, being as he had staked out the first mine in the district and it had made good, big. He rooted for a library, and even thought maybe we ought to put a preacher on the payroll in case any women and children should blow in. Still, he was n't parsimonious on the point. But he was hot for making Silver Mountain the City Beautiful, and him and Fossil would wrangle for hours about a design for a municipal centre. Every time a shack goes up, Tabby's right there to see that a false front with windows goes on to give a two-story look to her. And no sooner is the sign calling attention to the new refreshment parlor hung out than the Logican's on the job with his camera, drawing a bead on the works. Then they get out picture postcards, and Indian Joe the mail-carrier would sure get his. But Joe was wearing a grouch them days, no-how, because the boys was all reading Montgomery Ward catalogues. How that Indian does hate a catalogue!

'Well, purty soon the Logican takes

to feeling mighty important, and you can see him most any time snooping around with his camera, looking for points of general intrest. He was right on hand to get the evidence when Windy Bill O'Rourke paints Fawghorn's big yellow dawg — red and blue it was he painted her. The Logican drew a bead on the dawg and the paint-cans and on Windy. He'd 'a' got a picture of the court-room, too, only Windy was that onreasonable the Logican had to hide out a couple of weeks after Fawghorn let on he had the pictures for exhibits. Windy said that, if he could find the Logican, he would get him to take some pictures of his phonograph-horn after Fawghorn's dawg got through chewing on it. But Tabby kept the Logican from coming out just then. He figgered that Windy just wanted to shoot the kid up a little. And all Windy had to pay for humiliating the dawg was four dollars and costs, anyway. Costs come a little higher, as I remember it. Somewheres around a hundred or two. All the boys had to testify one way or the other. That was one of the best trials this camp ever held. Yes, sir, she was a stem-winder.

'So things kept going along like that — old Tabby orating about the "Garden spot of the World," "the Model mining-camp," the "Camp that reminds you of Home," and what-not, and the Logican working the camera and keeping a record of events, important arrivals, and general progress. I'll admit, too, they had us kind of buffaloed.'

Mr. Jackson laughed a trifle self-consciously, and waved a fat arm in the direction of the immense sign which attracted attention to the long, rambling, log building.

'Now take that sign of mine,' he continued. 'It ain't bad — that is, I've seen worse. Used to call the place the

"Dead Nigger," owing to an incident that happened to Black Ben one night when the boys found a couple of kings in his pam. Now she's called the "Ethiope's Rest." There ain't never been another Ethiope in camp since Ben left us, but the name's all right, and you got to admit she's painted so you can see her the minute you hit the town and from clean across the lake.'

He broke off and waited for me to assure him that the sign was an effective sign. Then he put his pipe in his pocket, bit the end off a cigar, and settled himself more comfortably in his chair.

'Take Fawghorn McFee's place,' he proceeded. 'Before the Logican started flooding the world with picture post-cards of Silver Mountain, it was known as "Temptation Bar." But look at her now! "Here I Succome." I hand it to Fawghorn. Some men are just natchelly smart when it comes to naming things. Windy's the world's champion heavy-weight when it comes to describing things right; but Fawghorn sure showed a burst of speed when he thought of "succome." There's something about that word that plumb *raises* a thirst.'

'Well, sir — oh, yes, I was talking about Tabby and the Logican. Well, Tabby took the kid into the jungles two, three times, kind of trying the Logican's luck, I figger. But it was n't long before he give it up. Said the Logican might find something if he stayed in bed till an earthquake shook it up and hit him with it, but that there was too many white whiskers in Tabby's chin to allow him to wait for no miracle. So he kind of grub stakes the kid to be camp picture-taker, and goes on with his gold-hunting lone-handed.'

'The next spring the boom hits Silver Mountain. Shacks sprout all over the camp. Eric, the camp Swede, blows in with his wife, and four kids all looking the same size to me, though maybe

some was bigger than the others. We get some regular waitresses and a lawyer, and Hippo Dobbs lays in a barber-chair that spins around and rocks this way and that. Then the mining engineers drift in, and half a dozen surveyors, and the old camp gets civilized and all shaved up, and some of the boys send home for the wives.

'So Tabby drives the Logican like a fat sled-dawg, taking pitures of this and that. But all the same I know that Tabby's about through with Silver Mountain. He don't care for civilization, and wherever you see her setting in, you can shove in your stack that there's going to be an empty shack in the front row of the town. He likes the idee of starting camps, Tabby does; but after they grow up a little bit, he gets all hemmed in.'

'The Little Queen was developing fast, and Fossil Johnson was the big man around here. Everybody was waiting to see her begin to ship gold before they dropped their money on prospects. All the boys what could afford it was sinking shafts on their claims, so as to make picture propositions which is easily sold if there's ever a real strike. And all this work sure keeps the Logican on the jump. Whenever he hears there's even a new blacksmith-shop going up on a claim, he's right there to draw a bead on her. And the owners get all washed clean and in range, and buy fifty or a hundred of the pitures. The kid sure does fine and begins to grow fat.'

'But when we all pool and build the powder-house, — sheet-metal she was, and a mile from town, — the whole camp gets into the picture. She was some powder-house, too, is what I mean. She was n't exactly a sky-scraper maybe, being only one-story, but she was all right. Old Fossil Johnson barks out a spiel about the growth of coöperation in the North, and how fine

it was to all have an interest in the camp's powder-house, and how this was the first step toward easing the economic pressure. Course there might have been some there who thought Silver Mountain was coöperating to buy Fossil Johnson a powder-house, being as he had the only big plant in the district; but that was n't no occasion to start a shooting, and everybody took Fossil's line of talk in good part. When he gets through speaking, half the crowd drifts over to Fawghorn's, and half wanders over here, and we all celebrates the completion of the first ownerless building in Silver Mountain.

'The Logican gets into the spirit of the play, and draws a bead on the "Here I Succome," and then foots it down here and gets the crowd and the sign in the picture. Then he sends all the pictures and the write-up back home, thinking maybe one of the New York papers might be interested in such a rip-roaring celebration. Maybe they was. We don't follow the New York papers regular, seeing them only once or twice a year.

'Well, sir, it was n't long till there was three hundred ton of giant powder in the powder-house. And we was all interested — somehow. When conversation kind of petered out, you could always start something by remarking that there was a new supply of powder coming up the river, or that you'd heard she was getting low.

'Then a guy drifts in with a moving-picture show — stirred us considerable, too, for a time, specially the Logican. But the fellow had to go and get all mixed up with Fawghorn in a game of draw, and darned if he did n't lose the whole works to the "Here I Succome." Then it is n't long before Tabby takes it away from Fawghorn in a game of stud, and the old camp gets a new burst of speed and becomes the moving-picture centre of the North.

'Tabby sends out for a regular camera, and the Logican starts taking pictures of the boys and the lake and the Sunday crowd here at the Ethiop's Rest. Yes, sir, we get up water-sports and foot-racing, so as to get pictures of real life in the Far North. The Logican wolfs around all the time because it ain't winter, wanting dawgs and Klondike sleds for atmosphere. But even Tabby can't pull a blizzard for him in June, so he sticks to canoeing on the lake and swift-water stunts till he has the boys as natural as any play-actors you ever see. Why, when they look into the old camera and grin, you want to holler "Hello" at them. Fossil run some juice into the Ethiop's Rest here from his power-house at the mine, and the boys sure show up regular at the performances — specially them that partook of the acting. I noticed that even old Tabby was generally on hand when they run the picture of him riding a canoe standing up; and as for Windy, I was plumb surprised the way he'd laugh and carry on whenever the Logican throwed on the finish of the barrel-race, with Windy edging out Fossil Johnson by a nose through the last barrel. I come in third that race, but the barrel I had seemed smaller than the others. Always thought Windy framed on me that time.

'Say! Before this town got all burned down and all populaced up again, she was some camp!'

Billy fumbled through his pockets for a match, relit his cigar, and sat gazing out over the lake, lost in happy contemplation of those bygone days.

'How did the camp happen to burn down?' I asked at last.

'I'm coming to that. I'm coming to that.'

A note of irritation warned me that Mr. Jackson preferred the undiluted monologue.

'You see,' he continued with an

apologetic air, 'I've got to tell this in my own way. Maybe you think what I've been telling you ain't important. Maybe it ain't. But since I got to judge from my own prospective, it's the best I can do.'

II

'It was dry as a bone up here that summer, and the bush was full of fires. Everybody was burning the underbrush off their claims, to prospect them better. There was fires all around the lake. Anywhere you look, there's smoke hanging in the air. Nobody's thinking much about it, though of course old Fossil Johnson burns everything clean for half a mile all around the Little Queen. Leave it to Fossil. Say! If you was to bust his head open, you'd find it lined with jimmy-proof chilled steel. But dang his old hide, Windy got to him once — got me on the same deal; but he got Fossil. But I'm coming to that.

'Well, sir, the fires keep flaring up and dying down so half the time we think we're going to be burned out and half the time we forget all about it. It all depends on whether she'll rain or not, and we ain't regulating that. Day after day she stays hot and no rain. Never seen the like. She'd cloud and look like rain and *feel* like rain. But she would n't quite come across. Just when you got a good bet up that she was going to rain, the sun would bust through and she'd turn white hot. Then for a couple of hours the breeze would spring up and the smoke roll all around. Then the cyclone hit us!'

The old man shook his head slowly.

'I don't need no preacher to tell me what hell looks like. I've *seen* it. She comes at noon, with a roar and a crashing of dead timber and a sizzling of spruce-tops. All in a minute, two, three hundred sleeping fires rolls into

one big mass of black smoke and dirty red flames, and heads straight for Silver Mountain. The lake's between the fire and the camp — but halfway down the lake's the powder-house and three hundred ton of dynamite right in her.

'Neighbor, you've seen Bald Knoll back there on the trail, I reckon. At least you crossed it when you come into this camp. Well, sir, the inhabitants of this here mining town took the trail for Bald Knoll quicker than anything I ever see. The only one to hold back was the wife of Eric, the camp Swede. She was sot on taking the furniture with her. Finally Tabby takes two of her kids and Windy Bill takes the rest of them, and between them they herds the old lady up the trail, lugging a blanket and a pot with a tame flower. Where Eric was, nobody ever found out. Showed up all right next day.

'The way the wind was blowing it looked as though the fire would miss the knoll clean; and what was more so, the smoke would go along the valley below.

'The wind whips the lake into a mass of foam, and the sky turns black. Silver Mountain sure does a stampede. Everybody's carrying something or other, though it looks as though nobody's carrying anything worth carrying. Marguerite, the girl Wild Nebbins gets shot up over, is a-moaning and a-weeping and toting a cheap phonograph. She's plumb forgot her kid, which Fawghorn has fell over and is bringing along on his shoulder. There's a big prospector with a red beard running for it with one of them plain washstand water pitchers. Halfway up the trail I see him stop and stare at it a minute. Then he rips out something sharp and flings her into the bush.

'There's a surveyor that's been locating corners up that way and has his transit with him. He sets it up on a knoll and takes a squint at the old

camp. Right away we all collect around him. He's the main guy. Everybody stands aside so's he can see better. He moves the nose of the transit this way and that, and then he stops her short and stares into her hard. Purty soon he says, —

“There's somebody there by the powder-house. I think it's the photographer.”

Old Tabby brushes the surveyor aside, glues his eye to the peep-hole, and begins to shake all over. I've seen Tabby smile a thousand times, but I never seen him laugh but once. He laughs then. You could have heard him a mile away.

“The Logican's going to get a close-up of the explosion!” he kind of gasps out. “He's just waiting for her to pop!”

And then, before anyone can say a word, he's off down the trail.

We all holler for him to come back, but Tabby keeps right on going, gaining speed at every jump. Purty soon he's lost in a curve in the trail; a minute later Windy sees him through the transit, crossing a clearing. Then he's swallowed up in a mess of black smoke.

Down below there the smoke sweeps across all at once, and Silver Mountain is hid. The fire's racing along the lake, where she would have missed the town clean if it had n't been for the coöprative powder-house. That lay right in her trail. The wind was howling. You can hear the trees crack-crack and thump-thump all the while. Even where we were, the air gets kind of thin and cutting, and it tickles to breathe.

Nobody on the knoll is doing much talking. The Logican is all right and we kind of like him — but old Tabby made the camp and half a dozen other camps. And while some of the boys was a little afraid of him, maybe, there was n't a man in camp who was n't kind of proud when Tabby asked a favor of him. And we was sore, in a way. It looked like

he had just gone back out of meanness. Because, what in thunder chance has a man against three hundred ton of giant powder?

So we stand there and wait and wait and wait till we 'most strangle, what between the smoke and sort of holding our breath. Once the wind swings and drives the fire straight back the way she come, and we think everything's all right. But only for two, three minutes. Then she swings back and the fire's sweeping straight for the powder-house again. And then she blew!

Neighbor, I did n't know there was so much noise in the world. There's a great deep boom and the knoll rocks like a rowboat. Then comes the sound of splintering timber and breaking glass. And for five minutes you can hear trees snapping and falling.

“Fire or no fire, I'm going back to camp,” says Windy Bill O'Rourke all at once.

“What's the idee?” Fossil Johnson asks him. “They're blowed up higher than a kite.”

“I ain't so sure,” says Windy.

“Ain't so sure?” says Fossil.

“No,” says Windy, “I ain't so sure. I don't say nothing about the Logican, but I ain't so sure about Tabby.” He gets a faraway look in his eye and starts muttering to himself. “No,” he says, “I ain't so sure.” He says it kind of low, like he don't care whether we hear him or not.

“Say, Windy,” says Fossil, getting kind of het up, “I like Tabby as well as anybody, and I sure am sorry he had to run clear down there and get all blew up. But what's the sense of all this small talk?”

“Oh, shut up!” says Windy, kind of impersonal. “She's a hunch with me that Tabby's all right. And I'm backing it with the little end of a two to three bet.”

“You know I ain't a betting man,”

says Fossil, "and I sure do hope you are right. But I ain't never prided myself on being a sucker, Windy, and I calls your bluff and shoves in fifteen hundred against your thousand that Tabby's blew up."

"Anybody else?" says Windy, pulling out a notebook.

"Tabby's the best there is," booms out old Fawghorn, "and there ain't a man the camp could n't have done without easier. Still, I figger Tabby's gone, so I covers two thousand of your money with three thousand of mine."

"Anybody else?" says Windy, writing her down.

"Oh, I don't know," I says to Windy. "All personal feelings for Tabby being thorly understood, I guess maybe I'll drift in for a thousand."

"Anybody else?" says Windy, jotting her.

"Say!" says Fossil, looking on-easy, "what's the joker, anyway? Have you got some inside dope?"

"Windy looks at Fossil kind of steady and asks him if he wants to crawl. Fossil starts apologizing and keeps it up halfway down the trail.

"After a bit, we find a keg sitting in the middle of the trail. Flung up from the "Here I Succome," she was, and not even busted. "She's mine," says Fawghorn. "Unspung her, and we'll wash some of this smoke out of us."

"Well, sir, the worst of the fire had blew on past when we got back to camp. There was n't enough left of Silver Mountain to wad a gun with. She'd been all crinkled up. All the glass in town had been powdered and laid in the street. You could n't see where half the shacks had stood. They was plumb gone. Others was all wrapped around each other. Yes, sir, Silver Mountain had sure got hers.

"Windy don't linger none in camp, but heads right on through the smoke to where the powder-house had stood.

Fawghorn and Fossil and me follows, but we don't travel so fast. It takes us some time to locate the spot she'd stood on. She was clean missing. And all around the trees was ripped up and standing on their heads and every which-way. We don't see Windy, so we look around for a boot-heel or a belt-buckle or something to remember Tabby and the Logican by. But we don't find even a symptom of a boot-heel so we start to hunt around for Windy. Not a sign of that Irishman around, so purty soon I hollers and somebody hollers back, but I can't tell where from. Then we stand still and listen close, and it ain't long before I hear a voice — but it sounds all fogged up, and we can't make out where it comes from or who it belongs to. Then I make out some words.

"Yes, sir," I hear a voice saying. "If you keep on doing things like that, I'll have to take the camera away from you or you'll sure get hurt."

"Now I ain't a suruptitious man, as a rule, but I sure did think I was listening to Tabby's pant. Purty soon another voice says, "But it would have been a realistic picture." And then the first voice says, "It sure would!"

"Well, sir, at that the cold sweat is just biling out of me, and old Fossil Johnson's shaking like a leaf, and Fawghorn's making passes in the air and talking to himself fast. Then along comes a third voice, all muffled up, too, and says, "The boys is all betting you was blew up higher 'n a kite."

"That so?" says voice number one. "Did they bet free?"

"Purty free," says the other; "only old Fossil Johnson's gets cold feet and thinks it's a frame-up when he sees me take all offers."

"Humph!" says the first voice. "Fossil's all right, but the strain's catching him. He ain't looking well lately."

'Fossil sure is looking white at that minute.

"Maybe it's the ekermonic pressure that's got him," the voice goes on.

'There then comes a lot of muffled laughing, and that's the worst yet.

'Well, sir, at that minute I ain't feeling any too spry myself, and all at once something takes holt of my ankle. I don't jump — I can't. But after a bit I look down and there's a big, dirty hand fastened on my leg. I don't move any — not for quite a while. Fossil and Fawghorn see it, too, but they ain't commenting. Only they are bugging their eyes awful. Then the hand gives a heave and my foot sinks quite a lot. I don't rec'lect just what I do think then. But the hand lets go all at once.

'Bout a minute later, while I'm still standing there, Windy shows up from behind a tree that's down right beside us. We're just getting ready to ask him where he's been, when Tabby looms up behind him; and while we're staring at him, who should crop out but the Logican, carrying his moving-picture camera.

'Well, sir, me and Fawghorn and Fossil looks at them and then looks at each other. We ain't speaking just yet. I think maybe I'm asleep and take a look around. The powder-house is sure gone. Then the Logican busts the silence wide open. "I'm afraid it's so dark I can't get a decent picture," he says; and we land on the ground again with a bump.

'Seems that Tabby had arrived at the powder-house about two, three

minutes before she blew. He grabs the Logican and drags him away, clinging like a bat to his camera and most crying with vexation, to that bed of muskeg. You don't know what muskeg is? She's moss — grows deep, no bottom to it, and you can breathe through it fine. So Tabby and the Logican beavers down into that moss and drifts and sinks till they're all holed up. Then they stay there till the show's over, and some more, because the air's bad outside. So long as a tree don't fall on them, they're in the safest place in the country. She's so limp that the explosion can't jolt her, and so wet the fire can't hurt her. And there I was betting my head off that Tabby's all blew to items.'

Mine host of the Ethiopie's Rest rose and stretched himself slowly. Some canoes were slipping out of the shadows across the lake. The silence of the summer afternoon was broken by the slamming of doors and the voices of men. Silver Mountain was coming home to supper.

'But how did Windy come to bet that Tabby was safe?' I asked the old man as he was opening the door to return to his duties.

'Windy? Windy's worse than Tabby. He's some kind of an Irishman and *feels* things. Did n't I tell you that there's things that ain't in the books? Well, Windy's the man that named Tabby. Says he knowed when first he see Tabby that he was the reincarceration of a cat. Had it all figgered out that he had three more lives to lose.'

MY RED CROSSERIES

BY AGNES B. CHOWEN

THEY sent me way out here, just northwest of the universe, to form a Red Cross organization. Some ecstasy in the task.

The entire forenoon I spent interviewing the wives of Red Men, and might as well have interviewed totem poles. However, although they spoke not a word, they seemed to grasp my intention, and promised to be prompt at the meeting. Especially encouraging was Sadie Bucking-Cat (or something like that). She was young and pretty, and told me to go to a certain house about a mile distant, and speak to the lady there.

D—— has no middle, but it has outskirts, with trimmings. I found the house to which Sadie had sent me, and engaged the lady of it in a conversation which appeared to be as delectable to her as was her occupation to me, namely, the butchering for market of a tremendous steer.

The woman was an amazonian creature, brown-skinned and brown-eyed. She threw that steer about with more ease than could a toreador. She was not an Indian. Though she rarely looked at me, she permitted me to speak, and while thus engaged I got a fair acquaintance with the rest of the household as it passed to and fro between house and barn, laden with butter, eggs, cheese, beef, vegetables, and so forth, all for the market.

She kept shouting orders to this, that, and the other one, — especially the other one, who was a trifle slow, — till I was nearly distracted. There were

six children, all as large and brown as their mother. All were good-looking. Two were handsome.

Her husband was half her size, and wore top-boots.

'Here!' she suddenly shouted to a six-foot masculine sprout; 'hold this leg solid while I finish the kidneys!'

He dropped the harness he was carrying, and came forward with alacrity, his face lighting with a smile as he greeted me rather awkwardly.

It took a tremendous lot of muscle to hold that leg while she rooted with knife and fingers; and when the leg suddenly slipped out of the boy's grasp, throwing him forward and bringing his face smartly against the kidney, he received a stunning box on the ear from the biggest palm I ever saw on a woman's hand.

'Oh, maw!' was all he said, giving her a reproachful look and rubbing his crimson ear. Then he took hold with both hands, bracing his entire strength against the leg, she telling him to attend to his business, which he certainly was doing with all his might.

Her husband, though he was as busy as she, giving orders, going around in circles with the importance of a bantam cock, had been polite enough to place an inverted butter-tub for me to sit on; and as it was the banquet-table of an energetic pig, it gave me some exercise to maintain my balance against her insistence.

Still I talked Red Cross as fast as I could, even resorting to a little blood-curdling information about the front,

till the boy transferred his interest to me, and seeing another box on the ear imminent, I rose to go. Then she unexpectedly faced me and said, —

‘That sounds pretty good, what you have been telling me about the work. When we return from the market to-morrow, we’ll just start one of them organizations.’

I thought she had not been listening.

Mr. Amazon kicked the tub out of my path with an old-time bow. This little man, not to be entirely eclipsed by his spouse, had formed the habit of giving an authoritative kick to everything that came in reach of his high boot-heel; especially if its back was turned toward him. The kick brought no more resentment than did the box on the ear.

It was quite late when I had supper and returned to my room. Awaiting me there was the following note from Sadie: —

‘Dear Lady. Tonite at ate I will bring you 3 good Read Cross pew-pills.’

Just three! And she the most popular girl in D——.

I was glad to reach the meeting-place in advance of anyone else. When all was ready, I sat down and waited two hours without seeing a single soul. They had not intended to come, as I know now. Somewhat annoyed, I was going away, when Sadie, all out of breath, appeared, bringing her ‘pew-pills.’

Number one was an ex-chief, with deep furrows of soil on his brow and cheek. Number two was an ex-camp-cook, with semi-circular legs and a shirt front liberally decorated with tobacco designs. His protruding mouth had homesteaded on his nose-site, causing that indignant organ to turn upward and take refuge between two very sharp eyes. His sneeze was the diversion of the community. They called him Pug

Number three was a handsome, shy, brown lad, whom I had seen before. The swelling on his ear had gone down. He blushed every time he thought I was going to address him, so I concentrated on Pug, who was equal to even more. Pug did not like the boy — that was plain. Sadie did like the boy — that, too, was plain. Pug liked Sadie — that was the plainest of all.

Just three, but I talked as if there had been thirty-three. The chief gave no evidence that he was listening. Billy was listening more to the floor than to me. But Pug was a dear. He was as attentive as Sadie had been; and when I paused, asked if he could bring a bunch of his friends next day to hear me say it all over again.

Of course I consented. A meeting in installments might be just as effective as one big one.

‘And I’ll tell you how we kin start a fund right away,’ he volunteered, with a side glance at Billy. ‘We’ll have a sheep-shearin’ contest to-morrow, him and me,’ nodding toward Billy, ‘and all the money can go to the Red Cross.’

‘Where does the money come from, at a sheep-shearing contest?’ I asked.

His eyes opened wide. ‘Why, our friends bet on us, of course.’

‘But the Red Cross does n’t approve of bets, raffles, chances of any kind.’

He looked thoroughly disgusted.

‘I meant, our friends will buy tickets to come and see us shear, like any other show. Will that be all right?’

‘Yes. Is that agreeable to you, Billy?’

He blushed more than ever with a glance at Sadie, whose eyes fairly snapped consent. Billy looked down again, circling his hat, and Sadie took the word.

‘You bet!’ she exclaimed. ‘To-morrow at two o’clock, at the regular shearing-sheds!’

So it was settled.

The two men were expert shearers, I learned. Pug was jealous of Billy. No one knew whether Billy was jealous or not. He certainly had not as much reason, if it was a question of Sadie's favor.

The trio departed. Pug was sure of winning, or he never would have given me that knowing wink as he strode away with a bantam swagger that suited his style.

Naturally I did not depend entirely on Sadie and Pug for my organization. My eyes had been opened to the value of certain people's promises, and I adopted more effective measures.

The nut-brown Amazon was made chairman of the auxiliary. She selected her own vice and secretary. The men who showed especial interest were put on the executive board without being consulted. Of course, they were willing. Indeed, Pug felt quite important over his election. When I said to him, 'My word, Mr. Pug, you have more experience here than at any other place I ever visited,' he straightened up, pointed his cigar skyward, and answered, —

'Sure. Most of these fellows are only ex-cuses for what they should be. But we'll show you we ain't all exes.'

The old schoolhouse was secured for a workroom. Pug got it scrubbed, and fitted with the necessary chairs and tables, a stove, and two sewing-machines, which were lent by ranchers for the summer period.

After two days of great activity, the women — white, half-breed, and Indian — had been taught to make straight, flat seams on pajamas, to attach collar-facings without wrinkling, to sew on tapes where they were intended to be, and the rudiments of knitting. Each individual took her work home to finish, and was to have it ready in ten days, when I should return to inspect. So I had my ripping knives sharpened, and bought my ticket for the shearing contest.

Here I made my first acquaintance with sheep, and I have more respect for men since. On the way to the sheds, I passed a corral where a sheep was going around in circles, one of the Amazon's sons just having completed an operation for water in the head. The youth, as usual, received the paternal kick as I was passing. He rubbed the spot, and limped away, smiling wryly as he caught my eye.

'Did it hurt?' I asked.

'Oh, I can't complain,' he drawled. 'It is the handshake of our tribe, you know. The operation pleased dad.'

I'd hate to belong to that tribe.

The contest was stirring. Several horse-races had been added, and there was a good crowd present. An Indian will leave his deathbed long enough to see a horse-race, but he never is demonstrative. The white people made the noise.

In the centre of an intensely interested crowd, Pug and Billy were working neck and neck for the honors. The platforms were rather narrow, and when struggling with a particularly obstreperous mutton, it was sometimes almost impossible to keep from being pushed off; this would mean disgrace forever. The sun was pitiless. The shearers did not seem to mind it as much as did the spectators, although they looked very white in the face.

The game was breathless because the men kept exceedingly close together. Neither spoke, or looked to right or left. To me it was a marvelous performance. They seemed not to be the men of yesterday. Determination was all one could read in their expression and gestures. The wool fell away easily. Some of it was stained with blood. Sometimes a belly-vein was severed, and a knot was tied somewhere to stop the flow of blood; but this was accomplished so skillfully that no time was lost.

Not far away, leaning on the fence, was Sadie. A girl friend accompanied her. The girl was arrayed in rainbow hues, while Sadie, the effervescent, wore deep mourning. She was as tensely different as were the two shearers.

I asked my nearest neighbor why Sadie was in black.

'Her grandmother died a few weeks ago,' he answered, 'and she wears mourning on holidays. You should see her with her crêpe veil on! She looks just like the Virgin Mary! Maybe she'll wear it later in the afternoon.'

There was present to-day one speaker — an ex-cowboy, they said; but he looked too old. Cowboys never grow old.

Shouts and cheers were issuing from the shearing-sheds. When I returned there, both contestants were taking their last sheep. This was their very last clip. The men looked whiter than before.

Pug got his animal into position first. Cheers from his adherents. Poor Billy happened to get hold of an old wether warrior and lost time. It was a wonder that the remarks and jokes tossed at him did not confuse him. Sadie stood at her post, rigid as a wooden sentinel.

The shears fairly buzzed. Pug, still a trifle ahead, kept his friends noisy. Billy tightened his muscles. The air was thick with the weight of big betting, but the word itself was repressed most of the time, while I received more than one distorted grin, supposed to be friendly.

Finally Billy caught up with Pug, and went a trifle beyond him. Pandemonium is the word. Even Sadie forgot herself so far as to give a squeak of triumph, and Billy, involuntarily glancing at her, let the sheep jerk itself from his grasp, and a hard struggle ensued.

Now things looked bad for Billy. For fully five seconds he teetered on

the very brink of the platform, while his supporters screamed inwardly. Pug increased his speed. Billy saved himself from being pushed over, though he had to employ both hands, leaving him none to shear with. He needed three hands.

The situation was becoming racking when Billy had an inspiration. Turning the mutton's face upward, he caught its nose between his firm white teeth and hung on like a bull-dog. The crowd went wild, and his hands lost their identity in swiftness of motion. Some of Pug's friends shouted, 'No fair!' but were quickly silenced; for Pug, while formulating the rules for this especial contest, had not reckoned with Billy's jaw.

Billy won the contest.

As I was leaving the grounds with the rest of the people, one of the men on duty during the day came to me and handed me a bag heavy with coin. He bore signs of hard work.

'What money is this?' I asked.

He hesitated a moment, then said, 'The gate-receipts, ma'am.'

'But you should take it to your treasurer,' I suggested.

He did n't know who was treasurer, and as he had quite a number of miles to cover so late in the day, he convinced me that I was the proper person to take the money for the Red Cross. He departed before I could even ask how much the sack contained.

Two minutes later another man, who had been conducting some unknown (to me) pastime, with small stones, came to me with a sack of coin. 'Where's this from?' I asked him.

'The gate-receipts,' he promptly answered.

'But I already have the gate-receipts,' said I, holding them aloft.

'Yes,' he agreed, 'but there were two gates.'

He departed.

As I was passing through the gate of many receipts, I saw Pug in the crowd. He looked defiant, and was hugging a tin box. At sight of me he held it up, and it was very heavy.

'The gate-receipts!' he shouted to me. 'They console me.'

A few more gate-receipts trickled in from various directions, and these, with the sales of ice-cream, lemonade, and 'sacrificed' articles, as well as auctioned animals, poultry, and so forth, netted the local organization four thousand dollars.

Ten days I spent in the Big Town, to which the inhabitants of D—— alluded frequently, not always with enthusiasm, but always with an air of superiority. Then I returned to D——.

The work had all been gathered at the schoolhouse, and several officers were present, waiting for me.

The nut-brown Amazon stood close to my elbow, watching my face as I inspected. Prayerfully I searched for something I could praise without too great a wrench of conscience. She was so terribly big.

Finally I drew a full breath and spoke as fast as I could:—

'The workmanship is not good. You can see for yourselves that the seams meander where they list. These, for instance, are turned the wrong way, and have fringe, because there was no basting. The machine that made this garment had the tension too tight, making ruffles of the seams, and a wounded soldier cannot rest on ruffles. These pockets are on the wrong side. The buttonholes should be of uniform size, and worked more closely. Tapes must be spaced more evenly. You *must* insist on basting these yokes.'

Here I paused for breath, afraid to look up at the silent giant beside me.

The other women stood awed and silent, too. Presently I caught that swift motion of her hand, which I knew well,

and I drew back. But she did not withdraw her hand: it was palm upward.

'Put it there,' she commanded; and I shook hands with her, or, rather, I tried to, but she shook the entire me, saying, 'Them's the very words I wanted to hear. Don't I know the work's rotten? I told 'em so, but they only laughed at me, sayin' I might know how to plough, to brand a cow, and make butter, but where had I ever learned to make a straight seam? That's the stuff they hand me when I try to make 'em do right. You just bet it'll be different now! I'm goin' to git the rest of the bunch, and you've got to stay and say it all over again.'

She jumped into her wobbly wagon and drove off. During her absence, I instructed in the gentle art of ripping and my pupils were not at all enthusiastic.

They all came, those living farthest away riding in Mrs. Amazon's little wagon. I went through it all again, adding the things I had been afraid to mention before. Mrs. Amazon stood at the door like a watch-dog.

The very first work sent to headquarters by the D—— auxiliary was graded A1.

The monthly paper published by headquarters had this to say:—

'The splendid patriotism of the Northwest was again manifested when a Red Cross representative from our division was sent to D——, to form an organization. The community responded to a man, throwing themselves into the work with such zest that in the short time of two days they raised four thousand dollars. The women immediately established work-quarters, and the very first garments received were of excellent workmanship. The amount of money raised is a per-capita rate of five dollars for every man, woman, and child within six miles of D——.'

THE NAMES

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

Now he is dead who loved the traveling cloud,
And knew the white road to the harbor ships;
And romance has gone by, that called aloud
His name, and summoned laughter from his lips.
I read the words, I know that this is true —
But will you other women feel as I
When the tall door of Paradise swings to,
And glory has forsaken the wide sky?
For though I read, my heart cannot believe.
The wind cries, *No!* along the glittering track
Above the dusk, and will not let me grieve.
(It was a wind that brought Odysseus back.)
And oh, the copses where the thrushes dwell,
The foxglove forests with their outlaw bees,
The moonrise like a distance-softened bell,
The hills that claimed him! I must think on these
(And how I always knew that he had heard
The music dripping from the rainbow's edge
And the brief meteor's infrequent word,
And God's low footfall in the river-sedge),
Till all wild earth lays passionate hands on him,
The very islands will not let him go,

Nor the old mountains, nor the seas that rim
The unknown clinging lands!

Thus do I know

How strange the message that will come to you,
All of you others who must read the names;
And while your hearts deny that truth be true,
The letters of one word like separate flames
Will light the face of a forgotten flower,
Or broken water with the sunset stained,
Or a lost midnight, and the secret hour
Of wonder when nor thought nor speech remained;
And one of you will say, *It was not vain!*
And one recall the valiant things he said,
But all the time, reiterate as rain,
Some jest of his turned sharp, now he is dead,
Will leave your every feeling wholly numb,
Forbidding tears, the tears that may not come.

*Almost they come to me; so long you will
Stare at the names, incredulous and still!*

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

BY MARCEL NADAUD

III. EXIT FLAGADA

TRANSLATED BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

I. CHIGNOLE TO THE RESCUE

GILDED insects danced in the sunbeams that filtered through the pine needles. A bee heavy with pollen plunged deep into a flowercup, setting the blossom a-nod on its delicate stem. Papa Charles and Flagada were asleep on the damp hot sand, with their caps over their faces to keep out the light. Frangipane, bare-headed, was doing his hundred paces 'as at Deauville.' Chignole, lying on his stomach, propped on one elbow, drew cabalistic signs with the end of his hazel switch. The high notes of a distant clarion woke the sleepers.

'That's not for us. It's the assembly for the machine-gun rookies. You can go on napping, Papa Charles.'

'You think —' yawned Flagada.

'This place gets my goat! I feel as if I were at the movies! Who would have supposed that in one day we should be blown from the front to the extreme rear — from Nancy to the school of aerial gunnery, at Cazau, in the Gironde!'

'The surprises of a military life.'

'Oh, what a place! What a change from out yonder! It turns this month's practice into a sort of holiday, a shooting leave.'

The wind, very soft, stirred the spicy fragrance of fresh pine-gum and dried heather, mingled with the sharp, salty smell of the neighboring sea. The aviators, accustomed to the harsh

climate of the Vosges, reveled in the happy languor of their deliciously sleepy senses.

'Sunday, if we're free, I'll take you to Cap-Ferret,' said Frangipane. 'I know a place there where the oysters are a marvel. We'll hire a little boat, and if there's time, we'll go down to the ocean.'

'At last, I shall see the sea!'

Chignole heaved a sigh of satisfaction.

'And at Cannes, at Nice, when you were in hospital, I suppose it was the Seine that you saw from the beach?'

'You think you're funny!' Chignole shrugged his shoulders. 'Well, yes; I insist; that's not really the sea, that Mediterranean! It's blue! It might be the sky. And flat! Oh, it was so still, it got on my nerves.'

'Here's somebody else complaining that the sea's too beautiful!'

In single file, along the narrow footpath, they made their way toward the School. Chignole loitered, picking green mulberries and scratching his hands on brambles to gather the honey-suckle whose vines overran the thicket. He gazed with astonished eyes at all this nature spread out before him, for it was new to him; but he did not enjoy confessing his own ignorance and discovering how like he was to everybody else.

At the wharf near which the hydroplanes were docked, they found the machines resting on the flat, shining

surface of the pond, like birds which had forgotten to close their white wings. Papa Charles was assigned to one as pilot; Chignole practised bursting target-balloons with a machine-gun fitted with a new kind of collimator.

'Hi, old son! This is n't our old family Voisin! It's the hencoop, the Maurice Farman, the M.F.'¹

In the cockpit the places were reversed. Chignole, in front, turned the gun on its tripod to test its field of fire. Papa Charles, behind him, was getting used to the new controls. The rudder-bar was replaced by pedals, and the joy-stick by a horizontal bar with handles.

When the screw was cranked, the biplane slid, at a slow pace, on her pontoons and left the dock. Papa Charles gave her the gas and pulled the control imperceptibly toward him; the wing pontoons left the water; the tail pontoons brushed the surface a moment, then left it.

'She's off!'

'Not bad sport, playing that we're ducks!'

As they went up, they could see below them the pond, like molten metal, ringed round by the unbroken green of the heath. On the right, a narrow isthmus of gray downs and the infinite ocean; before them, another pond, the one near Biscarosse and Parentis; on the left, the pine forest, dotted with glades in which were hidden the low hovels of the rosin-gatherers. A quiet, sleepy panorama. Chignole, contemplating it, understood perhaps for the first time that, although he was fighting for France, for a principle, he was also fighting for himself. At Nancy, he had flown over houses, factories, each one with its owner; the trenches belonged to no one; Lorraine was still in the enemy's hands. Then he had been fighting to keep, or to get back, things

¹ Pronounced 'Mefe.'

which did n't belong to him personally, and never would. But this forest, this heath, these blossomy fields, all this belonged to every Frenchman; this was his own; here he had his share in earth and water and sunshine; here he had his share in liberty and happiness; and all of a sudden, he — the Chignole without a penny to his name — seemed to himself immensely rich.

'And all that might be taken by the Boches, or come under Boche rule! Ah, ha! William, you old bandit, you want too much! Varmint!'

And to appease his wrath he fired furiously at the balloons.

'I say! — this side — do you see it — the sea?'

It glittered like a silver breastplate, yet its soft silky folds clung to the curves of the coast, crept into the coves, hooded the capes, twined round the islands. Papa Charles, hypnotized by the deep roar of the machine alive to his whim, and drunk with the azure and the wind, had foolish longings to head toward the dim line that marked the meeting of sky and water.

'Are you bound for America?' inquired Chignole, surprised at the direction of the machine.

Papa Charles, brought back to reality, pressed upon one of the pedals. The docile biplane obeyed, skirted the coast, and entered the bay of Arcachon. The sand-banks cast brown shadows into the transparent water. Along the shores, villas nestled, lost in the mimosas and the fig trees, and protected by palisades and thick walls. Papa Charles recalled the town of the winter before the war, the sad shadows of consumptives in bright-colored woollens which accented their leanness and their pallor; the look of hopeless illness lurking in every eye, exhaling at every breath. Oh, better far this death he faced, this death he chose to die, than that other waiting behind the disease

which consumes the lungs, taints the blood, brands the flesh. At least, when he died, he would go out in health, whole, strong, and beautiful.

Chignole was still looking through his field-glasses.

'What are you hunting for?'

'They're always talking about the oysters of Arcachon; I'm looking to see if I can see any.'

Suddenly, the sun disappeared behind a bank of dark clouds; the wind freshened. Papa Charles gave her the gas and dived toward Cazau at full speed. Black balls were climbing the halyards of the semaphore. The pond was crinkling into a thousand wrinkles.

'That means a squall. Sure we have time to dock before it catches us?'

The farther down they came, the rougher the waves looked. Papa Charles nosed up to steady the machine; as he lighted, the pontoon of one wing was hooked by a reed; the biplane spun on its nose and turned completely over, tipping out its passengers. Chignole found himself at the bottom of the pond.

'Here you are! Ho, for a life-preserver! I shan't miss a thing in this war!'

Striking out from the thigh, he rose to the surface, and seized hold of a sort of shapeless rag that swept through his fingers. He pulled it to him just as it was vanishing. It was the hair of Papa Charles, half-drowned already and about to go down.

In the motor-boat manned by Frangipane and Flagada, which was the first to arrive at the scene of the accident, Papa Charles came to his senses, thanks to the vigorous measures adopted by Chignole, who almost pulled out his tongue under the pretext of restoring his circulation.

'It's worth while having hair, Papa Charles—what! If you'd been bald, you'd be at the bottom now!'

II. CHIGNOLE HAS THE BLUES

Chignole and Flagada left the office of the sergeant-major, caps tilted on one ear, each waving a piece of paper.

'Here you are! — Leave! — Twenty-four hours granted for family affairs. — The cap'n fell for it.'

'Flagada!'

Papa Charles and Frangipane regarded the toes of their boots with gloom, and sighed dolefully.

'No, but joking aside,' Chignole continued, 'do you really think we'd leave you out? — That Flagada and I would go on a bat to Bordeaux without you? Not on your life! The question is how to work it.'

'The secret session is open; let us deliberate,' announced Papa Charles pompously.

Seated on the sand, they wasted no thought upon the magic of the rosy hour which was setting the pines ablaze and the pond a-sparkle, but industriously searched their wits for some scheme clever enough to bring them a free day.

'I advise prudence,' Frangipane warned them lightly, 'for they have their eye on us.'

Chignole sucked long on a piece of grass plucked from the edge of a ditch, scratched the earth, sniffed, then made up his mind.

'It's not worth while looking for noon at two o'clock. The stunt is to hump ourselves so we shan't miss the ten o'clock train. You must look pale; the doctor will excuse you from service, that's the main thing. Nobody'll come snooping round our quarters to see if we're there, and we'll vanish.'

Papa Charles and Frangipane turned their steps toward the infirmary. The head surgeon was a suspicious, asthmatic old man, who saw in every aviator a dangerous rival in the affections of the little chambermaids of the Hôtel

de la Gare, and an incorrigible idler. Hence he fixed the two cronies with an inquisitorial eyeglass.

Papa Charles, completely master of himself, enumerated his wounds 'which the sea air irritated,' and described his falls with the detail of a newspaper reporter filling a column. His voice trembled; he was overcome; he was on the verge of tears. The major stopped him, convinced.

But Frangipane came up with his habitual swagger and his quizzical smile, and the countenance of his interlocutor darkened at once.

'What's the matter with you?'

'Heavens, doctor, how should I know? To be quite frank, there are no symptoms of acute illness; it's a general discomfort, which seems to call for sick leave.' And to carry conviction, he put out his tongue, which he had previously rubbed with chalk.

The doctor saw through the ruse, but the *croix de guerre* made an impression on him. He wanted to show that he was a good sort, but nobody's fool.

'Sick leave granted, but I prescribe a purge for you; you know as well as I do why your tongue is coated — coated white. Don't go yet. Orderly — castor oil — Wait! — Wait! — I'm going to give it to you myself.'

The wretch, horror-struck, swallowed a full glass, rolling the whites of his eyes, while the doctor emitted sharp little grunts — his way of laughing.

An hour, later the express bore them away. Frangipane, livid, collapsed in a corner, one hand on his stomach.

A good breakfast in Bordeaux set him on his feet, and arm in arm, like sailors ashore, the gay fellows strolled along the quays, smoking huge cigars which the proprietor of the restaurant, won by their charm, had insisted upon bestowing on them.

The Port: Shops where all sorts of things were sold, which Chignole had

never seen before. Buoys, rigging, oiled hats. Dark public houses smelling of tar and alcohol. Strange, tough-skinned characters, with innocent eyes and evil mouths. A great river, a forest of masts, chimneys, and cranes. And that atmosphere peculiar to maritime cities, swept by the wind of perpetual departures into the unknown.

They stopped short before the poster of a music-hall.

SKY-LIFE!

GRAND REVIEW IN TWO ACTS AND
THIRTY TABLEAUX

'Sky-life! — It's about aviation!'

'To-day's Sunday; there's a *matinée*; our presence here is plainly indicated.'

Their entrance into a proscenium box caused a lively sensation. They were good to look at, our aces, with their fantastic uniforms, their decorations, and their chevrons. The people at Bordeaux don't often have aviators within their walls, so they were the object of noisy and affectionate curiosity.

'How well set up they are!'

'Have they palms?'

'Poor young men! Still, we must n't spoil them too much.'

Proud of their success, they swaggered. Chignole could not capture enough smiles and little attentions. Flagada realized that he had never awakened such enthusiasm as a comedian. Frangipane, the aristocrat, acknowledged that 'the people' have some good in them. Papa Charles, though really touched, feigned indifference; it was more distinguished.

At the finale, a lively old lady threw them a bouquet with a flourish. This let loose a regular ovation. The *Marseillaise*! Flowers! Triumphant procession! In the lobby, there was champagne, speeches, embraces. Ah, the Midi!

Later, on a bench in the park, their lightheadedness evaporated little by little. They had tasted the strong wine of popularity, and they came to their senses ashamed of their silly intoxication.

Ah! behind the lines! — the poor joys of the rear, ignoble when they are not empty. Their thoughts reverted to their comrades going up on patrol at the front, in a stormy sky, at that marvelous sport, aerial war, whose motto is, 'Thrills — then carry on — and keep grinning.'

Meanwhile, each one was feeling anew the slow grip of the thousand and one ties of his life, which the war had strained but not broken, and which the briefest return to the rear tightened again.

Frangipane saw once more the cradle of his race in Beaugency, crowned by the old feudal tower whose scars were hidden by lichen. His ancestors, small provincial nobles, had gone out from it to secure posts at court: —

Orléans, Beaugency,
Notre-Dame de Cléry,
Vendôme — Vendôme.

The popular refrain of romantic comedy hummed in his ears.

Flagada felt once again the obsession of the theatre, the boards, the auditorium. He seemed to breathe the stale smell of the wings, the mouldiness and paint; he grew sentimental thinking how ridiculously he used to dress to play the part of a solemn necromancer.

Papa Charles mused on his existence before the war: flirtations and the tango, winters at Davos, springs at Cairo, summers at Cabourg, and autumns at Ravenna. Bobsleighs, latticed-windows, tennis, and the mandolin. His dream called up profiles, silhouettes; hair in caressing curls, eyes that promised, hands that beckoned. Now that he looked back upon himself

through the perspective of time, whose worth he should understand henceforth, he could see how he might surround himself with a voluptuous and soft life of visions and rare sensations. Ah, how he could dream, love, and be beloved, if he were sure of not dying!

And Chignole's thoughts turned to Sophie. He tried to struggle against the spell, for well he knew that, if he once allowed the image of his wife to come between him and his duty, he could never fully accomplish it, try as he might. A true priest knows only his God; a true soldier should know only his country. But in fulfilling the priestly office, is it possible to strip off the human envelope entirely, to set aside one's personality, one's ego, completely, for the sake of an idea, however beautiful?

The four friends, so different in intellectual quality, in physical inheritance, in social contacts, were gripped by the same anguish, and Chignole summed up their trouble when he said, —

'I don't know what's the matter with me — it's a bore, like everything else — but I want to cry.'

III. MONSIEUR BASSINET PRACTISES PENMANSHIP

In his shirt-sleeves, seated at the oil-cloth-covered table in the porter's lodge, M. Bassinet traced capital letters in a copybook, drawing his inspiration from the copy set at the left of the page. It was hard work for him; he was not very clever at it; the veins in his forehead were swollen and his fingers were stained with ink.

The tiny kitchen was entirely filled with Madame Bassinet, who was scouring the bottom of a saucepan which she held pressed against her stomach. 'Maman Chignole' was sitting near the open window, using the last moments

of daylight to begin, or to finish — one never knew which — her customary knitting. M. Fondu slept over his newspaper. Sophie was sweeping up the crumbs from the evening meal.

'Move a little, papa, so I can take up what's under your feet.'

'Don't bother me, little daughter, I'm engaged in serious work.'

'Serious indeed!' snorted Madame Bassinet, edging sideways from among her pots and kettles. 'At your age! — Nothing better to do than to make pothooks.'

'Mâme Bassinet, to master a subject one must begin at the beginning.'

'And what good will it do you? Will your customers tip you better because you can draw a circle?'

'A beautiful handwriting is always worth while,' M. Fondu felt called upon to point out, stirred by the discussion.

'It's better than going to the saloon,' smiled 'Maman Chignole.'

But Madame Bassinet would have the last word: 'Are you putting yourself to this trouble to write to your lady friends, your chorus girls? — If ever I catch you!' She brandished her saucepan like a club.

'Oh, Mâme Bassinet! — To think me capable of — Oh!' stammered the good man, overwhelmed by such a suspicion. And, in his flutter, he upset the ink-bottle.

'There you go! Is n't that the limit! — Get up, quick! before you spot your trousers!'

The arrival of the postman put a stop to the recriminations. Sophie examined the mail feverishly; then, disappointed, distressed, anxious, cried, 'Nothing — still nothing!'

'It's a long time,' added 'Maman Chignole,' — 'a long time.'

The two women looked at each other timidly, then their eyes went to the picture of Chignole, in the place of honor, over the mantelpiece. The young

woman kept back her tears so as not to make the old one cry.

'What a dirty war it is!' grumbled Madame Bassinet, who, this evening, had no playful thoughts.

'Oh, do shut up!' retorted M. Bassinet. 'Everybody to his taste, what! Funereal airs, and a little sob party just because there are no letters from the boy! Do you think that he can be always hatching nonsense? You saw him five days ago, when he came back from Cazau with his boss; does n't that satisfy you? Do let him breathe — What the devil!'

'Yes, but he went back to Nancy to take part in a big raid.'

'It's not the first. Why should n't he have his usual luck? You'll end by handing him a lemon, with those Lenten faces of yours — Won't they, Fondu?'

According to his custom, M. Fondu contented himself with a silent laugh, and then gazed contentedly at his little-finger-nail which had been broken during the bombardment, but was slowly growing again.

M. Bassinet continued his writing under the lamp, now lighted. He was furious at feeling this unhappiness around him, but surprised that he could not find more emphatic words to condemn it.

'Why do I try to argue the impossible? I should make more impression on them if I smashed a piece of china. Ah, these women!'

But why was he embarrassed in their presence? — Because he was a man, and at home, while others were at the front. Of course, they did n't want him; he was an old man; the most exacting could have nothing against him. Still, in women's eyes he read scorn of his weakness, his age. He could no longer speak as a man; he had no more authority. Opinions were tolerated only from men who could fight.

The summer night, thundery and

hot, excited Sophie a little. She shivered over her memories. Oh, doubt! Uncertainty! To tremble every time the bell rang! To long for the postman and to dread his coming; to search the faces of those who might know something, for a betrayal of the truth; to listen to the clock, whose tic-tac fell upon the silence drop by drop, like tears or blood!

'I love him — I love him — and we are separated! I need him, to be happy. Oh, to feel his gentle strength once more. If he should be dying! — If he were dead!'

Her dream turned to a nightmare. Her hands clutched at a fleeing shape. How alone she was — already — like a widow!

Madame Bassinet tried to drown her boredom in her dish-water. She had changed a good deal since Sophie's marriage. Before, she had had no one in the war; now she had her son-in-law. Suppose he did n't come back? What would become of her daughter, without her husband? It was all very well to say that it was for France; that the conflict had not been sought but had to be carried on; her little special interests, her maternal egotism were stronger at times than her patriotism.

M. Fondu detested this war which he had never understood. At his office, plunged in dusty accounts, separated from the world by the barricade of his ledgers, he forgot it. But as soon as he was in the street, he was compelled to recall it, and with what bitterness! His autobus was gone; his crossing was changed, his special tobacco, too wet, was ground less fine; his newspaper had only one sheet. Finally, the incidents of his journey to Nancy had made a lively impression on him. He went to bed in his clothes, with his savings under the bolster, and the horn of an automobile was enough to send him post-haste under the bed, for he always

mistook it for the siren announcing the Zeppelins.

'I have only him — I have only him,' thought 'Maman Chignole.' 'What would the future hold for me if he should be taken?'

She dwelt in imagination upon her solitary and wretched old age, with its two possible endings — the almshouse or the bitter bread of charity.

It was a dull and empty time. Discouragement and doubt gripped them. But suddenly, on the first floor, a nasal phonograph began: —

'Allons, enfants de la Patrie!
Le jour de gloire est arrivé.'

The stirring music awakened their benumbed senses, drove out materialism and set free the ideal.

Contre nous de la tyrannie,
L'étendard sanglant est levé!

In the echoing depths of their hearts it vibrated, swelled, and spread through all their being, till they felt suffocated.

M. Bassinet rose. From the wardrobe, from under a pile of napkins, he brought out a beautiful red account-book with gilt edges. 'This is why I am learning to write all over again.' And he inscribed at the top of the first page: 'To-day I begin, for my grandchildren, my *mémoires* of the Great War.'

'Aux armes! Citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons! —'

It seemed to them that it was Chignole, there on the wall, sitting in his frame, who was singing the Marseillaise to them.

IV. CHIGNOLE JUSTS GETS BY

The plateau was deserted, for the sun blazed at the zenith, and the dry grass was like tinder. The closed mess-halls were empty; the mechanics slept in the shade of the hangars, and the

personnel of the flying corps swung in hammocks under the pines.

A lonely aeroplane was on the field. Chignole, in his cockpit, was correcting the hang of the compass, held by coil-springs stretched on hooks. Mimile, in his blue overalls, was putting grease with a spatula in the necks of the pulleys over which the controls slip. Papa Charles, sheltered under one of the wings, played solitaire.

'Is there luck in the cards?'

'Yes; four aces; victory. I don't insist, Chignole, and above all I would n't hinder you; but don't you think we'd be better off in the wood?'

'My! but you're a lazy lummo! There you sit with nothing to do but shuffle your cards — and you complain! To hear you, nobody'd think that to-night we were to bomb Trèves.'

'Are you nervous?'

'But, my dear fellow, — it's some joy-ride, that burg! Two hundred and sixty kilometres there and back, as the crow flies; which means four hundred with the zigzags. We must n't let the mill get rheumatism. Hi, Mimile! What are you up to? Looking for short-circuits in the exhaust-chamber?'

'I am regulating the breaking of the current.'

'Happy thought!' And he added to Papa Charles in a low voice, 'Really, Mimile is a good fellow; only he was picked green — what?'

Absorbed in his job, he stopped talking and set to work with his tools and his clever hands to finish what he had begun. Then presently he stopped, wiped his forehead, and made a magnificent gesture. 'No! It can't be done. There's no way of regulating this compass like that. The needle varies two degrees whenever I push the control over to that side. Let's put the cuckoo on the table. Then it'll be as easy as falling off a log.'

They rolled the machine to the table

where the cardinal points were drawn with lime on the ground, and compensated the errors of the compass by adding metal weights.

'With the load we must carry to-night, we shall weigh almost a kilo. — A regular autobus — what?'

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The mess after dinner. Coffee, liqueurs, pipes and cigarettes.

'Departure: eleven o'clock,' said the secretary, turning from the telephone.

In the face of danger, everyone behaved in character. Some wrote last letters, others studied the maps. Fran-gipane, at the piano, sang a Venetian barcarolle, under his breath, —

'Gentille gondolière,'
Dit le pêcheur épris,
'Je cède à ta prière.
Quel en sera le prix?'

Flagada repeated the monologue of Charles V. The vaudeville artist, even as he faced the enemy, had not given up hope of entering the tragedy class at the Conservatory.

Papa Charles made a methodical inventory of the contents of his pockets and destroyed personal papers.

Chignole filled a thermos bottle with a hot, spicy beverage. 'The nights are sharp, even in June; and besides, I don't want to get thirsty.'

Watches were feverishly consulted, and to cheat suspense, they fell asleep, all dressed, on the seat-straps.

The hours passed. A motor crossed the plateau, bringing the report from the meteorological station at headquarters. Officers' automobiles went out through the byway of Pixérécourt. Dogs barked themselves hoarse; beacons opened their fans of spreading light on the ground; engines began to revolve; there were short commands, a group around the captain, suggestions: —

'Two squads, you understand? One

to follow the Moselle, the other the Sarre; rendezvous where they join. Have the observers the call-signal for the return trip? Attention: every aeroplane which fails to give it will be fired on by our anti-aircraft batteries, to prevent the Boches from crossing our lines with us. Forward!

Chignole and Papa Charles, with belts buckled, waited their turn patiently. Mimile would have liked to say something affectionate, but he was afraid of being snubbed by his heroes.

A biplane rose, turned, then, with lights lit, came back over them at ten metres. It was Frangipane and Flagada, who had the honor of leaving at the head of the second group, and were moving off toward Château-Salins.

'Go to it, old chap!'

They wheeled; there was a brief moment of anxiety; the biplane was so heavy with petrol and explosives, that it seemed unable to leave the earth; and the wood was in their way like a wall. A sharp blow on the joy-stick, and they nose up, just miss the wood, pitch heavily. Is it going to be a slide? — No, Papa Charles lifts his hand at once, taking advantage of the hollow of Agincourt to dive and get his equilibrium, while increasing his speed.

'Stay over the parade-ground till we're up a thousand metres; if there's a breakdown, the cherry trees of Malzéville will be unhealthy.'

'We should worry! I don't want to crowd the fellows just starting out.'

And they flew over Champigneulles at a low altitude.

It was a slow ascent, with sudden holes in the air robbing them in an instant of a hundred metres painfully achieved.

'Pont-à-Mousson —'

'Nine hundred. — Climb still a little more.'

'I'll be d——! Just enough petrol!'

There followed searchlights and can-

nonading; but they were rejoined by their comrades, and the Boches, surprised at their numbers, fumbled their aim and their shots.

'Do we follow the Moselle?'

'Not yet. Better avoid Metz.'

They held to the left, and tried to catch the river again, high above Thionville; but a thick mist covered the valley. They had to choose: either to be seen and see where they were going; or to hide in the fog, and be blind.

'I don't like muck; it gives me a cold,' declared Chignole, wrapping his muffler over his mouth.

'Well, open your eye, for they're going to get after us. Don't look at the route, but see what they're letting off.'

On the ground, wandering gleams betrayed the shots; then 'caterpillars' began to rise. The caterpillar is a subtle Teutonic invention, composed of a series of little incandescent balloons whose crimes are of two kinds: if they touch a plane, they set it afire; and secondly, the iron wires stretched from one balloon to the other smash the propeller if it becomes entangled in their network. Therefore, despite the lure of their poetical appearance, rose-color and green, our friends prudently avoided them.

'Is the oil-gauge working?'

'Yiss, milud!'

The biplane gradually increased her altitude, until Papa Charles, judging it sufficient, pressed on the control, thus gaining ten kilometres an hour. Before them, on the right, flashes zig-zagged through the clouds.

'There's a thunderstorm.'

'Not a bit. That's the guys of the second squad, getting it in the neck; another proof we're on the right road.'

'Keep your eyes skinned; they're flying with lights out; look out for collisions.'

Are Flagada and Frangipane among them? Does fortune favor them?

As if in reply to their unspoken questions, a machine with lamps and beacons alight crossed their path.

'Nobody but those two would be such fools just here —'

'Except us.'

Chignole turned the switches.

'They'll spot us — it's idiotic!'

'Perhaps; but that'll give them a jolt!'

They descended. Lights pricked the darkness; long bright oblongs marked the factory buildings at work. They longed to drop bombs on them, but orders were: Reprisals. The city is to be punished.

It came into view like a black hole, in the glass at the bottom of the cockpit. The aeroplanes had already begun their work, for yellow streaks were streaming over its surface, and expanding into reddish blots. Chignole pulled the levers toward him with evident satisfaction.

'Good night!' he shouted at the earth.

A loop, and back they came again. Chignole opened the cock of the spirit indicator. The graduated tube was still half full of petrol.

'She's holding out.'

'I don't want to give her too much to do.'

Papa Charles reduced his speed, adjusted his direction by the compass, and got ready for a bite of lunch, at his companion's invitation: crackers, cakes of chocolate, and several swallows of grog still hot from the thermos bottle. Their comrades passed by them and disappeared.

'They're in a hurry to get to bed. We've got all the time there is —'

Shells encircled them, but at a distance. Chignole declared that this evening the Huns had their uses.

'The lines! — Ouf!' They smiled at having once again escaped a mishap.

Then, suddenly, a French searchlight transfixed them, and was turned on and off at regular intervals.

'Don't you see they're asking you for the signal? Why don't you give it?'

'The letter! — The letter!' stammered Chignole.

The searchlight repeated its signal, but rapidly, jerkily; they guessed that it was astonished at having no reply.

'The letter! The letter! I can't remember it!'

A shot — at fifty metres.

'The "seventy-five"! There she goes!'

Papa Charles turned round, took hold of Chignole's arms and shook them. 'Think! — We're done for!'

Chignole strained every nerve and concentrated his thoughts to rouse his memory.

'Wake up, old son! — What letter?'

Papa Charles bent over as if to pluck it out of him.

The shells were now harrying the machine at close quarters. Chignole no longer struggled. With haggard face he awaited the explosion — Death.

Death — the end of everything — of his love — and more — of Sophie — Sophie — the dear name was there, before his eyes, printed in letters of fire.

Then, as a mysterious click reveals a secret hiding-place, suddenly, a compartment opened in his brain: Sophie — S! — the first letter of her name was also the letter of deliverance; and with a choking voice he hurled it at the death which he could defeat yet once again.

'S! — S! — Papa Charles! — S! I've found —!'

V. FLAGADA MISSES HIS EXIT

'Anybody'd know you were a freak, — to catch the gripe in June!'

'And then, to climb to two thousand without your old horse-jacket. You really ought to be smacked.'

Flagada was stretched on a bed in the mess-room, and despite the mild weather and the furs which covered him, he could not get warm.

'We're going to put a mustard plaster on you, as the doctor ordered.'

'A mustard plaster! It's the doctor's joke! Me, I know a trick worth two of that!' cried Chignole, coming from the kitchen with a cup in his hand. 'You're going to taste this concoction of mine, Flagada, old son. Hot wine, according to the Bassinet-recipe: table-claret, rum, sugar, lemon, pepper, clove, stewed together and served piping hot. You swallow, you sweat, and to-morrow — you're on your feet again!'

Bssi — Poum — in rapid succession.

'The Boches! They can't leave us in peace.'

'The escadrille is called out! — Get your machines!'

'I'm going to get up.'

Flagada threw off his covers, but before he could put his foot to the ground, Chignole's fist had nailed him to the mattress.

'Do you want to catch your death? The cap'n understands. You're excused. — All you have to do is sleep.'

'Go ahead; I'll watch him. I can't go without my pilot.'

Frangipane sat down by his friend's pillow, after having tucked him in with a tenderness surprising in one so huge.

Papa Charles and Chignole hurried away to their biplane.

'Is it serious, this attack?'

'No; chills and fever; a heavy cold.'

'Did n't you notice, — his chest wheezes —'

'That's normal.'

The messenger from headquarters came up with a rush: 'Twelve airplanes by Pont-à-Mousson and toward Toul.'

Papa Charles manœuvred mechanically. He was amazed at his own calmness and indifference. Where were the shivery departures of former days? Where were the nervous hands clutching the controls? Then, he had felt the exciting obsession of danger, the need of showing off, of being in the

public eye, of applause at the expense of his skin; he had felt ambition to outdo others, and thirst for reward. To-day, war-weary and surfeited, he was moved simply by the ardent desire to fulfill a supreme duty. He was no longer an aviator merely to play to the gallery, attract attention, and subjugate susceptible women, but because in the struggle in mid-heaven he had a better chance to use his initiative than in the trenches. Before, he had fought for himself, egotistically; now, he was fighting for others, and the nobility of that disinterested duty made a bigger man of him.

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Flagada was drowsy, and in his fever he dreamed. He was in a great raid; the goal had been attained; at the frontier there was a barrage, a fight with a Fokker; Frangipane fired, the enemy plane descended in flames, after having tipped out its passengers who spun round in the void. He returned to the escadrille. He was cited. Bssi — Poum — Champagne! Leave! Paris! Café du Globe. Old theatrical friends — Bssi — Poum — Champagne! How much one could drink in a dream!

The last cork popped so loud that he woke with a start. Frangipane, at a window, seemed to be keenly interested in something going on outside.

Bssi — Poum — Was his dream beginning again? No; those were signal rockets.

The secretary came in and spoke to Frangipane.

'What do you think! Those pigs have taken advantage of our machines being up, to come over Nancy. A Hun has been sighted in the direction of the forest of Parroy, and there's no one to stop him.'

'Have you warned Saint-Nicholas-du-Port and Lunéville?'

'Sure! But it's no good. While one squad went over, on their way to Toul, with our men at their heels, another slipped toward the Vosges, pursued from Lunéville. St. Nicholas is regulating the artillery, so our corner is stripped, — not for long, of course, but long enough to get the drop on Nancy.'

'What rotten luck!' muttered Frangipane, wrathfully.

Just then he felt a touch on his shoulder and turned round.

Flagada had risen, had put on his leather suit without a sound, and now, as he wound his muffler round his neck, he said quite simply, 'We're going.'

Frangipane, stupefied, tried to stop him; but he had already leaped through the doorway and was making for the hangar at a jerky but rapid pace.

The group of mechanics jumped at the sound of his whistle. They would have helped him climb into the cockpit, but he pushed them off.

'No; don't bother; I can do it alone.'

He examined his controls, buckled himself in, emptied a flask of spirit at a gulp, and turned round upon his partner, who had followed him.

'Ready?'

'You're not such an ass as to fly in this condition!'

'I'll go without you, if you're afraid to come with me.'

'That's not the question.'

'Then save your breath.'

So they set off. During the first few minutes, Frangipane anxiously watched his pilot's manoeuvres; but they were so normal that he soon paid no more attention to them and occupied himself exclusively with the adversary.

A thousand metres overhead, the dihedral of the Hun's dark wings was stamped sharply upon the pale blue sky. Flagada dived toward the lines to get his bearings; then rose, veered, and returned upon his enemy to attack him from behind. The Boche, sur-

prised at finding a French plane, abandoned his goal for the moment and stole away to the left; but a squad appeared in the distance, making for him at full speed. He turned short round and made a feint to the right; but the other squad was coming back from Toul. If he delayed, he would be caught in a pair of tongs, whose hinge was the biplane chasing him.

'He's ours!' Frangipane exulted.

With his forefinger on the trigger of the Lewis, he waited for the psychological moment when the Boche would be framed in his collimator. But their machine, deprived of guidance, lurched abruptly. Flagada had let go the joystick. His body had fallen over backwards and his head bumped against the support of the machine-gun. Still, he had not fainted; with one hand clutching his throat, he tried to pluck off the invisible noose that was strangling him.

'I'm choking! — choking!'

Congestion had seized him. Frangipane, beside himself with fright, tried to loosen his collar, but Flagada would not give up.

'No; let me save you. I must save you.' He seized the joystick with a superhuman effort: 'Now — next thing — tie my hands to it — I can't hold on, if you don't.'

Frangipane obeyed, with a handkerchief.

'Cut off the gas. — Good! — I can't see any more — What's the altitude?'

Frangipane supported his shoulders. With eyes fixed on the altimeter, he told him the height; and the dying blind man, rattling in his throat, with hands bound to the steering-gear, used his last strength to bring his bird and his passenger home alive.

*
* *

The walls of the court of honor were covered with climbing roses, which shed

their petals at the lightest breeze. From the worn gullets of two stone lions, thin threads of water trickled, and sang as they fell into a shallow round basin carpeted with thick starry moss. The geraniums in the box-bordered garden plat spread like a pool of blood upon the lawn. At the open windows the wounded showed their thin faces, lost under a cap, or hidden by a bandage.

As Papa Charles, Frangipane, and Chignole entered the portal of the hospital, an unpleasant shudder ran down their spines. The military hospital, with its sickish smell, its muffled footsteps gliding about the corridors, its plaintive rustling of bruised and protesting bodies, touched their sympathetic hearts, which dreaded suffering.

A surgeon came to meet them.

'I sent for you because he has asked for you several times.' He stopped a moment, then with a weary gesture, 'He won't last till to-morrow; — yes — double pneumonia, with certainly infectious gripe.'

An orderly added, 'He is very low. He only speaks to ask what time it is. It's a very bad sign.'

They entered the ward on tiptoe. A screen hid their friend's agony from the other patients, several of whom were amusing themselves playing checkers. They were standing beside him; and at the noise he opened his eyes, looked at them lingeringly, as if he did not recognize them at all, then smiled at them.

'I am very glad — I — thought — you would n't come.'

He spoke with difficulty, panting for breath, and his hands crumpled the covers which they were clutching convulsively.

They, abashed in the presence of death, could find nothing to say.

'And the Boche — the other — day?'
'Brought down by a Spad.'

'So much the — better — or — worse; — for it was — really ours — eh — Frangipane?'

Ether on a pad gave him momentary strength.

'This — morning — the cap'n — gave me the medal — It's a beauty!' A tear rolled down his pinched nose. 'Too bad — I can't — wear it — what? — so jolly — before everybody! — And that I should — make — a mess — of it — at the end! — I've missed — my last — exit.'

An attendant brought in a tank of oxygen.

'And there's — my last — sausage.'

They left precipitately, on the pretext of duty, but really because they could not longer keep back their tears.

When Papa Charles kissed him, Flagada whispered in an ecstatic voice, 'Take a — good — look — at — the nurse. Would n't you — swear — she was — Doña Sol?'

They walked silently along the Leopold Mall.

'The first to go.'

'We don't grow old at this trade.'

'Just long enough to know one's equal to great things — when one must quit for good.'

Frangipane bowed his tall figure as if he carried a load too heavy for him.

It was the end of a beautiful Sunday; idlers paced before the shop-windows; from a cinema whose performance was just over, a motley throng came pouring out upon the sidewalk. The pavements in front of the cafés were full; the tramway from Laxou carried couples loaded with bouquets.

'Well, of us four, he at least is sure of dying in his bed; and really, it's the happiest way.'

And Papa Charles, his fine eyes lifted to the skies, 'Are you sure, Chignole, that it's the happiest way?'

(To be continued)

‘THE NEW SLAVERY’

BY CHRISTOPHER L. WARD

I. THE REDEMPTION OF GEORGE MARK

THE Compulsory Work Bureau of the State Council of Defense had been in operation for two months. For so long a time the Director had been administering and enforcing the new law, which made it the duty of every man, between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five years, to be engaged in some useful or lawful occupation, and gave the Director power to assign idlers to some specific employment and compel them to work at it, under penalty of three months' imprisonment or three hundred dollars fine — or both.

In that time some hundreds of subjects had come through the door in front of him, and had departed, having cleared themselves of the charge of idling, or else bearing with them their assignments to work for So-and-so at such-and-such work at so much per hour or day — staggeringly large wages for most unpromising wage-earners, they seemed to the Director, who knew many a teacher and preacher who worked for half what these low-browed sons of toil commanded and received.

The first case was a fine start. George Mark, vagrant, incontestably vagrant, sealed to vagrancy by twenty-one successive convictions therefor, was turned over to the new bureau by a police magistrate, much too much fed up with sentencing the constantly reappearing George.

‘All men between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five must work, George,’ explained the Director.

‘Yes, but what I want to know is, does vagrants have to work?’ inquired George, no longer a man, now only a vagrant by virtue of those twenty-one successive, solemn acts of the court, and entitled to all the rights and privileges appertaining unto vagrancy.

The new Director was fascinated by his first subject. There he sat, an old man of forty, a little man of five feet two and a hundred and ten pounds. His hat might have been size six, to fit his little round cephalic knob, if George had ever thought a fit necessary in a hat. Beady eyes gleamed in an unbelievably prognathous countenance — a rat of a man.

‘How long since you worked, George?’ asked the Director.

‘Last Friday. I got out of the work-house Saturday morning, and they picked me up again before two o'clock, 'cos I'm a vagrant.’

The Director felt his indignation rising, although he did not express it. How could George ever emerge from his vagrancy, if the police picked him up on sight? How could he ever redeem himself? It was the old story of police oppression. George should be redeemed. He should be given a chance, a job, and protection from the police; a *laissez-passer* in the form of an official assignment to work. The vagrant should be made a man.

It was done. He was now officially an honest workingman and could look any cop in the eye. He was no longer a vagrant. He had become a man, within the meaning of the new statute.

He went to work and his redemption was complete, for, though he remained at work only one hour, and was therefore arrested, when next he appeared in the police court, it was as a man who had neglected or refused to obey the orders of the State Council of Defense. He returned to the workhouse, to serve his twenty-second term, as a man and not as a vagrant.

II. THE RIVETER

The Inspector had interrupted his victim's slumbers. Although it was three o'clock in the afternoon, the man was still in the bed to which he had retired, fully dressed, the night before at some unknown hour, probably soon after the saloons had closed. When a man has not had his clothes off for two or three days, and has spent all of that period in a saloon or in bed, one should not expect him to appear perfectly groomed, and he did not. Not to put too fine a point on it, he looked the part. Tousled, disheveled, grimy, sodden with drink, as he stood before the Director, blinking his heavy eyelids, shaking with the palsy of what it were too complimentary to call alcohol, nothing would describe him better than that short and ugly word, 'bum.'

Clearly he was a part of the waste of humanity, of no real importance, a negligible factor. Not at all. He was of more importance to the world than a preacher, a doctor, a lawyer, than a poet, an artist, a composer. He was one of the men on whom we were depending to bridge the Atlantic, to win the war, to save humanity — a riveter in a shipyard.

'Have you any employment?'

'Yes, sir; I'm working at the shipyard.'

'Not to-day.'

'No, sir. I been off since Friday. This was Tuesday.'

'Anything the matter?'

'No, sir, I only been drinkin'.'

That was all. He had only been drinkin'. Saturday he had not worked, nor Monday, nor Tuesday. For three days his gang — the riveter, the holder-on, the heater and the passer — had not driven a rivet, for, be it known, the gang is a fixed and unchangeable unit. If the riveter is not on his job, the holder-on and the rest do no work. They may report for duty, but the foreman finds the gang incomplete and lays off the rest until the missing man returns.

'What will win the war?' Uncle Sam anxiously asked Cousin John.

'Ships, ships, and yet more ships!'

'When do you want them?'

'Now, to-morrow, next week — as soon as they can possibly be built.'

So we were building ships — to carry soldiers — to carry millions of soldiers, and to carry the tons per man necessary to arm, equip, feed, and maintain those millions. The shipyards rang day and night with the blows of the riveter — riveting ships to save the world. Flanders and France rang day and night with the blows of another riveter — riveting chains for humanity. One of those two riveters would win the war.

Riveter John had only been drinkin' — no great crime. No crime at all, surely, when it was done in a place licensed by the State to furnish him the drink; when the drink itself had paid its tax to the nation, a tax without whose revenue the nation would be short of funds to carry on the war. It was lawful, doubly lawful, to drink. State and nation said so. Who could say otherwise?

And while Riveter John was only drinkin', what were Holder-on Bill and Heater Joe and Passer Bob doing? Nothing, unless, perhaps, they were only drinkin', too.

In Flanders and in France, Tommy,

the poilu, and the Yank stood in the trenches, staring across No-Man's Land, but now and then casting an anxious backward glance to the west, looking for the ships and the more ships. In the shipyard stood the foreman, cursing a shortage in riveters. In the saloon stood Riveter John, only drinkin' — drinkin' whiskey.

'How can we win the war and save humanity?'

'Speed the ships!' The reply was easy.

'How can we speed the ships?'

To the Director the answer seemed equally plain.

III. THE ONE-LEGGED NIGGER

'Charles Wright.'

The voice of the Inspector, bringing in a new subject, brought back the absent mind of the Director to his task of making Adam delve. He looked up and saw a coal-black Afro-American. Charles was standing so near the desk across which the Director was looking, that his lower half was invisible and at first the Director saw only his face. There was something so challenging in its expression as to be startling. He was blacker than the ace of spades — as black as the ten. He stood very erect, his head thrown back. His lips were straightly compressed and his eyes looked defiance in its most primitive form, the defiance of his elder brother, the gorilla. And then the Director saw that he was sustained by two crutches.

'Only got one leg,' said the Inspector. 'Lost the other on the railroad.'

'Are you at work, Charles?' mildly queried the Director.

'No, I ain't,' straightly answered Charles.

'Why not?'

No answer.

'How do you live without working?'

Perhaps a useless question, but it was part of the ritual in certain cases.

Again no answer. The one-legged nigger stood there silent, as dignified in his recalcitrancy as ever a heretic before his inquisitors. It was a useless question, but the power of his office to require answers must be vindicated. It would never do to let a one-legged nigger defy the State Council of Defense in the person of its Director.

'Answer my question. How do you live without working?' sharply repeated the Director.

'Why do I have to anshu you any question?' shot back Charles.

'Because I ask it,' sternly answered the Director.

The logic of the reply or else his gathering indignation overcame Charles's settled determination not to speak.

'How kin a one-legged man wuhk? What do you know about a one-legged man gittin' a job? You aint nevah stahved fo' five or six yeahs —'

The lips snapped to again, and again that look of black hostility fixed his countenance. He had said more than he had intended to say. He had lifted a corner of the veil, which he had not meant to lift.

'Well, you've got to work at something.'

A moment's pause and then Charles fired his last and best shot.

'Why should I wuhk?'

'Because the law says so. Because it's your duty to the community. Because every man must be at work now, to take the place of our soldiers. Because we've all got to work to win this war. Because we've got to beat the Kaiser.'

Good reasons, very good reasons for most men, but not good enough for this man, and the Director knew it. So he did not say the words.

There stood Charles, — up against the State Council of Defense, up against public opinion, up against the policy

of the administration, up against the law of the state, — a one-legged nigger *contra mundum*.

The Director looked into the eyes of the man before him. He looked through those eyes and saw the world, as it is known to a one-legged nigger. He saw a lot of other niggers, generations of them, extending back through fifty years of freedom — freedom to get along as best they could, just so they did not bother the white man, back through a hundred years of slavery under the white man; back to a slave-ship and to Africa and to — what? An African king, perhaps. Charles had the look of one. He saw around Charles thousands of other niggers, enjoying the same kind of freedom, the freedom of a yellow dog, which is free to dodge a brick, to rid its tail of the can, to keep out of the way, if it is able to do so, or to take what it gets, if not.

The Director saw, but more dimly, the last five or six years of Charles's life. His imagination was not so vivid as to this period, for that would require a filling-in of details — details of the daily life of a one-legged nigger, his job-hunting, his — well, his sometimes unsatisfied appetite for food — rather hard for the Director to visualize clearly, because of lack of similar experiences.

'Why should I go to wuhk?' The question had not been answered. Because the law says so? What was the law to a one-legged nigger, but a policeman and a police court and a term in the workhouse, as good a job as any? His duty to the community? What does 'community' mean? Has n't it some suggestion of reciprocal duties and rights and privileges? How about his other leg, which the railroad took? Was n't the railroad part of the community? Why did the community take his leg, and how much more did he owe it? To win the war? Why? What

was the war to him? Why should he care to win it? The Kaiser would n't bother a one-legged nigger, not even if he set up his throne in Washington. Maybe it would be better, if it was different. It could n't be much worse.

'Why should I go to wuhk?' The question was still unanswered. But the State Council of Defense, in the person of its Director, though unable to answer the question of a one-legged nigger, need not abate its dignity therefor. It could even add to it by ignoring the question.

'Take this man to the Employment Bureau and see if you can find a job to fit him,' said the Director to the Inspector. And as the one-legged nigger limped through the doorway and passed out of earshot he added, 'Don't bring him back here again.'

Why should he go to work? Why should n't he? Why should anyone? Why should n't everyone? Why is a one-legged nigger, anyway? 'God knows — perhaps,' thought the Director, as he stamped 'Physically disqualified' on the file of Charles Wright, and deposited it among the closed cases.

IV. MIDDLE GRAYNESS

'The question is, of course, not whether you are busy, but whether you are, in the language of the statute, "employed in a useful or lawful occupation,"' said the Director.

'Well, I've told you what I do, and I think that's employment enough,' answered Browning.

'It certainly seems employments enough,' said the Director, 'and yet — I don't know.'

A fruit-broker during the season was Browning — but the season was over. A buyer of sweet potatoes in their time but that time was not yet. He had a few acres under cultivation and did some of the work himself — but not

much. He bought a cow now and then and gave it to a farmer, who had its milk for its care and feed, yielding to Browning the annual calf for his profit; an interesting arrangement, which reminded the Director vaguely of something of the sort in the Old Testament. He had other occasional, intervening ventures and semi-occupations. With this and with that, he seemed to have something to occupy his mind and time — generally. But was he really 'employed,' within the meaning of the statute, or was he technically an 'idler'?

The Director looked at two piles of letters on the desk before him, on the right accusatory, on the left exculpatory. They were about the same in number. The weight of evidence, or at least of opinion, seemed equally balanced. In one he read, 'I have known him for four years and never to my knowledge has he done a single day's work. He is an idler and a slacker.' In another, 'I have known him several years and never considered him an idler.' In another, 'We have become nauseated at his idleness, sitting around on store-porches, exploding his theories.' This last seemed after all, in a way, favorable to Browning. Exploding one's own theories is surely commendable, as saving labor for someone else.

'It is a by-word now,' said another letter; 'when Landston people go to Hilton, Ridgely, or other towns near, everybody says, "Is Browning working yet?" and then they laugh!'

It was bitter medicine for the Landstonians to have the children of Ridgely point their fingers in scorn and the old men of Hilton wag their beards in derision of Landston and its chartered idler. It had become a matter of local pride in Landston to put Browning to work, and a matter of individual pride in Browning not to confess, by changing his way of life, that he had

been an idler before; while Hilton and Ridgely looked on, with great activity of finger and beard. Delegations from Landston had come to visit the bureau. Anonymous letters were frequent. If he did not put Browning to work, preferably at some hard manual labor, the Director was assured that the law was a farce and his administration of it a tragedy.

The facts of the case were undisputed. The difference was in the construction put upon them — a matter of opinion. It would have been easy to put Browning to work. So doing, the Director would have acquired merit in the eyes of Landston. But the Director had been schooled in the maxim, 'Better that ten guilty men escape than that one innocent should suffer.' A jury can vote on its problem, and a minority can yield, or it can frankly and finally disagree. The Director could do neither. He felt strongly sympathetic with the ass of Buridan.

How the case was decided is not important. It is cited merely to illustrate the truth that, while white is white and black is black, gray is neither white nor black, especially in the administration of a compulsory labor law.

V. BLACK-FACE

The Comic Spirit broods o'er all humanity, but especially it loves the Afro-American. Where he is, there shall be laughter. He is called a child of toil, but toil is only a stepmother, and he loves her not. He leans confidentially over the desk and tells the Director why he is not working, and why it is clearly impossible for him to go to work.

'Ah'm really not able to wuhk stiddy.' His fat face shines with frankness and the August heat. 'About two yeahs ago Ah went into a dee-cline an' Ah'm not out of it yit. An' besides,

boss, Ah think Ah've got consumption.'

The Director does not doubt it. He has every outward sign of a decline of work and a consumption of food.

Or he comes in on one crutch — hurt his back years ago, and has never worked since, but now he is ready to work.

'Why do you want to work now?'

'Cos eve'ybody ought to work now, an' it ain't no fun loafin' — nobody to loaf with.'

'Good news,' thinks the Director, and suggests some varieties of non-laborious labor, of workless work; but all are too hard for this patriotic and lone-some man.

'What kind of work can you do?'

'Well, jedge, they's one kine of wuhk Ah could do, ef Ah on'y had a little trainin'.'

'What is that?'

'Ah think Ah could be a' — he blinks twice, and then out with it — 'a efficiency expert.'

He means it seriously. Why laugh? If he only had a little training and had been dowered with a few more convolutions of gray matter and had been born white, why not? But there was a laugh in it, nevertheless; if it not the laughter of humankind, at least the high, ironic laughter which is reserved for the gods.

VI. A WORLD'S RECORD

The Inspectors had rounded up a gang of loafers in a saloon, all *prima facie* subjects for the Compulsory Work Bureau. One by one they were being examined. Now came one, upon whose face was an expression of complete bewilderment. He seemed incapable of realizing where he was or why he was there.

'Name?' said the Director.

'John Mullen.' His voice was like that of a hypnotic subject.

'What is your address?'

'I live in Wyoming.'

'What is your address in this city?'

'I got none. I been here only twenty minutes.'

'What?'

'That's right. I got on the boat at Philadelphia to go to Chester. I got carried past there to this place, and they made me pay fifteen cents extra fare to get off the boat. I went into a saloon to get a glass of beer, and before I got it, these fellows came in and told me to come along. What's it all about?'

'Welcome to our city,' said the Director. 'Shall you stay with us long?'

'No, *sir*. I want to go to Chester.'

'I do not blame you. Unemployed for twenty minutes and apprehended as an idler! Go your way, *sir*, but first accept our thanks for having given us the opportunity to establish a world's record.'

VII. SISYPHUS

'I want to tell you that we've fired Conner,' said the voice in the telephone.

'Why?' asked the Director.

'Well, he loafes half the time, and just now we caught him drinking alcohol in the laboratory.'

This was Conner's second assignment. The first he had held six days. He had asked for a change, because the work was too hard, and had been given a new job of his own selection. His subsequent career was short. A third assignment failed to arouse in him enough interest to cause him even to visit the scene of labor. His arrest and conviction speedily followed, and only then did the bureau feel that it could call his case 'closed' — even then only temporarily, as he was sure to be back on its hands as soon as his short term of imprisonment was ended.

Consider the case of Riggins. Summoned the eleventh of July, he said he could and would get a job with either

A Co., or B Co. On the fifteenth, he admitted that he had not done so, but promised to go to work at once with C Co. On the seventeenth, he engaged to work with D Co., but failed to keep his engagement. On the twenty-fourth, he actually went to work for E Co., and trod the wine-press four days. Seven days later, he joined the forces of F Co., where he remained two days. Then G. Co. knew him as an employee for three days before a vacation seemed to him necessary. Be it remembered that he made none of these efforts except as a result of urgent reminders from the bureau, which now again stepped in and this time assigned him to compulsory labor with H Co.

'Did you read in the papers that Collier was killed in a motorcycle accident yesterday?' asked the Inspector, naming one of the bureau's charges.

'Get me his file,' said the Director. 'Let me mark one case closed — definitely and finally closed.'

'The trouble with this work is, they don't stay put.'

'That's the trouble,' said the Director. 'Sisyphus was a piker compared with us.'

'Yes,' said the inspector.

VIII. THE GREEN BENCH

The green bench stands in the ante-room. The idler, who has been summoned by the bureau, sits on it, waiting to be admitted to face the inquisition. A park bench aforetime, it has for him, mayhap, agreeable memories of grass and trees and leisure hours, of blue skies and floating clouds and sweet-do-nothing, of open spaces and delicious irresponsibility — now 'all shove be'ind 'im, long ago an' fur away.' It is his last resting-place in the old world of individual choice, to work or not to work as he saw fit. It is the condemned cell of the loafer, whence he goes to his dis-

missal from the old life and his entrance upon the new, — the life of compulsory work, — 'the new slavery,' as one of them called it, — the subjection of the will of the individual to the needs of the community.

To the Director the green bench is the symbol of a new method of regenerating the world. What comes to it is the dead weight of the community, the burden of idleness carried by the worker, the drone of the hive, the dross of humanity. A short sojourn there, and all is changed. The transmutation of metals is as nothing compared with this transformation. The dead weight becomes a part of the moving force; the burden, an active factor; the drone, a worker, the dross, gold. Oh, wonderful transformation! And how easily effected! It requires nothing but a short statute, a little pen, ink, and paper — and the green bench.

Why worry about all the questions which have harassed the social scientist, the student of economics, and the settlement worker? Why bother about the education of the masses, the housing problem, the employment difficulties, the liquor question? What is there in heredity and environment to daunt the uplifter? Whoso is handicapped by inertia born of unfortunate breeding and lack of any bringing up, — whoever, weighted in the race by anything from alpha to omega, from adenoids to whiskey, has fallen behind into the ruck of idlers, — whoever, benumbed by disease, inherited or acquired, has lost his grip on the tools of his trade, — let him not despair. Let no one-despair for him nor of him, nor seek to discover the deep-lying, remote causes, nor to amend them. What does society require of him? Work. What does society owe him? A job. It is too easy. A few minutes on the green bench and the job and the worker meet. They clasp hands and all is well. Oh, magic green bench!

BURIAL PARTY

BY ROBERT NICHOLS

THIS is the wilderness: the rain teems down.
Over the ridge the ghastly pistol-light
Hangs like a bubble on the darkness blown.
The death-machines begin. Flight upon flight
Of hurrying bullets scythes the lower air,
And the rain steadily falls. A sheeted flicker
In the dense pour proclaims the crashing flare
Of a shell landed.

'Sergeant, cannot the men be quicker?'

'It's heavy work, sir!'

'We've no time to spare.'

'The padre's coming.'

'The rain makes 'em numb.'

'Get on with it.'

Shades splash amid the mess.

The rain teems down. The writhen waste is dumb,
Defiled, defaced, shamed in its hopelessness.
This is the Ultimate Hell, the Wilderness,
To which all Youth, Laughter, and Love must come:
Twelve graves brutishly scraped among the slime.
If Christ were here! If Christ could seem to have been!

Let not their mothers till after a due time
Come to this Hell, when may be 't will be green;
When harebells shake, or when the tranquil rime
Hides the gorged craters that they be not seen.
For came they sooner, looking on the skies,
The withered skies, the obscene waste below,
What power had then their wrinkled memories
To summon up that little time ago

BURIAL PARTY

When small hands stretched, when stared the round bright eyes,
 When rosy, bubbled mouths opened to crow
 Their world-engendered mirth and baby joy
 To those, whose children now lie here a-row?
 Mothers! now made the saddest word in speech!
 They would not gaze. Impotent would they fall.
 Scared at the Nothing in the heart which each
 Must find, fronting the solitude and all
 The crosses dotted far as the eye can reach.
 O Christ, Sweet Christ!

‘Now, sir, we’re almost done.’

‘I’m coming.’

‘They’re a-laying of ’em in.’

The shadows stagger by.

‘An ’eavy one.’

‘’Tis the mud on ’em.’

‘Young ’e must a bin.’

‘I’ve got a stitch.’

‘O God, I felt ’is skin!’

‘Stop it!’

‘Be careful how ye take en, mun:

His legs be broken.’

‘Quit yer blatherin’.

‘Get on with it: What’s done can’t be undone.’

‘What’s that man doing, sergeant? Is he sick?

Get on with it there, man!’

‘A bloody gall!’

‘Find out.’

‘Well, what’s the matter with yer, chick?

It can’t be ’elped — sorry, sir, spoke too quick:

’E’s but a youngster, sir. ’E’s found ’is pal.’

This is the Wilderness: the rain teems down.

‘Padre!’

‘I know, boy. Cuts one like a knife.

Poor boy. I know. Their pains were all His own.

Hush — Hush! “I am the Resurrection and the Life.””

WITH THE TANKS

BY HAROLD A. LITTLEDALE

II. THEN WANDER FORTH THE SONS OF BELIAL

I

SUCH, then, was the machine that we had to master, but at the dépôt we received only preliminary training in gunnery and driving, and we were rarely if ever sent to battalions until we had passed out of the gunnery and driving schools. These schools were at widely separated points. The School for Gunnery was on the seacoast, and there we used to fire our guns, running our tanks over the dunes to get the swing of uneven ground we should have to traverse in action, and shooting into the sand or out to sea. These occasional trips to the coast we enjoyed hugely, and it came to be a saying in our mob that the sea-front was the best front in France; for here we got relaxation and a good deal of time to ourselves, and in the afternoons we could walk along the shore and look out over the sea to where we knew England to be.

The Driving School, on the other hand, lay in the other direction, near the line; and, indeed, the trenches over which we were taught to drive our tanks were old German trenches, for the front line had been here, and the ground was pitted with shell-holes, and the woods were dead and bare and black wire lay on the ground, snarled and tangled, and the roar of the guns was heavy and the flashes very distinct

at night. Sometimes, too, a vagrant shell would come our way and remind us of what was in store for us when that day should come when we should sit at the throttle, or stand at the guns, and in the darkness of dreadful night go over the top.

In all our training the threat of being returned to the infantry was held over our heads. Even in the preliminary instruction at the dépôt we were warned that, if we did not make ourselves efficient, we should go back to the trenches.

'During this course,' said the artillery instructor the first day we were lined up before the battery of guns where we were to get our instruction, 'you will remember that you are artillerymen, and in the artillery everything is done at the double. At the command "Fall in on your guns," you will not walk to your guns but run, and you will run in response to every command. At the end of the week you will be given an examination. Those who do well will remain with the tanks; the washouts will go back to the infantry.'

Probably all our hearts fluttered a little at that, for we had come to look on the long monotony of trench-warfare as a horrible nightmare out of which we had just passed. And we set to to learn our guns; most of us passed first class.

It was while we were at the dépôt that the Queen came to visit us. Her plans that morning were to go to Cen-

tral Workshops, and it was there we saw her, with one or two other ladies, all of them looking very fine to us, for it was long since we had seen Englishwomen. For her benefit tanks of every description were lined up — fighting tanks, supply tanks, wireless tanks, tanks that had been hit by shells, and tanks concealed under various forms of camouflage. Also a 'jump' was prepared, and one tank cavorted about in that hole to the very great amusement of Her Majesty, who became so interested that she wished to go nearer.

'But it is very muddy there,' said the officer who was escorting her through the workshops.

The Queen looked at him. 'I don't mind the mud,' she said, and started; which was all very well, but she probably did not have to clean her own boots.

One disadvantage of the dépôt was the frequency with which men came and went. Friendships, thus, were quickly broken up. Men would meet and become chums, and after a few weeks, sometimes after a few days, would be sent to different battalions, probably never again to meet. It was to meet this that a dozen drivers formed a club. Now, clubs in the army are forbidden. Soldiers are not permitted to band themselves together for social or other purposes. The army sanctions a canteen and considers that sufficient. But the average canteen in France is little more than a general store and bar-room combined; for in the British army beer and stout are sold and light wine, although whiskey is barred; but rum is served as a ration in winter.

At the time the club was formed, the drivers had been moved from the tents to an old brewery, without brew. As cold had been essential, the brewery was well ventilated, and as time had played its part and a great piece of the roof had fallen in and the doorway and the windows had crumbled away, the

billet was anything but inviting. So a room was engaged at a nearby farm, for ten francs a week; and here we gathered of nights and wrote our letters or played cards or talked, calling upon Madame for her very excellent coffee or her very thin home-brewed beer.

But one by one we went on draft, gradually the club fell away, and at last Madame lost her *enfants*, who spoke such very bad French but who were all the time singing in that back room of hers, with its stone floor and its chromos on the wall and the photograph on the mantelpiece of the son who was killed at Verdun. But occasionally thereafter we returned to the dépôt, and then we would go to see Madame, and she would greet us as lost friends and wipe off the seat of a chair and heat some coffee and talk interminably in a jargon that we could only half understand. Then we would have to tell her of this one or that who would come to see her no more, for they had gone to join the great fraternity of men who had given all, and we had buried them in shell-holes in Picardy or Flanders. Then Madame, who had suffered, too, would clutch the corner of her apron and wipe her eyes and murmur, 'Pauvre enfant!'

Our stay at the dépôt was to come to an end in unusual scenes of activity. Had we been longer with the corps, we should have understood that this activity indicated action; but we did not dream of that and wondered only why men in such numbers were being sent to battalions, their places being taken by recruits from the dépôt in England.

One of the activities was the assigning of several drivers to operate tanks at Central Workshops. These tanks were used to make great bundles of wood. These bundles were gathered together by Chinese laborers and drawn tight by ropes passed around them and attached to the back of the tank.

Once the rope was in position, a signal was given to the driver and the tank was put in motion. The ropes came taut and the bundles were tied firmly together in this strange fashion. At the time we had not the faintest idea what these bundles were for, but within a few weeks we carried them to the Hindenburg Line and dropped them into it, and used them as stepping-stones to get out of that deep trench!

While this was being done, those of us who had not been to the Driving School were dispatched up there in lorries. There followed two weeks of intensive instruction, and although the weather was bad and the mud very deep, not a morning or an afternoon passed but we took the tanks over the old line there, dipping in and out of trenches and shell-holes, through water often so deep that it flooded in through the doors. On one or two nights, also, we went out after nightfall; for before action the tanks go up in the darkness, and as tank battles usually begin before dawn, practice in driving at night without a light showing and without a light to guide is most essential.

At last our course was over and we were ordered to pack up. We were doing this when a rumor spread around that we were going up to the line. This was welcome news to those of us who were heartily sick of the *dépôt*; but we could not verify it. Our non-commissioned officers were in ignorance, and this and other things made us believe the rumor to be true.

After two hours lorries called for us. We were formed up and a roll was read. Then a fatigue party was told off to put two days' rations aboard the lorries, — for troops always travel with two days' rations, — and the rest of us were bundled in. Even then we were not quite sure whether we would not go back to the *dépôt*; but when the lorries started, they made off towards

the line; so we settled down and sang till we were tired, when we draped ourselves as comfortably as we could on each other's boots and equipment, and smoked.

Into Bapaume we went; then down the road which led to Albert, passing through flat country which had seen the tide of battle and was almost bare. Approaching Albert, we were brought to our feet by the cry that here were the hulks of the first tanks ever to be lost in action. They were lying by the roadside, sorry-looking objects, six of them, the old camouflage of paint just visible through the new coating of rust.

Some distance out of Albert we saw the tottering figure of the Virgin, holding Jesus, which had tilted over from the spire of the church but had not fallen; and one who had passed that way before said that the French averred that not until the figure fell would the war be over. 'And what do you think,' he continued: 'the damn fools went and tied it up with wire cables and now it can't fall.'¹

We all laughed at that, and strained our necks far out of the lorry when we passed through the city, to take a good look at the strange sight.

Straight through Albert we went, arriving at last at a place which had been set apart for tanks. Here we found great quantities of tank-equipment and supplies, and feverish activity; for all of it was being sent up nearer the line, although that was not far away, and we knew that without doubt a show was about to come off.

Indeed, scarcely had we been assigned to tents, when some of us were warned for draft the next morning.

'Full marching order at six o'clock,' the sergeant told us. 'You will be given breakfast before you go.'

¹ The figure fell during the fierce British attacks of last summer, and is supposed to have been buried in expectation of joyful resurrection after the war. — THE EDITORS.

And so we did not unpack our kits at all, but spent the night with our overcoats for covering and sleeping as close to each other as possible, that we might feel the warmth of each other's bodies. But to most of us sleep did not come immediately, for even then the guns were thumping, and we felt that action could not be far off.

II

Early the next morning the orderly sergeant passed through the lines.

'Fall in, the draft for breakfast,' he shouted; and going from tent to tent, he struck each with a stick, so that slumbering men might hear and heed.

We looked at our watches. It was not quite half-past five. Outside it was dark, and the guns were talking angrily. Those of us who were on draft roused ourselves and, lighting candles, peered into our haversacks for soap and the wherewithal to shave and wash. Then, pulling on our boots, we unlaced our tents and groped our way to the water-tank, where in an empty petrol tin we performed our morning ablutions.

The atmosphere was chill and damp, and clouds held back the dawn. We could just about distinguish each other as we lined up with our mess tins in our hands, smoking to keep warm.

Breakfast, as usual, consisted of a slice of fried bacon, a slice of bread, and a cup of tea. We took it to our tents, and ate it in silence, for we had a feeling of uncertainty as to what was to happen that November day. Then we strapped our mess-tins to our equipment and waited. One wrote a hurried note, but tore it up when he was told that the mails were closed indefinitely because of the impending battle.

Again came the order to fall in, and lifting up our equipment, we carried it out of our tents and placed it at our feet where we lined up. It was growing

slowly lighter and friend called to friend to take the place at his side; for they hoped not to be separated in the coming show, but to see it through together or together meet whatever fate was in store for them.

At last we numbered off. Then the roll was called. In the semi-darkness we answered to our names; the draft was ready and correct, and we were told to stand at ease. We talked a little then, with forced gayety, and some furtively smoked cigarettes.

At six an officer appeared, and we were numbered off again. Then we were told to pick up our kits, and we lifted them to our shoulders. When this was done and the men were still, the officer surveyed us for a moment. Then he said, —

'Move to the right in fours, form fours.'

The even numbers took a step to the rear and a pace to the right. Then the command, 'Right,' and all of us turned in that direction. After that came the 'Quick march,' and we marched off to the road where transport awaited us.

Instead of familiar lorries we found London busses waiting for us on that road which led to battle. It seemed odd to be going up to action in that way, and some of us smiled a little and perhaps welcomed the opportunity to climb to the top, although it had begun to rain a little, a bitterly cold rain, and we were forced to snuggle into our greatcoats for warmth.

At last we were all on board, some inside and some outside. The officer took the seat beside the driver of the leading bus and gave the order to start. So we pulled out, with many a 'Cheery-oh!' from the men who were not to go, for the camp had stirred itself and, before settling down to the day's routine, they had come to see us off.

With a creak and a groan and a swaying that caused momentary alarm

the busses, which had been built for the perfect pavement of Piccadilly or the Strand, moved along that road of mud which led to the line; far before us stretched the battlefield of the Somme, and we were to pass over ground that had been made historic by our men, and were to see the trenches out of which they climbed that July morning, and the graves where so many bravely died.

For sheer desolation nothing can surpass the Somme. The terrain is undulating, and scarcely a tree remains. Shell-holes and craters, broken-in dug-outs and demolished trenches are everywhere. The grass which was once so green is green no more, and the poppy is the only wild flower to grow there, blowing more red it seems upon the graves of men who died.

This battlefield will remain the greatest graveyard of all time. Three times armies have struggled over it in a titanic grip, and crosses are to be seen on all sides. Everywhere there are organized cemeteries, the dead lying in rows, rank upon rank, as if on parade in death. And in many unexpected places one comes upon a rude cross, with perhaps a French, or British, or German helmet resting on it, and in a bottle or a tin a slip of paper giving the name of the man who died there. 'An unknown English soldier is buried here' is an only too familiar inscription, and if only the dear dead could speak, someone grieving for her beloved missing might be comforted.

To men going up to battle all this was anything but a pleasant sight. The solemnity of it silenced and depressed us, and it was not until the busses pulled up at a crossroads where the trees seemed marvelously to have been spared, and we were permitted to alight to stretch our legs, that we broke silence.

After a short interval we climbed back to our places and continued our journey. It had stopped raining, but a

heavy mist had fallen, and to see more than two hundred feet was impossible.

Suddenly there came to our ears the sound of a motor overhead. Then another and another. We were a little apprehensive for a moment because the sound was unfamiliar. Certainly it was not an English motor; nor did it sound like any German make we had ever heard. We looked into the fog above us, but could see nothing. The noise came nearer, nearer. Then three French aeroplanes swooped down on us and sailed around us, examining us with great care, and, finally satisfied, flew off into the obscurity of the mist.

It was well into the afternoon before we drove up to where a light railway joined a wide-gauge line. Here the busses stopped. The officer alighted and disappeared. We got down again to stretch our legs and smoke.

After five minutes the officer returned with another officer. We were told to put on our kits and fall in on the road. Then we were marched to a switch of the light railway, and throwing our equipment into the cars, we tumbled in on it.

The officers shook hands and parted, and the train started. Through a wood we went, passing any number of ammunition dumps; then out into the open for a mile, and at last plunged into another wood. Here the train stopped, and we got out. Then with our equipment on our backs, we pushed through the growth of bushes, until suddenly we came upon some tanks. They were sheeted and camouflaged, and men were working furiously upon them preparing them for battle.

III

We took off our equipment and flung ourselves on the ground, opening tins of bully beef and taking the two biscuits per man which were handed

round. The ride had tired us, but we could see at a glance that we were to get no rest, and we had not finished eating before we were told to fall in as soon as possible. So we swallowed the little food we had in hand, took a drink from our water-bottles, and lined up in two squads, all the drivers in one, all the gunners in the other. We were allotted to various tanks and told to report to them; so we broke off and were put to work.

Inside and outside the busses there was great activity. Men were testing the engines and the tracks, others were greasing up; still others were bringing up supplies and cleaning guns and ammunition. The supplies consisted of petrol, oil, and grease, and emergency rations to be carried in the tank.

At last a party was told off to get fascines. They went away quite bewildered as to what these were, but the non-commissioned officer in charge led them to what looked like huge bundles of faggots, quite six feet long and three feet in diameter; indeed, they were the bundles the tanks had helped to make at Central Workshops. These were hauled on top of the driver's cab and attached in such a way that, while they were secure, they could easily be released and set free.

The men had never seen anything like these huge fascines and did not know what they were for; so they lost no time in asking, and were told that they were to be dropped into the Hindenburg Line, which was so deep that it was feared tanks once in it never would be able to get out. The idea seemed humorous at the time, and the men smiled a little skeptically: but it proved feasible, and without fascines the tanks probably would have been unable to cross that great bulwark of the German defense.

To those of the tanks to which fascines had not been carried great an-

chors were taken. These anchors had four prongs and were made of iron. Thick wire hawsers were attached to them and the other end was secured to the tank, so that the anchors could be dropped and would drag.

Late in the afternoon there was a pause in the work, and bread and margarine and jam and tea were served; but as soon as the meal was over, the men were hard at it again, and by night-fall all was ready. Then they were told to stack their kits and get dressed in battle-order; so, taking the ammunition that was served out to them, they filled their pouches and cleaned their revolvers, and piling the rest of their equipment together, fell in on the tanks to which they were assigned.

At last the word to move was given, and the men climbed inside and cranked up, while the first driver worked the throttle until the cylinders began firing. Then he relinquished the seat to the second driver, for they were not then driving into action but were driving up to a starting-point from which they would go into action, and it is customary for the second driver to carry on while the first driver rests, so that he may be fit to take over for the battle.

The darkness was intense and the ground difficult. Most of the men walked outside or rode on top, while the tank officer walked in front, a flash-light in his hand with which he signaled to the driver, one flash meaning go ahead, two flashes being the signal to swing to the right, and three flashes to swing to the left; for it was quite too dark for the driver to see the ground, and the danger of being ditched in a shell-hole was ever present. This was driving under difficulties, and frequently the tanks found themselves badly placed in holes and had trouble in extricating themselves.

But at last the armored cavalcade reached the starting-place, which was

in a wood, a thousand yards from the German front line. The engine was switched off then, and the camouflage nets strung up, and when that was done the crews turned in, for it was after midnight and most of them were deathly tired and they knew that they were to go into action in a few hours. So they removed none of their clothing, but crawled into the tanks and stretched out on the steel floor or sat on the gearbox or the differential, and fell asleep against each other's shoulders.

At half-past three the crews were awakened. The cooks had been up for an hour, and breakfast of bacon and bread and tea was ready. So they set to and ate heartily, for they did not know when the next meal might come.

After breakfast more stores were put on board, to make up for the petrol, oil, and grease consumed on the trip up to the starting-place. All this was done in the dark, in great silence and with no little apprehension, for it was suspected that the enemy had heard the noise of the exhaust as the tanks moved up. About a quarter past four the engines were started up and the guns looked to. Then everybody waited.

Zero that morning was half-past four, and at that hour the guns opened a barrage which for intensity had not been equaled since the opening of the Battle of the Somme. Getting into motion, the tanks pushed forward to give battle. Each had a definite objective and a definite field of operations, and each followed white tapes which had been laid down for its guidance as far as the English front line. Inside, the officer peered at his map, the driver stared through the darkness broken now by the vivid flashes of the guns, the men stood at their stations, loading their revolvers as a finale to the preparation for action. Far behind them lay all that was dear to them, their loved ones and the smiling English fields,

and before them was the intrenched enemy and the danger of shells and gas and tank traps; for here and there the Germans had constructed deep pits out of which no tank could come unless the men went outside and with their shovels cut away the perpendicular of one of the sides; and to go outside a tank in action meant to be met with a rain of machine-gun bullets; and to work for hours under such circumstances was not a prospect to which any of them looked forward with pleasure.

The tank itself was in darkness, for to turn on the lights inside might mean to be observed. The engines were audible enough, and to show any lights would be fatal.

Up and down, in and out of shell-holes and over trenches, the tanks labored. Now and then the men were taken unawares by a quick drop and flung against the sides of the tank, where they braced themselves and hung on until the bus was on an even keel again. From somewhere a bottle of whiskey came and was passed round, and men drank hard from it, for there is no such thing as joy of battle, and most men are ready to take stimulant, especially when they are tired and the body is unwilling.

The German guns were replying now, and occasionally a machine-gunner in the German lines would pick up one of the tanks and momentarily there would be a rattle of lead against the armor, which sounded like hailstones beating on a window.

Then something snapped under the tracks, and the tanks found themselves in those great stretches of barbed wire which lay in front of the German position. Through the wire they went, and the wire snapped or was flattened out, for there was no resisting these things that came out of the dark; then, passing over it, those on which the anchors had been placed turned around almost

on the parapet of the Hindenburg Line, and casting loose their anchors, started back towards the British position, pulling the very stakes out of the ground, dragging the wire through No-Man's Land, and clearing the front of the German trenches so that the British infantry could pass in safety and make that No-Man's Land their own.

Again and again the tanks twisted and turned, picking up the field of barbed wire in their anchors and dragging it after them. And while this was being done, those other tanks upon which the fascines had been placed pushed on against the German line, and, reaching that, dropped their fascines into the trench, and dipping down to them stepped up again from them, and, climbing the further side of the great ditch, attained the parados and passed on, keeping as close to the barrage as possible and mopping up all who stood in the way of the infantry who were pressing on after the creeping artillery fire.

And the British infantry, coming on behind the tanks, passed over the ground from which the wire had been torn and, leaping into the trench, killed or took prisoners those who had not died in the shelling or the advance of the tanks, and entering the dugouts, with their bombs raised, shouted to some of the best of the German army to stand still or die. And thus many prisoners were taken that day, and in the support lines men were found quietly playing cards or eating breakfast, so confident were they that the great defensive work they had so strongly built could not be pierced.

But not all men surrendered so easily as that, and one old German cook, preparing breakfast, stood by his boiling kettles, holding in his hands a rifle he had picked up from somewhere. Highlanders surrounded him and called upon him to surrender, but he slowly

shook his head and cried, 'Nein! Nein!'

For a few minutes the dramatic scene lasted, with the battle bursting on all sides. The 'Jocks' did not wish to kill him because he was so old and so pathetically brave, and they called upon him again and again, sternly at times and then with good humor; but to no avail. Other Highlanders came up and looked on at the strange sight of one standing against so many, the one ready to die, the others wishing to spare his life. And in the end they pushed in closer; but he drew back behind his rampart of boiling kettles, with pointed bayonet; so they rushed him with the butts of their rifles; but he fought and killed—and then was killed.

And another, a major of the field artillery, who wore the ribbon of the Iron Cross, stood by his gun behind an elevation in the ground, his crew dead around him, and at point-blank range, operating the gun unaided, knocked out tank after tank, each passing in the wake of the other, not knowing the danger that was there. But in the end he, too, was killed.

And Britons did not lack for pluck that day. Out of one tank there crawled a huge man bearing in his powerful arms the only other living member of his crew; for the tank had been demolished and all but two of its crew killed. And this man hoisted his wounded sergeant on his back and struggled to where he saw another tank, and arriving there, passed in the sergeant and was about to crawl in after him when a shell came and blew up that tank, killing all except the man who stood outside. And he, seeing still a third tank in the distance, pressed on over the smitten battlefield to that, and carried on with its crew and came back safe that night. A few months later that man, finding tank-actions altogether too dull, got a commission in the air-force for the greater adventure of the skies.

SQUADRONS OF THE AIR

BY CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

I

I HAVE just been made *popotier* — I don't know what you call it in English, but it means the individual who attends to the mess: buys provisions, wine, and so forth, makes out menus, keeps accounts, and bosses the cook. A doubtful honor, but one of which I am rather proud when I think that a crowd of French officers have intrusted to me the sacred rites of the table. I was never much of a *gourmet*, but what little I know stands me in good stead.

To-day was the occasion of the first considerable feast under my régime — a lunch given by the officers of our squadron to some distinguished French visitors. The cook and I held long and anxious consultations and finally turned out a meal on which everyone complimented us: excellent hors d'œuvres, grilled salmon steaks, roast veal, asparagus, and salad. A dry Chablis with the fish and some really good Burgundy with the roast. Not bad for the front, really.

I give the cook each night enough money for the next day's marketing. The following evening he tells me the amount of the day's expenses, which sum I divide by the number present, giving each man's share for the day. Very simple.

Since I got my new machine I have become a genuine hangar-loafer. It is so delicate and complicated that my unfortunate mechanics have to work practically all the time to keep me going. The only way to get the work done

well is to know about it yourself; and so, against my instincts, I have been forced for the first time to study the technical and mechanical side of my bus.

Some say, 'The pilot should never know too much about his machine — it destroys his dash.' Perhaps they are right — certainly a plunge into this maze of technicalities destroys his sleep — there is an unwholesome fascination about it: hundreds of delicate and fragile parts, all synchronized as it were and working together, any one of which, by its defection, can upset or even wreck the whole fabric. A simple motor-failure, even in our own lines and at a good altitude, is no joke in the case of the modern single-seater. Small and enormously heavy for its wing-surface, it first touches ground at too high a speed for anything but the longest and smoothest fields. In *pannes* of this sort, the pilot usually steps out of the most frightful-looking wreck smiling and quite unhurt; but you can scarcely imagine the chagrin and depression one feels at breaking a fine machine. I did it once, and it made me half sick for a week, though it was not really my fault at all.

After lunch, instead of taking a nap as one does when on duty at daybreak, I go to the 'bar' to read letters and papers and see friends from the other squadrons. As I go in the door, five friends in flying clothes go out.

'See you in two hours,' says Lieutenant D—. 'Let's have a poker game; I've got a patrol now.'

'All right,' I say, 'I'll be here' — though I'm not very keen on French poker, which is somewhat different from ours.

The two hours pass in a wink of time as I lie in a steamer-chair, reading and reveling in the warm drowsy May afternoon. A sound of motors, the hollow whistling rush of landing single-seaters, and I glance out of the door. Here they come, lumbering across the field — but only four. I get up hastily and run to where the flight-commander is descending stiffly from his bus. His face is long, as we crowd around.

'Where's D——?' I ask anxiously.

'Brought down, I'm afraid,' he answers. 'We chased some two-seaters twenty-five miles into the Boche lines, and nine Albatrosses dropped on us. Got two of them, I think; but after the first mix-up, I lost track of D——, and he did n't come back with us.'

A melancholy little procession heads for the bar, and while the affair is being reëxplained, the telephone rings.

'Lieutenant D—— has been found at X——. He was shot through the chest, but managed to regain our lines before he died. He was on the point of landing in a field when he lost consciousness. The machine is not badly smashed.'

At a nearby table, a dice game, which started after lunch and has been interrupted to hear the news, continues. I resume my place in my chair and spread out the *Paris Herald* — unable to focus my mind on the steamship arrivals or the offensive. Poor old D——!

We have had lovely weather for the past fortnight — long warm days have made the trees burst into leaf and covered the meadows with wild-flowers. The quail have begun to nest — queer little fellows, quite unlike ours, whose love-song is, 'Whit, twit, whit,' with a strong emphasis on the first 'whit.'

Sometimes, at night, a nightingale,

on a tree outside my window, charms me to wakefulness with his dripping-sweet music.

II

These are strenuous days — I have done nothing but fly, eat, and sleep for a fortnight. Our 'traveling circus' has been living up to its name — going about from place to place with amazing mobility and speed. I have lived for a week with no baggage but the little bag I carry in my plane. It contains one change of light underwear, one pair of socks, tooth-brush, tooth-paste, tobacco, sponge, soap, towel, shaving things, mirror, a first-aid kit, and a bottle of eau de cologne. With this I can weather a few days anywhere until the baggage-trucks catch up.

Our mobility is marvelous — we can receive our orders at daybreak, breakfast, and land in a place a hundred miles away in an hour and a half. Then a little oil and petrol, and we are ready to bounce something off the local Boche. I could easily write a large calf-bound volume on nothing but my experiences of the past week — one of the most strangely fascinating (in retrospect) of my life, though saddened by the loss of two of our pilots, one an American.

We had no sooner got to this place than we were sent out on a patrol — six of us, with a French lieutenant, a special friend of mine, as flight-commander. None of us had flown before in this sector, and a young American (S——, of New York) was making his second flight over the lines. The weather was wretched, thick, low-hanging clouds with a fine drizzle of rain — visibility almost zero. While mechanics filled the machine, I pored over my map till I had all necessary landmarks thoroughly in mind. At last the captain glanced at his watch and shouted, 'En voiture!'

I climbed into my tiny cockpit, loaded my gun with a snap of the lever, wiped the sights free of moisture, and sank back in my seat, while my mechanic adjusted the belt which holds one tight in place. Up went the captain's hand, and almost with a single roar the six motors started. One after another we rushed across the field, rose to the low ceiling of the clouds, and swept back, bunched like a flock of teal. The flight-commander's head, a black leather dot in his cockpit, turned swiftly for a glance back. All there and well grouped; so he headed for the lines, flying so low that we seemed to shave the spires of village churches. Soon the houses ceased to have roofs — we were over the front.

A great battle was raging below us — columns of smoke rose from the towns and the air was rocked and torn by the passage of projectiles. Far and near the woods were alive with the winking flash of batteries. Soon we were far into the German lines; deep coughs came from the air about us as patches of black sprang out. But we were too low and our speed was too great to be bothered by the Boche gunners. Suddenly the clouds broke for an instant, and across the blue hole I saw a dozen Albatrosses driving toward us — German single-seaters, dark ugly brutes with broad short wings and pointed snouts. Our leader saw them too, and we bounded upward three hundred feet, turning to meet them. The rest happened so swiftly that I can scarcely describe it coherently. Out of the tail of my eye I saw our leader dive on an Albatross, which plunged spinning to the ground. At the same instant I bounded upward to the clouds and dropped on a Boche who was attacking a comrade. I could see my gun spitting streams of luminous bullets into the German's fuselage. But suddenly swift incandescent sparks began to

pour past me, and a glance backward showed three Albatrosses on my tail. I turned upside down, pulled back, and did a hairpin turn, rising, to get behind them. Not a German machine was in sight — they had melted away as suddenly as they came.

Far off to the south four of our machines were heading back toward the lines. Feeling very lonely and somewhat *de trop*, I opened the throttle wide and headed after them. Just as I caught up, the leader signaled that he was done for, and glided off, with his propeller stopped. Praying that he might get safely across to our side, I fell in behind the second in command. Only four now — who and where was the other? Anxiously I ranged alongside of each machine for a look at its number. As I had feared, it was the American — a hot-headed, fearless boy, full of courage and confidence, but inexperienced and not a skillful pilot. No word of him since. Did he lose the patrol in a sharp turn and get brought down by a prowling gang of Albatrosses, or did he have motor-trouble which forced him to land in the enemy lines? These are the questions we ask ourselves, hoping for the best.

An hour after we landed at our field, a telephone message came, saying that Lieutenant de G—— had landed safely a thousand yards behind the firing-line, with three balls in his motor.

The captain sent for me. 'Take my motor-car,' he said, 'and go fetch de G——. The machine is in plain view on a hill. I am giving you two mechanics, so do your best to save the instruments and machine-gun. The Boche artillery will probably drop shells on the machine before nightfall.'

The trip proved rather a thriller, for at this point the old-fashioned picture-book trenchless warfare was in full blast. Picking up de G——, we hid the car in a valley and sneaked forward

under an unpleasant fire of shrapnel and high explosives. The unconcerned infantry reserves, chaffing and smoking where they lay hidden in fields of ripe wheat, stiffened our slightly shaky nerves. Poor timid aviators, completely out of their element — I heaved a sigh of relief that came from the very soles of my feet when at last our task was done, and with our cargo safely stowed, we sped out of the valley and back toward the rear. Hats off to the infantry!

Next day two of us went patrolling with the captain — a famous 'ace' whose courage and skillful piloting are proverbial and who never asked one of his men to do a thing he hesitated to do himself. He was particularly fond of Americans (one of Lufbery's pall-bearers), and on many occasions had done things for me which showed his rare courtesy and thoughtfulness. None of us dreamed, as he laughed and joked with us at the breakfast-table, that it was his last day of life.

The details of this patrol will always be fresh in my mind. We were flying at about 7000 feet, the three of us, I on the captain's right. At 6000, stretching away into the German lines, there was a beautiful sea of clouds, white and level and limitless. Far back, fifteen miles '*chez Boche*,' a flight of Albatrosses crawled across the sky — a roughly grouped string of dots, for all the world like migrating wildfowl. Suddenly, about seven or eight miles in, a Hun two-seater poked his nose above the clouds, rose leisurely into view, and dove back. I was quite sure that he had not seen us. The captain began at once to rise, turning at the same time to take advantage of the sun, and for a few minutes we wove back and forth, edging in till we were nearly over the spot where the Boche had appeared. At last our patience was rewarded. The Boche emerged from the clouds, seemed to hesitate an in-

stant like a timid fish rising from a bed of seaweed, and headed for the lines, where doubtless he had some *re-glage* or reconnaissance to do.

Our position was perfect — in the sun and well above the enemy. The captain banked vertically and plunged like a thunderbolt on the German, I following a little behind and to one side. At 150 yards, streaks of fire poured from his two guns, and as he dove under the German's belly I got into range. Dropping vertically at a speed (I suppose) of 250 miles an hour, with the wind screaming through the wires, I got my sights to bear and pulled the trigger. Faintly above the furious rush of air, I could hear the stutter of my gun and see the bullets streaking to their mark. It was over in a wink of time: as I swerved sharply to the left, I caught a glimpse of the Hun machine-gunner, in a great yellow helmet and round goggles, frantically getting his gun to bear on me. A pull-back and I shot up under his tail, tilted up, and gave him another burst.

But what was this — as I opened the throttle, the engine sputtered and died! I dove steeply at once to keep the propeller turning, realizing in a flash of thought that the long fast dive had made the pressure in my gasoline tank go down. A turn of the little lever put her on the small gravity tank called the 'nurse'; but no luck — something was wrong with the valve. Nothing to do but pump by hand, and I pumped like a madman. Seven miles in the enemy lines and dropping like a stone — I was what the French call *très inquiet*. Three thousand feet, two thousand, a thousand — and I pumped on, visions of a soup-diet and all the tales I had heard of German scientific food substitutes flashing through my mind. Five hundred; a splutter from the engine, and at two hundred feet above a ruined village she burst into her full

roar, and I drew a breath for the first time in the descent. Crossed the lines three hundred feet up with full throttle and the nose down, and did n't get a bullet-hole!

I was unable to find the others, and as my petrol was low I went home. The rest I have from the other pilot.

The captain apparently had the same trouble as I, for he continued his dive to about 3,000 feet, followed by the other. The German, when last seen, was diving for the ground, so we shall never know whether or not we got him. Rising again above the sea of clouds, the captain attacked the rear man of a patrol of eleven Albatrosses which passed beneath him. Turning over and over aimlessly, the Hun fell out of sight into the clouds. At this moment three Boches dove on the captain from the rear — his machine burst into flames and dove steeply toward our lines. Our remaining pilot, hopelessly outnumbered, extricated himself with difficulty and arrived a few minutes after me, his bus riddled with balls. We found the captain's body, just behind the firing-line. He had been killed by three bullets, but had retained consciousness long enough to get to friendly ground before he died. A splendid officer and a true friend, whom we all mourn sincerely.

III

The past fortnight has been rather stirring for us — constant flying, plenty of fights, and the usual moving about. One gets used to it in time, but at first it is a wrench to a man of my conservative nature and sedentary habits. This time we have struck it rich in a village where soldiers are still welcome. I have a really charming room in the house of the principal family — well-to-do people who own the local factory. Great sunny south windows,

running water, and a soft snowy bed, scented with lavender! A day of rest to-day, as they are installing a new motor in my 'taxi'; so I am planted at a little table, looking out through my window on a warm peaceful scene of tiled roofs, rustling leaves, and a delicious sky across which float summery clouds. Not a uniform in sight, not a sound of a cannon — the war seems an impossible dream.

The last day at our old field I had a narrow escape. Two of us were flying together up and down the lines at about 4000 feet. The other chap had allowed me to get pretty far in the lead, when I spied, about 2000 feet below me, a strange-looking two-seater, darkly camouflaged, on which I could see no insignia. I dove on him, but not headlong, as the English have a machine on similar lines, and it was not until I was quite close that I made out two tiny black crosses *set in circles of orange*. By this time the machine-gunner was on the alert, and just as I was going to give him a burst, *flac, flac, flac*, bullets began to pass me from behind. Holes suddenly appeared in my wings; in another moment whoever was shooting would have had me, so I rose steeply in a sharp turn, saw nothing, turned again and again, and finally, disappearing in the distance after the two-seater, I made out two little Pfalz scouts, painted dark green.

My comrade, who was having engine trouble, saw the whole thing. The Boche single-seaters were well behind the larger plane they were protecting, — somehow I missed seeing them, — and when I dove at their pal they rose up under my tail and let me have it with their four guns. Only some rotten shooting saved me from being brought down. The hardest thing for a new pilot to learn is the proper combination of dash and wariness: neither produces results alone; both are absolutely essen-

tial. One must bear in mind two axioms: first, bring down the enemy; second, don't get brought down yourself. A disheartening number of young pilots, full of dash and courage, trained at great expense to their country, get themselves brought down on their first patrol, simply because they lack skill and the necessary dash of wariness. A good general does not ordinarily attack the enemy where he is strongest.

Our field was deserted: the mechanics were packing to leave, and my machine — old Slapping Sally — stood mournfully in the corner of a hangar. I stowed my belongings in the little locker at my side, had her wheeled out, adjusted my maps, and in five minutes was off on my long trip over unknown country. Our maps are really marvelous. With the compass to check up directions of roads, railroads, canals, and rivers, one can travel hundreds of miles over strange country and never miss a crossroad or a village. If, however, you allow yourself to become lost for an instant, you are probably hopelessly lost, with nothing to do but land and locate yourself on the map.

When I left, there was a gale of wind blowing, with spits of rain; and in fifteen minutes, during which I had covered forty miles, the clouds were scudding past at 300 feet off the ground, forcing me at times to jump tall trees on hills. A bit too thick. Seeing a small aerodrome on my right, I buzzed over and landed, getting a great reception from the pilots, who had never examined one of the latest single-seaters. It is really comical, with what awe the pilots of slower machines regard a scout. They have been filled full of mechanics' stories about 'landing at terrific speed — the slightest false movement means death,' and the like; whereas in reality our machines are the easiest things in the world to land, once you get the trick.

In a couple of hours the weather showed signs of improvement, so I shook hands all round and strapped myself in. To satisfy their interest and curiosity, I taxied to the far edge of the field, headed into the wind, rose a yard off the ground, gave her full motor, and held her down to within 30 yards of the spectators, grouped before a hangar. By this time Sally was fairly burning the breeze — traveling every yard of her 135 miles an hour; and as my hosts began to scatter, I let her have her head. Up she went in a mighty bound at 45 degrees, 900 feet in the drawing of a breath. There I flattened her, reduced the motor, did a couple of 'Immelman turns' (instead of banking, turn upside-down, and pull back), and waved good-bye. Rather childish, but they were good fellows, and really interested in what the bus would do.

All went well as far as Paris, where I had one of the classic Paris breakdowns, though genuine enough as it chanced. Landed in the suburbs, got a mechanic to work, and had time for a delicious lunch at a small workmen's restaurant. Treated myself to a half bottle of sound Medoc and a villainous cigar with the coffee, and got back just in time to find them testing my motor. The rest of the trip was uneventful. I arrived here in the early afternoon and installed myself for the night in these superb quarters.

This is the classic hour for French pilots to foregather in excited groups to *expliquer les coups* — an expressive phrase for which I can recall no exact equivalent in English. They (or rather we) spend a full hour every evening in telling just how it was done, or why it was not done, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Snatches of characteristic talk reach your ears — (I will attempt a rough translation). 'You poor fish! why did n't you dive that time they had us bracketed? — I had to follow you and I

got an *éclat* as big as a dinner-plate within a foot of my back.'

'Did you see me get that Boche over the wood? I killed the observer at the first *rafale*, rose over the tail, and must have got the pilot then, for he spun clear down till he crashed.'

'See the tanks ahead of that wave of assault? Funny big crawling things they looked — that last one must have been *en panne* — the Boches were certainly bouncing shells off its back!'

'Raoul and I found a troop of Boche cavalry on a road — in khaki, I swear. Thought they were English till we were within 100 metres. Then we gave them the spray — funniest thing you ever saw!'

'Yes — I'll swear I saw some khaki, too. Saw a big column of Boche infantry and was just going to let 'em have it when I saw horizon-blue guards. Prisoners, of course.'

You can imagine pages of this sort of thing — every night. At the bar we have a big sign: '*Ici on explique les coups.*' At the mess, another: '*Défense d'expliquer les coups ici.*' There are limits.

IV

As mess-officer I have been going strong of late — nearly every day one or two or three 'big guns' (*grosses huiles*, the French call them) of aviation drop in to lunch or dinner. Down from a patrol at 10.30, and scarcely out of the machine, when up dashes our cook, knife in one hand and ladle in the other, fairly boiling over with anxiety. 'Commandant X — and his staff are coming to lunch — I can't leave the stove — what on earth shall we do?'

An hour and a half. Just time for the cyclist to buzz down to the nearest town for some extra hors d'œuvres, salad, and half a dozen old bottles. In the end everything runs off smoothly, and when the white wine succeeds the

red, the usual *explication des coups* begins — highly entertaining inside stuff, from which one could cull a whole backstairs history of French aviation. It has been my privilege to meet many famous men in this way — great 'aces' and great administrators of the flying arm; men whose names are known wherever European aviators gather. I wish I could tell you half the drolleries they recount, or reproduce one quarter of the precise, ironical, story-telling manner of a cultivated Frenchman.

A captain who lunched with us to-day, bearer of an historic name, was recently decorated (somewhat against his will) for forcing a Boche to land in our lines. The truth is that in the single combat high above the lines, the captain's motor failed and he coasted for home, manœuvring wildly to escape the pursuing Hun's bullets. A few kilometres within our lines the German motor failed also, and down they came together — the Boche a prisoner, the Frenchman covered with not particularly welcome glory. Not all our guests knew the story, and one high officer asked the captain how he manœuvred to drive down the Boche. 'Oh, like this,' erratically said the captain, illustrating with frantic motions of an imaginary stick and rudder.

'But the Boche — ?' inquired the other, puzzled, 'how did you get him down — where was he?'

'Ah, the Boche; he was *behind* me,' answered the captain.

Another officer, recently promoted to a very high position in the aviation, is a genuine character, a *numero* as they say here. He recently spent many hours in perfecting a trick optical sight, guaranteed to down a Boche at any range, angle, or speed. He adored his invention, which, he admitted, would probably end the war when fully perfected, and grew quite testy when his friends told him the thing was far too

complicated for anything but laboratory use. At last, though he had reached a non-flying rank and had not flown for months, he installed the optical wonder on a single-seater and went out over the lines to try it out. As luck would have it, he fell in with a patrol of eight Albatrosses, and the fight that followed has become legendary. Boche after Boche dove on him, riddling his plane with bullets, while the inventor, in a scientific ecstasy, peered this way and that through his sight, adjusting set-screws and making hasty mental notes. By a miracle he was not brought down, and in the end a French patrol came to his rescue. He had not fired a shot! At lunch the other day someone asked what sort of a chap this inventor was, and the answer was so exceedingly French that I will reproduce it word for word: 'He detests women and dogs; he has a wife he adores, and a dog he can't let out of his sight.' A priceless characterization, I think, of a testy yet amiable old martinet.

One of my friends here had the luck, several months ago, to force a Zeppelin to land. A strange and wonderful experience, he says, circling for an hour and a half about the huge air-monster, which seemed to be having trouble with its gas. He poured bullets into it until his supply was exhausted, and headed it off every time it tried to make for the German lines. All the while it was settling, almost insensibly, and finally the Hun crew began to throw things out — machine-guns, long belts of cartridges, provisions, furniture, a motley collection. In the end it landed intact in our lines — a great catch. The size of the thing is simply incredible. This one was at least ninety feet through, and I hesitate to say how many hundred feet long.

Three more of our boys gone, one of them my most particular pal. Strange as it seems, I am one of the oldest

members of the squadron left. We buried Harry yesterday. He was the finest type of young French officer — an aviator since 1913; volunteer at the outbreak of war; taken prisoner, badly wounded; fourteen months in a German fortress; escaped, killing three guards, across Germany in the dead of winter, sick and with an unhealed wound; back on the front, after *ten days* with his family, although he need never have been a combatant again. A charming, cultivated, witty companion, one of the most finished pilots in France, and a soldier whose only thought was of duty, his loss is a heavy one for his friends, his family, and his country. For a day and a night he lay in state in the church of a nearby village, buried in flowers sent by half the squadrons of France; at his feet his tunic ablaze with crosses and orders. It was my turn to stand guard the morning his family arrived, and I was touched by the charming simple piety of the countryfolk, who came in an unending stream to kneel and say a prayer for the soul of the departed soldier. Old women with baskets of bread and cheese on their arms brought pathetic little bouquets; tiny girls of seven or eight came in solemnly alone, dropped a flower on Harry's coffin, and knelt to pray on their little bare knees. The French peasants get something from their church that most of us at home seem to miss.

At last the family came — worn out with the long sad journey from their château in middle France. Harry's mother, slender, aristocratic, and courageous, had lost her other son a short time before, and I was nearer tears at her magnificent self-control than if she had broken down like a farmer's wife. Her bearing throughout the long mass and at the graveside was one of the finest and saddest things I have ever seen in my life. Poor old Harry — I

hope he is in a paradise reserved for heroes — for he was one in the truest sense of the word.

V

I got absolutely lost the other day, for the second time since I have been on the front. I was flying at about 19,000 feet, half a mile above a lovely sea of clouds. I supposed I was directly over the front, but in reality there was a gale of wind blowing, drifting me rapidly *chez Boche*. Three thousand feet below, and miles to the northeast, a patrol of German scouts beat back and forth, a string of dots, appearing and disappearing among the cloudy peaks and cañons. Too strong and too far in their lines to attack, I was alternately watching them and my clock — very cold and bored. Suddenly, straight below me and heading for home at top speed, I saw a big Hun two-seater, with enormous black crosses on his wings. At such a moment — I confess it frankly — there seem to be two individuals in me who in a flash of time conclude a heated argument. Says one, 'You're all alone; no one will ever know it if you sail calmly on, pretending not to see the Boche.'

'See that Boche; says the other; you're here to get Germans — go after him.'

'See here,' puts in the first, who is very clever at excuses, 'time's nearly up, petrol's low, and there are five Hun scouts who will drop on you if you dive on the two-seater.'

'Forget it, you poor weak-kneed boob!' answers number two heatedly. 'Dive on that Hun and be quick about it!'

So I dove on him, obeying automatically and almost reluctantly the imperious little voice. With an eye to the machine-gunner in the rear, I drove down on him almost vertically, getting

in a burst point-blank at his port bow, so to speak. Pushing still farther forward on the stick, I saw his wheels pass over me like a flash, ten yards up. Pulled the throttle wide open, but the motor was a second late in catching, so that when I did an Immelman turn to come up under his tail, I was too far back and to one side. As I pulled out of the upside-down position, luminous sparks began to drive past me, and a second later I caught a glimpse of the goggled Hun observer leaning intently over his cockpit as he trained his gun on me.

But beside old Slapping Sally his machine was as a buzzard to a falcon; in a breath I was under his tail, had reared almost vertically, and was pouring bullets into his underbody. 'You will shoot me up, will you?' I yelled ferociously — just like a bad boy in a back-yard fight. 'Take that, then —' at which dramatic instant a quart of scalding oil struck me in the face, half in the eyes, and half in my open mouth. I never saw the Boche again, and five minutes later, when I had cleaned my eyes out enough to see dimly, I was totally lost. Keeping just above the clouds to watch for holes, I was ten long minutes at 130 miles per hour in getting to the lines, at a place I had never seen before.

Landed at a strange aerodrome, filled Sally up, and flew home 75 miles by map. As usual, everyone had begun the old story of how I was not a bad chap at bottom, and had many noble qualities safely hidden away — when I strolled into the bar. Slight sensation as usual, tinged with a suspicion of mild disappointment.

Almost with regret, I have turned faithful old Slapping Sally over to a newly arrived young pilot, and taken a new machine, the last lingering echo of the *dernier cri* in fighting single-seaters. I had hoped for one for some time, and

now the captain has allotted me a brand-new one, fresh from the factory. It is a formidable little monster, squat and broad-winged, armed to the teeth, with the power of two hundred and fifty wild horses bellowing out through its exhausts.

With slight inward trepidations I took it up for a spin after lunch. The thing is terrific — it fairly hurtles its way up through the air, roaring and snorting and trembling with its enormous excess of power. Not half so pleasant as Sally, but a grimly practical little dragon of immense speed and potential destructiveness. At a couple of thousand feet over the field, I shut off the motor and dove to try it out. It fairly took my breath away — behind my goggles my eyes filled with tears; my body rose up in the safety-belt, refusing to keep pace with the machine's formidable speed. In a wink, I was close to the ground, straightened out, and rushing low over the blurred grass at a criminal gait — never made a faster landing. It is a tribute to man's war-time ingenuity, but, for pleasure, give me my old machine.

The psychology of flying would be a curious study, were it not so difficult to get frankly stated data — uninfluenced by pride, self-respect, or sense of morale. I only know my own feelings in so far as they represent the average single-seater pilot. Once in the air, I am perfectly contented and at home, somewhat bored at times on dull days, or when very high and cold. On the other hand, I have never been

strapped in a machine to leave the ground, without an underlying slight nervousness and reluctance; no great matter, and only an instant's mental struggle to overcome, but enough perhaps to prevent me from flying the very small and powerful machines, for pleasure, after the war. I often wonder if other pilots have the same feeling — it's nothing to be ashamed of, because it does not, in the slightest, prevent one's doing one's duty, and disappears the moment one is in the air. I can give you its measure in the fact that I always prefer, when possible, to make a long journey in my machine, to doing it in the deadly slow war-time trains. Still, it's a choice of evils. It is hard to give reasons, but certainly flying is not an enjoyable sport, like riding or motoring, once the wonder of it has worn off; simply a slightly disagreeable but marvelously fast means of transport. The wind, the noise, the impossibility of conversation, the excessive speed — are all unpleasant features. These are partially redeemed by the never-ceasing wonder of what one sees. One's other senses are useless in the air, but what a feast for the eyes! Whole fruitful domains spread out beneath one, silvery rivers, smoking cities, perhaps a glimpse of the far-off ragged Alps. And when, at 18,000 or 20,000 feet, above a white endless sea of clouds, you float almost unconscious of time and space in the unearthly sunshine of the Universe, there are moments when infinite things are very close.

PRUSSIANIZING WISCONSIN

[The symptoms of a root-and-branch revolutionary movement which, for want of a better name, the newspapers term 'Bolshevism,' are of interest, and perhaps of serious moment, in this country. We are therefore printing in the guise of an article a long informal letter which the editor received recently from Wisconsin — a state which, owing to the reported disaffection of a large proportion of its population during the war, and to the character of its vote at the late election, is under national scrutiny. Mr. Stewart's points seem to us to make for a useful understanding of the situation. — THE EDITORS.]

HARTFORD, WISCONSIN, September, 1918.

THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC
DEAR SIR: —

As a member of the profession which looks before and after, possibly you may appreciate a sort of news-letter from Wisconsin.

As you are aware, of course, Wisconsin — the Milwaukee District — has returned a Socialist — Victor Berger — to the House of Representatives; a man indicted by the Federal Grand Jury in Chicago, and also, more recently, in Milwaukee; and this at a time when we are at war for 'Democracy'; an idealistic war for human freedom. And the man elected to Washington still stands on the St. Louis Socialistic platform, which was against the war and condemned it on mercenary grounds.

At the same time, the district which has returned Berger has always gone 'over the top' in all war-drives; so that Milwaukee has a stamp to be affixed to business and private mail, which announces that 'Milwaukee has met every demand of the Government in men and money.'

A district supports the government in every way, and yet returns a Socialist to Congress. How is this? you will say.

Or take the county I live in — Washington County. It has always been a Democratic county; a Democratic nomination was equivalent to election. Re-

publicans came second; Socialism did not cut much of a figure. It went 'over the top' in the Fourth Liberty Loan.

At the recent election, the result stood as follows. The Republicans, as the rural mail-man eloquently said, 'wiped 'em up.' Socialists second. Democrats — Wilson's men, with 'Wilson' nailed to the mast-head — came limping along at the rear, *after* the Socialists, a *sudden* new element.

In the Wisconsin Legislature we shall have fifteen Socialists in the Assembly (or possibly more on final returns), and two Socialist senators — far more than the Socialists ever had at the height of their power here. At the same time, Wisconsin has always gone 'over the top'; and the state has been complimented by General Crowder for its efficiency in the selective draft and for being the *first* of the states to report its work done in that regard. Now, how is this? you might inquire.

You will find no answer to this question if you read every newspaper published in Milwaukee or throughout Wisconsin. Eastern papers, such as the *New York Times*, for instance, will tell you quite confidently that it is just Pro-Germanism. For what, forsooth, but Pro-Germanism would elect a Congressman who represents opposition, as *per* the St. Louis platform, to the war for Democracy?

As you are aware, a party which gets a sudden accession of voters at one time — as when Berger was originally elected to Congress and then beaten in the same district, and then elected again — is profiting, not by a steady clientele moved by unswerving devotion to its abstract principles, but by voters who are influenced by immediate conditions against which they are registering a *protest*. It is the same with the Democratic and Republican parties; a great victory in a particular locality does not mean a great victory the next time.

As Wisconsin was the birthplace of the Republican party, — it was born at Ripon, Wisconsin, — one might now say that it bade fair to be the birthplace of a new political power, Socialism. Berger founded the Social-Democratic party in this country; Debs, whom they ran repeatedly for President, was a convert of his. And while Meyer London, Socialist Congressman, was defeated in New York, Socialism out here has come back with a whang that seems to send the party wonderfully ahead, and causes the whole country to turn its head in this direction.

Just how much is this permanent and *convinced* advance, and how much a mere protest against this local condition and that? As I say, you would never get any light on this matter in any editorial in a Milwaukee or other Wisconsin paper. Never.

Carlyle said that 'Of all forms of government, a government by busybodies is the worst.' This is true. It is worse than Prussianism, because that is *one* form of government, at least; and worse than Socialism, because Socialism would be run by *law*, anyway. But government by busybodies has neither head nor tail; working outside the law, it becomes lawless; and having no law to support it, it finally depends for its enforcement upon hoodlums and mob-

rule. When the respectable and wealthy elements are resorting to this sort of government, abetted by the newspapers and by all sorts of busybody societies intent upon 'government by public *sentiment*,' we finally have a new thing in the world and a most obnoxious one — mob-rule by the rich; with the able assistance of the hoodlums — always looking for a chance.

It starts as follows: —

The government wishes a certain amount of money. It therefore appeals to local pride; it sets a 'quota,' which has been apportioned to each locality, and promises a fine 'over-the-top' flag to be hoisted over the court house. All well and good; local pride is a very fine thing, competition is wholesome.

But the struggle that ensues is not so much local *pride* as it looks to be.

Milwaukee, for instance, a big manufacturing centre, is noted for its German population. This, the local proprietors fear, may affect its trade. It may be boycotted to some extent. A traveling man comes back and says that a certain dealer in stoves refuses to buy stoves made in Milwaukee!

Ha! — Milwaukee must redeem its reputation; it must always go over the top; it must be able to affix this stamp to all its letters.

Now, as the state has a quota, and the county and city has each its quota, so each *individual* must have his quota. Each individual must be 'assessed' to buy a certain quota of bonds. Success must be made sure: the *manufacturers* must see the *honor* of Milwaukee, and Wisconsin, maintained.

It is not compulsory to give a certain 'assessed' amount to the Y.M.C.A.; and the government does not make a certain quota of bonds compulsory upon citizens — oh, no! it is not *compulsory*, only you *must* abide by your assessment. And we will see that you do. No excuses accepted.

As to the people who do the assessing, they are just local committees loosely got together; they assess by one rule of thumb or another, with little real knowledge of the individual's financial difficulties; and while it is not compulsory, this committee's law must, somehow, be made as the laws of the Medes and the Persians.

It is easily done. Humanity falls into three classes: those who work at a trade; those who are in business; and those who farm. The first class is easy to handle — Subscribe your assessed amount or lose your job! Also — as in Milwaukee — some gang from another department of the works, whom you cannot report by name, will coat you with yellow paint as you leave the works. It is no use to report to the District Attorney: he will 'have to investigate,' but will do nothing.

Another point. Exemption from military draft depends upon the employer; it would be of little use for the workman to say he was essential to any industry if the employer said he was not; and so General Crowder insisted that others besides the registrant should make a plea for his exemption — the employer, for instance. So it is a case of subscribe or lose your job — and probably go to war. This unwritten and unexpressed law soon becomes known; all workmen subscribe; the subscription is, in short, taken out of their wages.

Handling the working classes to go 'over the top' was easy.

As to lines of business, these were organized in groups and so solicited: each firm would be solicited by someone in the same line of business — a wholesaler or a customer with whom you dealt. Thus they kept track of one another, and any quibbling about the size of your assessment was not politic.

But the farmer! Now there was a conundrum! He does not work for a 'boss'; he cannot be discharged on Sat-

urday night; and you cannot boycott him in business, or refuse to deal with him when he comes soliciting for trade.

What shall we do with him? Shall we leave him to subscribe what he *can*, and voluntarily?

The only answer to this conundrum is simply — mob-rule, in one form or another: either by actual violence, or by ingenious schemes to make illegality look legal, or by scaring him and making him think that something indefinite but awful is going to happen to him if he buys only three hundred dollars worth of bonds, for instance, instead of five hundred dollars worth.

A few examples from different counties will serve to illustrate. I have before me a sworn statement which I got from a friend in Outagamie County. This sworn statement was made for a Wisconsin association of some 30,000 members, The Farmers' Equity Society, which was incensed at the treatment accorded many of its members.

A Statement made by John Deml of Outagamie County, Wisconsin, at Madison, Wisconsin, Tuesday, October 22, 1918.

About half-past twelve (continuing for more than an hour) Sunday morning October 20th, my wife awaked me, saying, that there were a large number of men on the front porch, pounding and rapping on the door, besides talking in a loud tone of voice. I was upstairs; then I came downstairs and went to the front door, where they were, and I asked them, who was there! Several answered at once, 'The Council of Defense.' I then asked them, 'What do you want?' and they replied, 'We want you to sign up.' I replied, 'I have done my share.' And they asked me when, and I replied, 'I did my share in the spring.' (That is, I meant to say I had done my share in the third loan, when I subscribed for \$450 in bonds.) To make it plain, on the 28th of September, at the opening of the fourth drive, I was notified by letter that my bond assessment

would be \$500. When Henry Baumann came to see me, I told him I could not possibly take \$500 now but would take some, meaning a substantial amount, that is all I could afford; and he replied, 'My orders are you must take \$500 or nothing.'

After I had replied that I had done my share in the spring, they demanded that I open the door and let them in. I told them I did n't have to open the door; then they undertook to force the door open, and went so far as to tear the screen door open; then they threatened to break down the door, and I said, 'Come on then, boys.' Then they appeared to be planning, and while they were doing that, I took the time to put my shoes on. By that time they were at the kitchen door, and they made a demand that I let them in through that door; then I went to the kitchen door and opened it and found a crowd of men (much larger than I expected) around the door, and then reaching out two by two around towards the front of the house. I left the door and walked to the front porch to see if they had done any painting (as they had previously painted a neighbor's mail-box); I walked to the road to see if they had painted my mail-box. And then I turned around to return to the house when they all at one time closed in on me like a vise; some grabbing my fingers or wrist, others my legs, and several of them were shouting, holding a paper before me, 'Sign up.' I said, 'I will not sign up at this time of night.' Then a man shouted, 'Get the rope!' The first I knew was when the rope was about my neck and around my body under my arms. Someone then gave a sharp jerk at the rope and forced me to my knees and hands; at the same time some of them jumped on my back, and while bent over someone struck me in the face, making me bleed; then a man (whom I recognized) said, 'Boys, you are going too far'; and then, as they got me away from them a little, I heard a man say, 'You can't scare him.' I answered, 'I am not afraid of the entire city of Appleton.' Then a man (whom I knew) got me to one side, and he said, 'Let's go into the house and talk between ourselves.' Then two men (whom I knew) went with me into the house, and we sat or stood around the table, and they still demanded that I sign

up. I said, 'I will not sign up for any man after being abused like this.' Then a man (whom I knew) told me I would have to go with them, or, if I did n't go with them, would have to come to town that Sunday morning at 10 o'clock to see Mr. Keller. I told them that I would be there; they left; as they left, I noticed, and so did my family and neighbors, that they rode away in seven automobiles. I did not go to see Mr. Keller.

Signed, JOHN DEML.

This man tried to get a warrant for assault with intent to do great bodily harm. The President of the Equity Society and the Assemblyman from that district both argued the matter with the District Attorney, but without success. Then they went to the Governor; he would 'investigate' — but nothing was done. Officials 'passed the buck,' as usual in such cases.

So much for Outagamie County; now let us take a glance at Milwaukee County, as being more interesting.

Picture to yourself the following 'collection committee' traveling out of the highly civilized, 'kultured' city of Milwaukee.

Twenty-five automobiles containing *sixty to seventy* respectable citizens of Milwaukee.

One color guard (a flag at the head) with two home guardsmen in citizens' clothes.

Two deputy sheriffs.

One 'official' photographer.

One 'official' stenographer.

One banker (this personage to make arrangements to lend a farmer the money in case he protests that he has subscribed too much already).

This phalanx, entirely lawless, moves down upon a farmer who is urging two horses along a cloddy furrow — doing his fall ploughing.

They form a semi-circle about him; the speechmaker says, 'Let us salute the flag' (watching him to see that he

does it promptly); and while his horses stand there the speechmaker delivers a speech. He must subscribe his 'assessed' amount — no excuses accepted. If he owes for the farm, and has just paid his interest, and has only fifteen dollars to go on with, it makes no difference. He must subscribe the amount of his 'assessment,' and 'sign there.'

If not, what happens? The farmer all this time, of course, is probably scared out of his wits, or does not know what to make of this delegation of notables bearing down upon his solitary task in the fields. But if he argues too much, he finds this. They have a large package of yellow placards reading, —

The Occupant of these premises has refused to take his just share of Liberty Bonds.

DO NOT REMOVE.

And they put them all over his place. He probably signs.

Now bear in mind that this method is not practised merely against farmers who have made unpatriotic remarks, or have refused to support the war. It is practised against a farmer who has taken only one hundred dollars when he was assessed a hundred and fifty — and this is to make him 'come across' with the remainder.

You might ask, Is this comic opera or is it government? I would say that it was the former, were it not so serious in its effects upon a peaceful, law-abiding population.

The various schemes (I am not troubling you with all) in the various counties all emanate from the city or the small manufacturing town. And you must remember that the population of Wisconsin is quite largely an agricultural population, and with a considerable amount of nationally famous lines of manufacture sprinkled all over in the little towns, and concentrated in Milwaukee. Country merchants do not usually go out on these soliciting com-

mittees — it might insult customers; so the local manufacturer lets loose some of his foremen, and others who do not depend upon farmer trade.

Thus the farmer — who in a great many cases *has* been assessed too high by people not familiar with his problems — finds himself being *camped* upon and persecuted by the manufacturing and *financial* interests. To show you that this method is taken as a matter of course out here, — as natural to Milwaukee as if it were Prussia itself, — I append a clipping which happens to come from the *Milwaukee Journal*.

MORE SLACKERS ON LOAN FOUND

Milwaukee county has been blemished by three more yellow cards placed in front of homes whose occupants refused to invest their fair share in the Fourth Liberty Loan. The first call of the Liberty Bond flying squad Friday was near the city limits in the town of Lake.

A farmer, considered financially able, had purchased a \$50 bond. His allotment was placed as \$150 additional. He said he was financially involved and had no money, but refused the offer of a bank to carry the loan for him. Members of the committee posted the yellow card.

The second call was at the home of a man of 84, who had subscribed \$50, while his allotment was placed at \$500. He said that he had no money other than that which he had loaned on interest.

Asserting that he had done his share by coming north from Louisiana at the outbreak of the Civil War to avoid service in the Confederate army, he said he was drafted in Wisconsin and had to pay a substitute \$550 to fight in his place. He reckoned the government owes him about \$2,000 by this time as interest on the money, which never was returned. The man, a Hollander by birth, came to this country when 18. He has two grown sons who are known as patriots and active in loyalty work.

But the issue was with the father. Because of the cold weather he was taken inside the house by the committee, where Dr. W. B.

Hill explained matters. The man finally subscribed for his full share of \$500, remarking: 'There has been a war at each stage of my life and each has cost me \$550.'

In the same town a bachelor living with his father, a man more than 80, said he could do no better than subscribe \$50 additional to the \$50 bond he had purchased through workers. His father is known to have done his full share.

When the squadron arrived at the home the son was out. Later he was seen cutting across lots toward the rear of his premises. He refused to stop on call of the committeemen. He was overtaken and given the customary message from the government. Prompted by his sister, he refused to subscribe to more than \$50 worth, although his allotment was placed at \$500. The yellow card was ordered tacked up.

In the town of Oak Creek one supposed slacker was absent, and left word he had come into Milwaukee to buy a \$100 bond.

A neighbor of his, who had subscribed \$100, was allotted \$500 as his fair share. He was obdurate and uncommunicative. With little ceremony the third card of the day and the fourth of the campaign was placed in position. Every man visited bore a German name. In several instances they were reputed to be worth more than \$20,000, considerable of which was in cash. About half of the calls resulted in the men deciding to do their fair share, without offering the plea that they could not afford it and had already invested in a \$50 bond.

In the rural county where I live, different methods were used, more ingenious and really more flagrant, as creating a *disrespect for law*. False law, with false threats and penalties which are never carried out, creates contempt for real law, and is itself contemptible.

For instance, in the stamp drive, all the men in the district were obliged to meet at the school-house and make up any shortage in the quota. If one man did not, another must. Notices were sent round on a white postal card under government frank, headed 'White House'; and then, to make everyone think that they were obliged to go to

that meeting, and take their assessed amount in a savings society, the President's War-Savings message was altered from the original version.

The following document illustrates the scheme resorted to in this same county for dealing with those who had not subscribed to the Fourth Liberty Loan their quota as 'assessed.' I acquired it by the simple process of standing on my constitutional rights and awaiting complete results. Two of a special 'collecting' committee came round, both employees of the local automobile factory which has a large government contract. One was the 'collector' and the other the 'witness,' and they handed me this:—

TREASURY DEPARTMENT LIBERTY LOAN ORGANIZATION

FEDERAL RESERVE DISTRICT NUMBER SEVEN
WEST BEND, WIS.

To CHAS. STEWART

WHEREAS it appears that you have so far failed or refused to support our government by subscribing for your share of the Fourth Liberty Bond:

YOU WILL THEREFORE appear at the Court House in West Bend, Wisconsin, on the 19th day of October, 1918, between the hours of 10 o'clock A.M. and 6 o'clock P.M. then and there to subscribe your full allotment, or

SHOW CAUSE for your apparent delinquency and your apparent obstruction to the war finance requirements of the United States.

Signed: E. J. KEARNEY,
Federal Reserve Director of Sales
for Wisconsin.

Served this 18th day of October, 1918.

By F. C. KEHR, Committeeman.

In presence of
G. H. PRATT.

Of course, this thing, with its *whereas* and its *therefore* has about as much legal standing as the resolution of a woman's sewing society. But it is intended to appear to be a legal sum-

mons; you are to appear at the 'Court House' — though not in court. With this they fetched the farmers, and put the county 'over the top.' Until this was invented the county had fallen short in its 'quota.'

I told the collector and his 'witness' that they could 'rest assured that I would not be there,' and asked them to please watch and see what happened.

Nothing happened, of course. But they got the *full* quota out of most of the farmers who had not taken enough — and I got the document.

Such methods have created opposition. From the beginning, the drives were preceded by bluffs and threats and illegal claims of some indefinite penalty — and each time none of the threats was carried out against those who defied them. They could not be; they were lawless and illegal. Then the committee would try something new and more persuasive. Their methods went from bad to worse. The whole proceeding was represented as coming from 'our government,' 'by order of Secretary McAdoo,' etc. And it is not difficult to imagine the effect upon the farmer's ideas of a federal administration to which he attributes such methods.

The meaning of the whole phenomenon is simply this: the manufacturer or financier in town wishes to make sure that the farmer will subscribe liberally, so that the burden may not fall wholly on himself.

But why go into further details? This is Business at work in Wisconsin. In the whole state you would not find a newspaper which said a word of protest — or raised a question as to the citizen's rights under the Constitution. For the business leaders own and advertise in and run the newspapers; and the little paper in the country town simply goes along in the swim — never does any thinking for itself. If you asked any of them what the Bill of

Rights was, they could not tell you; they do not know their 'Rights' from a hole in the ground.

And now we come to the conclusion. Imagine yourself either a workman in Milwaukee, or a farmer out in the country. You are dealt with in this entirely Prussian manner — possibly the committee, which knows little of your financial difficulties in your home, has just assessed you arbitrarily.

Your constitutional rights do not count. *There is no remedy.* If you are painted yellow, the District Attorney will pass the buck — he knows what the manufacturer expects of him, and the financier. The state officers of these drives, Federal representatives, are *always* Milwaukee bankers.

But for you there is no remedy if you are 'assessed' too high.

With the Y.M.C.A. and other religious society drives, the same assessment scheme is worked. You cannot *give* to the Y.M.C.A. You are told right off how much you are to *pay*.

Now, if you were a workman or a banker, and the government was supposed to be the one who was dealing with you thus, and an election came along, what would you do?

Vote for the party in power? I trow not. You would vote *Socialist* till the cows came home. In fact, I would do that myself were it not that I know the essential nature of Wilson's government by request, and the inevitable outcome of such a policy of 'government by public sentiment' instead of by law.

Being a Republican, of course, I vote that ticket straight.

But the result was a great relief to me, even if some *did* vote Socialist. This is *America*. And to a large extent, and in a sense which you will understand, the Socialists' sudden accretion was a Pro-America vote, not a Pro-German.

CHARLES D. STEWART.

THE IDEA OF A LEAGUE OF NATIONS

A small group of qualified Englishmen have long been working toward Universal Peace from an angle of their own. Forming the League of Free Nations Association, they have divided the principal problems among experts, for extended study, appraisal, and suggestions for solution. These inquiries, eventually to be published in book form, will, in the Atlantic's belief, form a highly important treatise on World Peace; but, in the meantime, the group has united in the compilation of the following article, which may well serve as an introduction to all attempts at a League of Nations. The composite authorship of the paper is especially interesting, the names of the collaborators being,—

H. G. WELLS, *Chairman*

VISCOUNT GREY
GILBERT MURRAY
J. A. SPENDER
A. E. ZIMMERN

H. WICKHAM STEED
LIONEL CURTIS
WILLIAM ARCHER, *Secretary*
VISCOUNT BRYCE¹

I

UNIFICATION of human affairs, to the extent at least of a cessation of war and a world-wide rule of international law, is no new idea; it can be traced through many centuries of history. It is found as an acceptable commonplace in a fragment, *De Republica*, of Cicero. It has, indeed, appeared and passed out of the foreground of thought, and reappeared there, again and again.

Hitherto, however, if only on account of the limitations of geographical knowledge, the project has rarely been truly world-wide, though in some instances it has comprehended practically all the known world. Almost always there has been an excluded fringe of barbarians and races esteemed as less than men.

The Roman Empire realized the idea in a limited sphere and in a mechanical, despotic fashion. It was inherent in the propaganda of Islam — excluding the unbeliever. It may be said that the political unity of Christendom over-riding states and nations was the ortho-

dox and typical doctrine of the Middle Ages. The individual states were regarded as being, in the nature of things, members of one great body politic, presided over by the Pope, or the Emperor, or both. It was the idea of the world-supremacy of the Empire which inspired Dante's *De Monarchia*; but, as Lord Bryce has remarked, 'Dante's book was an epilogue instead of a prophecy.'

It cannot be claimed that history shows any continuously progressive movement of human affairs from a dispersed to a unified condition. Rather it tells a story of the oscillating action of separatist and unifying forces. And the process of civilization itself, if we use the word in its narrower and older sense of the elaboration of citizenship in a political and social organization, and exclude mechanical and scientific progress from it, has on the whole been rather on the side of fragmentation. It was, for example, much easier for loosely organized tribes and village communities scattered over wide areas to coalesce into vague and often very

¹ In an advisory capacity.

extensive 'nations,' like the Scythians and Thracians, or to coöperate in 'amphictyonics,' or federations, like the small peoples of central Greece, than for highly developed city-states or fully organized monarchies, possessing a distinctive culture and religion and definite frontiers, to sink these things in any larger union. For such higher forms of political organization, enlargement occurred mainly through conquest, which created unstable empire systems of subject and subordinate peoples under the sway — which might of course be the assimilative sway — of a dominant nation, rather than real unifications.

The Renaissance presents a phase in history in which a large vague unification (Christendom) is seen to be breaking up simultaneously with the appearance of a higher grade of national organization. Machiavelli, with his aspiration toward a united Italy, involving a disintegration of the Empire, opened the phase of the national state in Europe, which reached its fullest development in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. Before the Renaissance Europe was far more of a unity than it was at the close of the reign of Queen Victoria, when it consisted mainly of a group of nations, with their national edges sharpened and hardened almost to a maximum, each aspiring to empire and each acutely suspicious of and hostile to its neighbors. The idea of international organization for peace seemed far more Utopian to the normal European intelligence in 1900 than it would have done eight hundred years before.

But while those political and social developments which constitute civilization in the narrower sense of the word were tending to make human societies, as they became more elaborately organized, more heterogeneous and mutually unsympathetic, there were also coming into play throughout the eight-

eenth and nineteenth centuries, for the first time, upon a quite unprecedented scale, another series of forces diametrically opposed to human separations. They worked, however, mutely, because the world of thought was unprepared for them. Unprecedented advances in technical and scientific knowledge were occurring, and human coöperation and the reaction of man upon man, not only in material but also in mental things, was being made enormously more effective than it had ever been before. But the phrases of international relationship were not altering to correspond. Phrases usually follow after rather than anticipate reality, and so it was that at the outbreak of the Great War in August, 1914, Europe and the world awoke out of a dream of intensified nationality to a new system of realities which were entirely antagonistic to the continuance of national separations.

It is necessary to state very plainly the nature of these new forces. Upon them rests the whole case for the League of Nations as it is here presented. It is a new case. It is argued here that these forces give us powers novel in history and bring mankind face to face with dangers such as it has never confronted before. It is maintained that, on the one hand, they render possible such a reasoned coördination of human affairs as has never hitherto been conceivable, and that, on the other, they so enlarge and intensify the scope and evil of war and of international hostility as to give what was formerly a generous aspiration more and more of the aspect of an imperative necessity. Under the lurid illumination of the world-war, the idea of world-unification has passed rapidly from the sphere of the literary idealist into that of the methodical, practical man, and the task of an examination of its problems and possibilities, upon the scale which the near probability of an actual

experiment demands, is thrust upon the world.

All political and social institutions, all matters of human relationship, are dependent upon the means by which mind may react upon mind and life upon life, that is to say upon the intensity, rapidity, and reach of mental and physical communication. In the history of mankind, the great phases seem all to be marked by the appearance of some new invention which facilitates trade or intercourse, and may be regarded as the operating cause of the new phase. The invention of writing, of the wheel and the road, of the ship, of money, of printing, of letters of exchange, of joint-stock undertakings and limited liability, mark distinct steps in the enlargement of human intercourse and coöperation from its original limitation within the verbal and traditional range of the family or tribe.

A large part of the expansion of the Roman Empire, apart from its overseas development, may be considered, for example, as a process of road-making and bridge-building. Even its trans-Mediterranean development was a matter of road-making combined with ship-building. The Roman Empire, like the Chinese, expanded on land to an extremity determined by the new method of road-communication; and sought to wall itself in at last at the limits of its range from its centres of strength. The new chapter of the human story again, which began with the entry of America and the Oceanic lands upon the stage of history, was the direct outcome of that bold sailing out upon the oceans which the mariner's compass, and the supersession of the galley by the development of sails and rigging, rendered possible. The art of printing from movable types released new powers of suggestion, documentation, and criticism, which shattered the old religious organization of Christen-

dom, made the systematic investigations and records of modern science possible, and created the vast newspaper-reading democracies of to-day. The whole of history could, indeed, be written as a drama of human nature reacting to invention.

And we live to-day in a time of accelerated inventiveness and innovation, when a decade modifies the material of inter-communication far more extensively than did any century before, in range, swiftness, and intensity alike. Within the present century, since 1900, there have been far more extensive changes in these things than occurred in the ten centuries before Christ. Instead of regarding *Around the World in Eighty Days* as an amazing feat of hurry, we can now regard a flight about the globe in fifteen or sixteen days as a reasonable and moderate performance. The teaching of history compels us to recognize in these new facilities factors which will necessarily work out into equally revolutionary social and political consequences. It is the most obvious wisdom to set ourselves to anticipate as far as we can, so as to mitigate and control, the inevitable collisions and repercussions of mankind that are coming upon us. Even if we were to suppose that this rush of novel accelerating contrivances would be presently checked — and there is little justification for a very such supposition, — it would still behoove us to work out the influence which the things already achieved will have upon our kind.

And it is not simply an increase of range and swiftness that we have to consider here, though these are the aspects that leap immediately to the eye. There has also been, for example, a very great increase in the possible vividness of mental impact. In education and in the agencies of journalism and propaganda, there has been an increase of power at present incalculable, owing to

vast strides in the printing of pictures, and to the cinematograph, the gramophone, and similar means of intense world-wide information and suggestion.

II

While all these things, on the one hand, point plainly now to such possibilities of human unification and world-unanimity as no one could have dreamed of a hundred years ago, there has been, on the other hand, a change, an intensification, of the destructive processes of war which opens up a black alternative to this pacific settlement of human affairs. The case as it is commonly stated in the propaganda literature for a League of Nations is a choice between, on the one hand, a general agreement on the part of mankind to organize a permanent peace, and on the other, a progressive development of the preparation for war and the means of conducting war which must ultimately eat up human freedom and all human effort, and, as the phrase goes, destroy civilization. We shall find as we proceed that these simple oppositions do not by any means state all the possibilities of the case; but for a moment or so it will be convenient to confine our attention to this enhancement of the cost, burden, and destructiveness of belligerence which scientific and technical progress has made inevitable.

What has happened is essentially this, that the natural limitations upon warfare which have existed hitherto appear to have broken down. Hitherto there has been a certain proportion between the utmost exertion of a nation at war and the rest of its activities. The art and methods of war have had a measurable relation to the resources of the community as a whole, so that it has been possible for nations to be well armed by the standards of the time and yet to remain vigorous and healthy com-

munities, and to wage successful wars without exhaustion.

To take a primitive example, it was possible for the Zulu people, under King Chaka, to carry warfare as it was then understood in South Africa — a business of spearmen fighting on foot — to its utmost perfection, and to remain prosperous and happy themselves, whatever might be the fate they inflicted upon their neighbors. And even the armies of Continental Europe, as they existed before the Great War, were manifestly bearable burdens, because they were borne. But the outbreak of that struggle forced upon the belligerents, in spite of the natural conservatism of all professional soldiers, a rapid and logical utilization of the still largely neglected resources of mechanical and chemical science; they were compelled to take up every device that offered, however costly it might be; they could not resist the drive toward scientific war which they had themselves released. In warfare the law of the utmost immediate exertion rules; the combatant who does not put in all his possible energy is lost. In four brief years, therefore, Europe was compelled to develop a warfare monstrously out of proportion to any conceivable good which the completest victory could possibly achieve for either side.

We may take as a typical instance of this logical and necessary exaggeration which warfare has undergone the case of the 'tank.' The idea of a land iron-clad was an old and very obvious one, which had been disliked and resisted by military people for many years. The substantial basis of the European armies of 1914 was still a comparatively inexpensive infantry, assisted by machine-guns and field-guns and cavalry. By 1918 the infantry line is sustained by enormous batteries of guns of every calibre, firing away an incredible wealth of ammunition; its structure includes

the most complicated system of machine-gun nests and strong posts conceivable, and every important advance is preceded by lines of aeroplanes and sustained by fleets of these new and still developing weapons, the tanks. Every battle sees scores of these latter monsters put out of action. Now, even the primitive tank of 1917 costs, quite apart from the very high running expenses, something between seven and ten thousand pounds. At that stage it was still an expedient on trial and in the rough. But its obvious corollary in movable big-gun forts with ammunition tenders — forts which will probably be made in parts and built up near to the point of use, however costly they may be — is practically dictated if war is to continue. So too is a production of light and swift types of tank that will serve many of the purposes of cavalry.

If war is to continue as a human possibility, this elaboration of the tank in scale and species follows inevitably. A mere peace of the old type is likely to accelerate rather than check this elaboration. Only a peace that will abolish the probability of war from human affairs can release the nations from the manifest necessity of cultivating the tank, multiplying the tank, and maintaining a great manufacture and store of tanks, over and above all the other belligerent plants which they had to keep going before 1914. And these tanks will supersede nothing — unless perhaps, to a certain extent, cavalry. The tank, growing greater and greater and more numerous and various, is manifestly, therefore, one new burden — one of many new burdens — which must rest upon the shoulders of mankind henceforth, until the prospect of war can be shut off from international affairs. It is foolish to ignore these grimly budding possibilities of the tank. There they are, and they cannot be avoided if war is to go on.

But the tank is only one of quite a multitude of developments, which are bound to be followed up if the modern war-process continues. There is no help for it. In every direction there is the same story to be told — if war is still to be contemplated as a possibility — of an unavoidable elaboration of the means of war beyond the scale of any conceivable war-end.

As a second instance, let us take the growth in size, range, and destructiveness of the air war. Few people realize fully what a vast thing the air-service has become. A big aeroplane of the raider type may cost anything up to twenty thousand pounds; the smallest costs not much less than a thousand. The pilot and the observer are of the very flower of the youth of the country; they have probably cost society many thousands of pounds' worth of upbringing and education, and they have made little or no productive contribution to human resources. And these costly units have been multiplied enormously. From a poor hundred or so of aeroplanes at the outset of the war, Great Britain alone has expanded her air forces until she has an output of thousands of new machines a month, aerodromes abound throughout the country, and there is scarcely a corner of England where the hum of the passing aeroplane is not to be heard. Now all this vast plant of aeroplane factories and instruction aerodromes must be kept up, once it has been started, war or no war, until war is practically impossible. It may be argued, perhaps, that during a peace-spell some portion of this material may be applied to civil air-transport; but the manufacturers have made it abundantly clear that this project does not strike them as reasonable or desirable; their industry has been created as an armament industry, and an armament industry they wish it to remain. And besides this op-

position of the interested profiteer, we have to remember that the aeroplane has imported into warfare possibilities of surprise hitherto undreamed of. So long as a sudden declaration of war, or an attack preceding a declaration of war, is possible, it is imperative now, not only that the air force of a country should be kept always in striking condition, but that the whole vast organization of coastal and frontier anti-aircraft defenses should be equally ready. Tens of thousands of men, most of them economically very valuable, must keep watch day and night, prepared at any moment to flash into warfare again.

The same story of a tremendous permanent expansion of war-equipment could be repeated in a score of parallel instances drawn from the land war and sea war. Enormous new organizations of anti-submarine flotillas, of mine-field material and its production, of poison-gas manufacture and the like, have been called into existence, and must now remain as going concerns so long as war is likely to be renewed.

But enough examples have been cited here to establish the reality of this present unrestricted, illimitable, disproportionate growth of the war-process in comparison with all other human processes. Mars has become the young cuckoo in the nest of human possibilities, and it is — to state the extreme alternatives — a choice before mankind, whether we will drift on toward a catastrophe due to that overgrowth, or so organize the world as effectually to restrain and reduce warfare.

It is not impossible to adumbrate the general nature of the catastrophe which threatens mankind if war-making goes on. Modern warfare is not congenial to the working masses anywhere. No doubt the primitive form of warfare, a murderous bickering with adjacent tribes, is natural enough to uneducated men; but modern warfare, and still

more the preparation for it, involves distresses, strains, and a continuity of base and narrow purpose quite beyond the patience and interest of the millions of ordinary men who find no other profit in it but suffering. The natural man is more apt for chaotic local fighting than for large-scale systematic fighting. Hatred campaigns and a sustained propaganda are needed to keep up the combatant spirit in a large modern state, even during actual hostilities; and in the case of Russia we have a striking example of the distaste a whole population may develop for the war-strain, even during the war and with the enemy at its gates.

What is likely to happen, then, when the working masses of Central and Western Europe, being no longer sustained by the immediate excitement of actual war, find themselves still obliged to go on, year after year, producing vast masses of war-material, pledged to carry a heavy burden of war-loan *rentiers* on their backs, and subjected to an exacerbated conscription? Possibly, so far as the *rentier* burden on the worker goes, a great rise in prices and wages will relieve the worker to some extent, but only at the cost of acute disappointment and distress at another social level. There is a dangerously narrowing limit now to the confidence of the common man in the intelligence and good faith of those who direct his affairs; and the probability of a cruel confused class-war throughout Europe, roughly parallel in its methods to the Bolshevik revolution in Russia, and released by a similar loss of faith in leaders and government, appears at the end of the vista of waste of directive energy and natural resources, completing that waste of energy and resources into which the belligerent systems of Europe, the German Empire being the chief and foremost, have led mankind. Systematic force, overstrained and exhausted,

will then give place to chaotic force, and general disorganization will ensue. Thereafter the world may welter in confusion for many generations, through such ruinous and impoverished centuries as close the Roman imperial story, before it develops the vitality for an effective reorganization.

Such, roughly, is the idea of the phrase 'downfall of civilization' as used in discussions like these. It is a vision of the world as a social system collapsing chaotically, not under the assault of outer barbarians, but beneath the pressure of this inevitable hypertrophy of war.

III

Let us now look a little more closely between the two extremes of possibility we have stated in the preceding section, between a world-unanimity for peace, on the one hand, — Everyman's World-League of Nations, — and a world-collapse under the overgrowth of war-organization and material, on the other.

The affairs of the world are now in a posture which enables us to dismiss the idea of a world-hegemony for Germany, or for any other single power, as a fantastic vanity.

We have to consider, however, the much greater probability of a group of the more powerful states, including perhaps a chastened Germany, agreeing among themselves to organize and enforce peace in the world for ever. This would give us still a third type of league which we may call the League of the Senior States. It is perhaps the most probable of all the possibilities.

And, on the other hand, we have assumed, quite crudely, in the first section that the forces of popular insurrection are altogether destructive of organization, whereas there may be as yet unmeasured constructive and organizing power in the popular mind.

There is a middle way between a superstitious belief in unguided democracy and a frantic hatred of it. Concurrently, for example, with the earlier phases of Bolshevik anarchy in Petrograd and Moscow, there seems to have been for a time a considerable development of coöperative production and distribution throughout European and Asiatic Russia. Mingled with much merely destructive and vindictive insurrectionism, there may be a popular will to order, reaching out to coöperate with all the sound and liberal forces of the old system of things. We can only guess as yet at the possibilities of a collective will in these peasant and labor masses of Europe which now read and write and have new-born ideas of class-action and responsibility. They will be ill-informed, they may be emotional, but they may have vast reserves of common sense. Much may depend upon the unforeseeable accident of great leaders. Nearly every socialist and democratic organization in the world, it is to be noted, now demands the League of Nations in some form, and men may arise who will be able to give that still quite vague demand force and creative definition. A failure to achieve a world guaranty of peace on the part of the diplomatists at a peace conference may lead, indeed, to a type of insurrection and revolution not merely destructive but preparatory. It is conceivable. The deliberate organization of peace, as distinguished from a mere silly clamor for peace, may break out at almost any social level, and in the form either of a constructive, an adaptive, or a revolutionary project.

We have not, therefore, here, a case of a clear-cut choice of two ways; there is a multitude of roads which may converge upon the permanent organization of world-peace, and an infinitude of thwarting and delaying digressions may occur. Complicating and mitiga-

tory circumstances may, and probably will, make this antagonism of war and peace a lengthy and tortuous drama. There may be many halts and setbacks in the inevitable development of war; belligerence may pause and take breath on several occasions before its ultimate death-flurry.

Such delays, such backwater phases and secondary aspects, must not confuse the issue and hide from us the essential fact of the disappearance of any real limitation upon the overgrowth of war in human life. That unlimited overgrowth is the probability which is driving more and more men to study and advocate this project of a League of Nations, because they are convinced that only through counter-organization of the peace-will in mankind can the world be saved from a great cycle of disasters, disorder, and retrogression.

And it does not follow, because the origins and motives of the will for such a world-league are various, that they involve a conflict over essentials, as to the character of the final result. It is the declared belief of many of the promoters of the world-league movement that a careful analysis of the main factors of its problems, a scientific examination of what is possible, what is impossible, what is necessary, and what is dangerous, must lead the mass of reasonable men in the world, whatever their class, origins, traditions, and prejudices, to a practical agreement upon the main lines of this scheme for the salvation of mankind. It is believed that the clear, deliberate, and methodical working out of the broad problems and riddles of the world-league idea will have a sufficient compelling force to bring it within the realm of practical possibility.

IV

But at this point it is advisable to take up and dispose of a group of sug-

gestions which contradict our fundamental thesis, which is, that war is by its nature illimitable. War is, we hold here, a cessation of law, and in war, therefore, it is impossible to prevent permanently the use of every possible device for injury, killing, and compulsion which human ingenuity can devise or science produce. Our main argument for a League of Nations rests on that. But there are people who do not accept as a fact the illimitable nature of war. They fall back upon the theory that the horrors of the Great War are due to a sort of accidental relapse into savagery on the part of the German people, and that future wars can and will be conducted under restrictions imposed by humanity and chivalry. They believe that war can become a conventional Ordeal by Battle, in which the nations shall deliberately refrain from putting forth their full strength, and shall agree to abide by the decision of a struggle between limited armies, operating, like the champions in a tournament or a prize-fight, under an accepted code of rules.

This is, we hold, a delusion. Our case is that the nations can agree far more easily to abolish war than to restrict war.

It is true that in the Great War Germany has carried her theories of ruthlessness to self-defeating extremes. She has done many deeds which recoiled upon herself — deeds inspired by a sort of ferocious pedantry which inflicted very small material damage upon the Allies, but hardened their resolution and brought thousands, nay, millions of recruits to their ranks. None the less must we face the fact that, individual stupidities apart, the German theory of war is the only logical one.

If it be said that, in past times, nations fought with comparatively small armies, and often accepted defeat without having thrown anything like their full strength into the struggle — the

objection is met by a twofold answer. Firstly, the logic of war, the law — as we have termed it elsewhere — of the utmost effort, had not yet been thoroughly thought out. Primitive peoples in general — and the same applies to all but the most civilized and sophisticated of modern states — are guided in matters of war and peace more by their emotions than by their reason. They are lazy, as peoples, and muddle-headed. They fight because they are angry; they stop because they are tired; they cease pursuing the enemy because they want to attend to the harvest. It is the mark of a highly organized and intellectualized government to subordinate national emotions to the remorseless logic of the case. And the logic of war was reserved for Napoleon to express in practice and Clausewitz to formulate in theory.

But the second answer goes more to the root of the matter: namely, that the strength which a nation can put into the field is limited by many conditions both material and psychological, and that, if we examine into these conditions, we shall often find that what may seem to us, on the face of it, an insignificant effort, was in very truth the greatest of which, at the given moment, the nation was capable. It is a quite new social fact, a creation of the last fifty years, to have a central government supplied with exact information about all its resources in men, money, and material, and with means of organization and control which enable it, at the cost of some delay and friction, to exploit those resources to the last inch. When Babylon was captured by the Medes, we are told, there were parts of the city itself which were unaware of the fact for several days; and there must have been vast islands of population in the country which, so far as their personal experience went, never knew. But that sort of thing has passed.

If we look into the history of warfare, we find that it has completed a cycle and is now returning to its starting-point. A nomadic horde of the barbarous ages was 'a nation in arms' in the full sense of the word. Having no fixed place of abode, it had no civil — as distinct from military — population. The whole people — old men, women, and children included — took part in the toils and perils of war. There were no places of security in which the weak and the defenseless could take refuge. Everyone's life was forfeit in case of disaster; therefore everyone took part in the common defense. Modern warfare, with its air-fleets, its submarines, and its 'big Berthas,' is more and more restricting the area of immunity from military peril and reverting to these primitive conditions.

Agricultural life and city settlements brought with them the distinction between combatants and non-combatants; but still, in the normal state, every able-bodied citizen was a soldier. The citizen took his place as a matter of course in the militia of his country, leaving to old men and women, or to slaves and captives, the guardianship of field and vineyard, flock and herd. Only when wealth and luxury had reached a certain pitch did the habit of employing denationalized mercenaries creep in. Then came the time when the mercenaries encountered nomadic or thoroughly mobilized 'nations in arms,' and civilization went to the wall.

In the Middle Ages, the feudal chief, the dominant, soldierly, often predatory personality, gathered his vassals around him for purposes of offense and defense, while the cultivation of the soil devolved on the villeins or serfs. Thus war became the special function of a military caste, and, as in the Wars of the Roses, campaigns were often carried on with comparatively little disturbance to the normal life of the coun-

try. When the royal power crushed or absorbed that of the barons, the centralized monarchy everywhere recruited a standing army, often consisting largely of foreign mercenaries, as the bulwark of its security and the instrument of its will. It was quite natural that dynastic wars, and wars in which the common people of the contending nations had little or no interest, should be fought out on a restricted scale by these specialized military machines. Frederick the Great employed a mercenary army as the nucleus for a national militia; and so lately as the beginning of the last century, this system was celebrated as ideal by the noted military authority who was the immediate predecessor of Clausewitz.

With Napoleon came the Nation in Arms; and the military history of the intervening years has consisted of the ever completer concentration upon warlike purposes of the whole powers and resources of the great European peoples.

If it be asked why this logical evolution of the idea of war has taken so many centuries to work itself out, the main reason — among many others — may be stated in two words: munitions and transport. Before the age of machines, it was impossible to arm and clothe immense multitudes of men; before the days of McAdam and Stephenson, it was impossible to move such multitudes and, still more, to keep them supplied with food and munitions. Again we find ourselves insisting upon the vital importance of transit methods in this, as in nearly all questions of human interaction. The size of armies has steadily grown with the growth of means of communication. The German wars of 1863-70 were the first in which railways played any considerable part, and the scale of operations in 1870-71 was quite unprecedented.

What is the chief new factor since the days of St. Privat and Sedan? The aeroplane, most people would reply; possibly it may become so, but thus far a less picturesque invention has been of even greater influence — the motor-lorry. No one can go anywhere near the Western Front without realizing that the gigantic scale of this struggle is almost wholly dependent upon motor-traction. Had not the internal-combustion engine been invented, the war would probably have been over long ago; and at all events millions of men would still be alive and well who now lie dead or crawl mutilated over the face of the earth.

Seen in this light, the invention of the motor may appear to have been due to a special interference of Satan in human affairs. But that is an unphilosophical view to take. Our race must perfect its power over matter before it can wisely select the ends to which it will apply that power. The idea of war had to work itself out to the full and demonstrate its own impossibility, before man could find the insight and the energy to put it behind him and have done with it. Thanks to Prussian ambition and Prussian philosophy, the demonstration has now been completed. The idea of war has revealed itself in its full hideousness. All the world has come to look upon it as a sort of mythological monster which, if left to itself, will periodically reëmerge from hell, to devour the whole youth and the whole wealth of civilized mankind. It is useless to dream of clipping the wings or paring the claws of the dragon. It must be slain outright if it is not to play unthinkable havoc with civilization; and to that end the intelligence and the moral enthusiasm of the world are now, as we see, addressing themselves.

(This discussion will be completed in an article to appear in the February Atlantic)

GERMANY IN SOLUTION

BY VICTOR S. CLARK

I

THE Central Alliance has collapsed. The German Empire has fallen. We are celebrating victory, forgetful of the fact that victories may be the most precarious experiences in the life of nations. Germany's past — even the recent past of the four years of world-war — has suddenly lost interest in the intense climax of the drama immediately before our eyes. Yet from that past we must judge the present and plan the future.

We have long cherished a mistaken idea of Germany's inner unity. We have known that Austria was divided into many discordant races, and that Turkey was but a military automaton operated from Berlin. We suspected that Bulgaria had lost her martial spirit after gorging herself with her transient annexations. But Germany itself we imagined a personification of unified, harmonious, disciplined, efficient, though malign, power.

In reality, that country has been, almost from the beginning of hostilities, a land of internal discord — an autocracy where the spirit of dissent was almost anarchic in comparison with the unity of purpose in our democracy. Few better illustrations have occurred in history of the fact that palace rule is divided rule. To be sure there has been what a German newspaper recently called 'An Olympian military government,' with a fairly consistent policy. That policy did not represent the will of the German nation, but of a governing

clique whose power was based upon the caprice of military fortune. But military rule was only a war-manifestation of autocracy. The system of palace-control was older than the war. For two generations it had been a school of shifty statesmanship. Its policies were opportunist and inconsistent. It made public men of individual integrity appear collectively a group of liars; for even a cabinet's promises were constantly canceled by higher authority. No one could depend upon such a government. The real interests of the country were sacrificed to caste ambitions and personal rivalries. Without attaching too much actuality to Prince Lichnowsky's assertion that personal antagonism to himself in high places defeated his efforts to bring England and Germany together in a common policy of coöperative world-development, and thus prevent a world-war, what may be dubious as a historical record is an authoritative characterization of Prussian governmental conditions.

The test of war put such a government under a strain that revealed its weakness. Its diplomacy has failed, principally because it had no moral standards. We may not admire the men who are leading the bloody terror now ravaging Russia; but we must concede them intellectual acumen. Leon Trotsky has recently published a book entitled *From the October Revolution to the Brest Treaty*, from which translations have appeared in the German press. He describes the tremendous ef-

fect produced in Russia by the liberal phrasing and democratic formulæ contained in the German reply to Russia's request for an armistice and peace negotiations, and the violent disillusion that followed, when Germany's real demands were known.

It was at first glance hard to understand what German diplomacy was aiming at in presenting such democratic proposals, merely to reveal itself as a wolf in sheep's clothing three days later. . . . The secret of Von Kühlmann's policy was his conviction that we were ready to play a double game in partnership with him. He calculated like this: — Russia must have peace. The Bolsheviks have got control by advocating peace. They are bound to a democratic peace-programme, to be sure; but we diplomats know how to represent black as white. We Germans will relieve the situation for the Bolsheviks by camouflaging our plundering in decorative democratic formulæ. The Bolshevik representatives will have enough personal interest in success not to go into the political aspect of the thing too closely and unveil to the world the real situation behind our democratic pretence. — When we showed that we Russians were determined to insist upon the actual application of democratic principles in the intercourse of nations, Von Kühlmann resented it as the intentional and malicious breaking of a tacit promise. For nothing in the world would he vary from the formulation of December 25; and with complete confidence in his bureaucratic logic, he endeavored to impress upon the world that white and black were absolutely indistinguishable from each other. . . . General Hoffmann introduced a refreshing feature by his interjections, without showing any sympathy or regard for Von Kühlmann's diplomatic instructions. Several times, while these complicated juristic debates were going on, the general thrust his soldier's boots upon the table. We, for our part, never doubted that the boots of General Hoffmann were the only real serious fact in the discussion.

Berlin was dealing in the same spirit, not only with hostile governments, but

also with its own people. It tried to treat the German nation precisely as it did the representatives of the Bolshevik republic at Brest-Litovsk. Now the Germans criticize themselves as 'politically undeveloped.' At least, that is the description with which the defenders of the old régime flattered their fellow citizens. But the German public was far too intelligent not to appreciate increasingly the incapacity and the fundamental insincerity of autocracy, as revealed more glaringly each day that the war continued, and to attack it, at first more vociferously than valiantly, but ultimately with real determination. Even in 1909 Scheidemann, in the Reichstag, called word-breaking, 'the most characteristic tradition of the Prussian royal house.' The war has been a period of constant domestic agitation, in which the backwardness of Germany's political institutions, and its uncandid policies, have been abundantly advertised to its own people. The recent franchise and parliamentary reforms were no death-bed repentance. They were not a manifestation of the proverbial German respect for authority shown to the President of the United States. They were the logical product of a long campaign of political agitation and education, culminating in a period of chastening national misfortune.

II

More particularly since the Reichstag peace resolution of July, 1917, the German nation has seemed to an outsider, watching it through the windows of its press, like a strong man writhing in his chains. It would confuse the picture with too much detail to recount the series of rapidly succeeding incidents which convey this impression. The *Vossische Zeitung* recently said: 'If a nation becomes accustomed to regard constantly recurring crises as a

normal aspect of its political life, it is reaching a time when it is too callous to take energetic measures to avoid more serious catastrophes.' All too prophetic words!

The disintegration of Germany's political morale was hastened by the breakdown of the autocratic administrative machinery. The most vital interest of the common citizen was in the equitable distribution of food. But a government inspired by the caste spirit cannot apportion the public's resources justly. Both the German and the Austrian food-administrations failed less through inadequate supplies than through inability to treat rich and poor, powerful and weak, alike. While the privileged classes in the Prussian and Hungarian parliaments were denying equal suffrage to the voters, the same classes, in their capacity as landlords, were refusing equal rations to the people. In an appeal to its members for franchise reform, the Social-Democratic party said: 'Only by a resolute struggle against the pernicious spirit of a privileged caste, which swears by a policy of force abroad and clings to its anti-social privileges at home, can the people attain the rights that have been promised them.' In a petition to the Prussian food-administration, it cautioned: 'There is no doubt that we are facing a condition which must prove fatal, if the government is not resolved to break finally with the policy of favoring the interests of the producer to the prejudice of the vital needs of the people at large.'

In our admiration for the efficiency of Germany's military machine, and in an uncritical acceptance of Germany's own accounts of its administrative superiority, Americans have at times been inclined to concede that an autocracy, considered solely as a method of government, was more efficient than a democracy. The test of war has gone

far to disprove this view in both England and the United States. Germany has shown indications of a situation resembling that in Russia between the revolutions of 1905 and 1917. The State-of-Siege Act, which was enforced throughout Germany from 1914 until last month, subordinated the police powers and certain judicial and administrative powers of the civil authorities to those of local military commanders. The latter assumed functions beyond the visible intent of the act, and exercised them with satrapic disregard for the supremacy of law over official caprice. To illustrate this by a single example — the discussion of the proposed franchise-reform law in Prussia was forbidden in some towns, while it was permitted in neighboring towns which chanced to be in another military district. A man might be arrested and imprisoned for advocating equal suffrage at one end of a trolley-line, and permitted to argue himself hoarse in its favor within the next nickel-fare limit.

Equally inconsistent was the treatment of the press. This treatment was liberal or the reverse according to the aspect under which it is considered. On the whole, German newspapers have discussed war-issues more objectively than those of America. The Pro-German Stockholm *Aftonbladet* is perhaps a dubious witness, and the view it presents is one-sided; but there is a degree of truth in its comment that,—

A person who reads the German, French, and English newspapers must note that during the war the German press has enjoyed almost anarchic freedom in discussing foreign affairs, while the press of the Entente has been bound down as rigidly as Prometheus to the rock. To illustrate this by one of the most obvious examples, the German press has regularly published the official army reports of the hostile countries, and still publishes them. No German army report has ever been published un mutilated

in France since the war began. The English either publish them or not, as they deem expedient. No German newspaper can get into France or England. Germany permits the entry of all foreign newspapers. . . . In the Entente countries one view of the situation reaches the public, and that is the view of the responsible officials. . . . Only absolutely trusted men are given access to the press or permission to address public meetings. This is done in England more cleverly than in France or America, but the result is the same. Consequently the English and French newspapers show a unity of policy that is imposing. When we turn to the German press, we meet the characteristic German tendency to split up into a thousand parties. Nearly every newspaper has several staff writers who deal with foreign topics, and each one has his particular private views on foreign problems. Every professor of public law and economics, every well-known journalist, or influential merchant, or politician, freely expresses his opinion. One nowhere finds that unity that prevails in the English and French press.

Nevertheless German newspapers frequently reach us with broad white patches, where articles have been deleted by the censor and the form printed without substituting other matter. When Secretary von Hintze, in addressing the Vienna journalists last September, spoke of the press of the Central Powers as free and of that of the Entente as controlled, some German papers professed to understand his statement as a joke. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* commented:—

We are following closely the articles published in the newspapers of the countries fighting us, and find no evidence that the Secretary's remark was justified. Particularly in England there has always been an independent and very outspoken press, which has not failed to publish views differing from those of the government, and which has directed wholesome criticism to political institutions and military orders during the war. We frankly envy those

papers their ability to do this, not primarily out of selfish motives, but in the common interest of Germany and our cause. The wild ranting and the violent abuse in the enemy press — a tone which we have been fortunate enough to escape for the most part in Germany — is presumably not due to the instigation of the Entente governments, but is merely an ugly manifestation of national hysteria.

One feels that the Germans are not natural team-workers, and that this may explain in part their failure to attain a higher degree of political liberty. It has taken the compulsion of unsuccessful war to drive them to revolution, and unless they learn to subordinate individual opinion to public opinion, as we do in America, — thus attaining the 'unity of policy that is imposing,' — the period of unsettled conditions in their country may be indefinitely prolonged.

Professor Delbrück, in discussing the recent parliamentary reforms in Germany, writes, 'The fact that our Reichstag has not governed like the English Parliament was due not so much to constitutional provisions as to the fact that the Reichstag, since its organization in 1867, has never had a united majority. This made it possible for the administration to follow very much its own course by constructing majorities according to its needs from different minority groups. Indeed, it not infrequently happened that the government worked with two different majorities at the same time.'

Traveled Americans will recall what seem to us inconsistencies in Germany — autocratic institutions, reverence for caste, implicit obedience to authority, hand in hand with democratic social customs and radical social theories. Germany was the land not only of a divine-right Kaiser and his Junkers, but of Karl Marx and his followers. The issue between democracy and autocracy

cuts deeper there than in America, because the government performs so many more functions than our own. In a highly socialized nation political administration affects the working classes more intimately than with us. Democratization means to the Germans, not only a step toward the rule of the people, but possibly a step toward the rule of the proletariat.

Most Americans are living in innocent obliviousness of facts which are infinitely portentous to Europeans — of the deep, shuddering stir of social revolution. The red flag is already flying in Germany, and that means more than either a political or a national movement. It means class-war and internationalism. The empire that was of the Tsars may have collapsed as a kingdom of material power, but it has vastly extended its boundaries and made far-reaching conquests and annexations as a kingdom of social ideals. Its new subjects are not only among the poor and the ignorant, but also among the multiplied proletariat of the educated which the war has created. We think of Russia — with sufficient reason — as a land of anarchy and famine, of the red terror and the dictatorship of the unfit. The nominal supremacy of the Bolsheviki may be short-lived. Yet to almost every laborer and mechanic in Europe Russia stands for something which few of us comprehend. It is to the present generation of the European masses what America was to liberty-seeking Europe in the days of our fathers.

The classes which have ruled Germany hitherto feared this new movement intensely. They appreciated vividly how real and imminent a peril — for they saw it only as a peril — Russia's example presented to bankrupt and famished Europe. It is just the same peril to Italy and Spain, and possibly to France, that it is to Ger-

many and Austria. There are men of all tongues and birthplaces in the Bolshevik ranks. With the inconsistent opportunism characteristic of such a palace régime as controlled Germany during the war, the powers-that-were in that country alternately flirted with and betrayed the Bolshevik dictators at Moscow. With feverish concern they erected a protective zone of property-sacred states between their own territories and the infected area of revolutionary Socialism; but they maintained a peace with the Bolsheviki which the latter termed 'an armed truce.'

A cartoon has gone the rounds in Germany, representing the Russian border countries with a sign bearing the inscription, 'German princes unloaded here.' With the obtuseness of the unteachable, the Kaiser and his entourage plotted and planned the erection of a ring of thronelets occupied by German princelings, from Finland to Poland and beyond. Scheidemann protested vehemently in *Vorwärts*, that the fact that such a thing was possible was 'scandalous'; and the liberal press was equally outspoken in its objections. The people at large in Germany did not want to see these little monarchies set up by their government. That was one reason why they turned against their recent rulers. They would not indorse a policy which committed the nation to spilling German blood in defense of dynastic interests in foreign countries.

However, these states were created, not only to promote monarchy as a form of government, but to protect the great landlords from an agrarian revolution and to isolate so far as possible the infection of communism and nationalized production which had established a virulent focus in ancient Russia. Even the indifference with which the Central Powers permitted their vanquished enemy, Roumania, to annex new territories in Bessarabia, was

due partly to the consideration that the land-confiscating peasantry of the latter province would be held in check by the manor-holding boyars of the former country — just as the hostile King of Roumania was allowed to retain his throne in spite of popular protest in both Germany and Austria, partly because, — as a private emissary of Emperor Charles told him, — ‘We kings must stand together.’

However, there is a new current cutting directly across the drift toward social revolution in eastern Europe. That is nationalism in its intensely active nascent state — a movement not wholly reconcilable with the internationalist basis of the class-struggle. Though peoples representing ancient kingdoms and vanished dreams of empire, like the Poles and Ukrainians and Lithuanians, are in one sense by no means nascent, their rebirth is accompanied by phenomena of new nations — the aggressive self-assertion which has been tragically illustrated by the new German Empire itself. Europe will be fortunate if it escapes a long series of petty wars, or near wars, arising out of the conflicting historic, ethnographic, economic, religious, and political claims of these new nationalities.

However, although nationalism is in important aspects anti-Socialist and Socialism is international; and although the new nationalism is manifesting itself most actively in the industrially less developed parts of Europe, — in the Balkans, Slavic Austria, distant Caucasus, and along Germany’s eastern borders, — none the less this nationalist movement is transfused with Bolshevik ideals and sympathies.

The latter fact is due to the land question. Most of these countries are regions where large landholdings prevail. This is not entirely so in the Balkans and Slavic Austria, or in the Baltic Provinces and Finland. But the land-

less class is large enough even there to afford recruits for a strong radical movement. Finland would have a social-democratic government in all probability to-day, had not German troops interfered to suppress it; and the soul of the Finnish social revolutionary agitation is the landless peasantry. Analogous conditions exist throughout the Baltic provinces. A letter in a Berlin paper, dated Moscow, in mid-September, reports a recent conversation with an old Pole, intimate with the country people, during a railway journey through Poland. He said, —

The peasant keeps his own counsel, but he is angered almost beyond control by the occupying authorities [the Germans], who compel him to deliver his produce to them for a price he regards as out of all proportion less than he could get in the open market. His hatred of his own wealthier countrymen is no less bitter. The example of Russia has increased the normal hatred of the peasant for his landlord to a veritable fury. Moreover, he now reproaches the Polish upper classes with taking refuge under the wing of the Germans, profiting by their favor, and joining them in exploiting the peasants.

Abundant evidence exists in the German papers that exactly the same sentiment prevails throughout Ukraine and Roumania. It even extends to Bosnia, where the hereditary tenants have long been restless. In fact, the large landholdings have been actually divided among the peasants without compensation in Bessarabia, and the King is behind a new land law for old Roumania. For weeks before the collapse of the Bulgarian army, according to German reports, the cars on the trains carrying supplies to the troops at the front were inscribed with Bolshevik propaganda. Long before they had received recognition as belligerents, the Czechs were divided into a Conservative and a Socialist group, that intrigued against each

other at Prague, Paris, Petrograd, and Kieff, and the Socialists — not to be confused with the Bolsheviki in this instance — won the leadership of the movement.

The Bolshevik army in Russia and Siberia is international. We hear of large numbers of war prisoners from Germany and Austria among them. The German papers estimate that in some places former subjects of the Central Powers constitute one fourth of the Bolshevik forces. But these Germans and Hungarians, and occasional Slavs, are not fighting for the Kaiser. They have become citizens of the Soviet Republic, and are internationalists whose only banner is the red one.

Americans should keep in mind that the most liberal political institutions may accompany what the Social-Democrats regard as dire reaction. America is by no means a land of liberty in the eyes of these men. Last January the Finns, though they enjoyed complete independence under a constitution even more democratic than our own, inaugurated one of the bloodiest revolutions that has ever occurred in Europe.

Again, the revolt in the army and navy of the Central Powers means more than a political and social movement. It contains an element of vengeance for past abuses. To cite one mild example. An Austrian soldier, after long service on the Italian front, recently was granted a short furlough to visit his family in Galicia, which required a railway journey of several days, as trains were running then in Austria. He had nearly reached his destination when he was forced to leave the crowded train — he and six other soldiers — and to wait at a way-station for twenty-four hours, because the compartment was wanted by an orderly with a great quantity of luggage belonging to an officer.

Yet it would not do to assume that the revolution in Germany will take a course even remotely resembling that in Russia. The nationalization of production will come pretty rapidly under a real Social-Democratic government. Captains of industry and the present bureaucracy will be ready to coöperate in that movement.

Moreover, there are significant indications of ideal ethical motives behind the transformation in Germany. The liberal elements of the nation, at least, — and they constitute a vast numerical majority, — are by no means callous to the charges of moral obliquity brought against their government. Social-Democrats use these charges to support their policies. At a recent mass meeting near Essen one of the Reichstag members said, —

‘It is the Social-Democracy which will free the German nation forever from every possibility of double-dealing, from every blot of doubtful character. . . . The German nation is an honorable nation, and it should have an honorable government. . . . We shall enter the new community of nations with purged hearts and without guile, with the honest conviction that we may benefit humanity by our presence. If we attain that, and I believe it is attainable, the world will begin again to acquire confidence in the German nation, and this fearful war will not have been in vain for our countrymen.’

The story of the quiet revolution which was going on through late September and early October — for the revolution began before its outward manifestations were observed in this country — will be a most interesting chapter in some future history. And in that revolution an unexpected, and perhaps unintended, voice from America helped the reformers at an opportune moment. President Wilson’s Liberty Loan speech upon a League of

Nations, at New York, delivered on September 27, was not reported in full in Germany until nearly a week later. It created a profound impression; for it chanced, by a stroke of fortune that could have hardly been foreseen, to fill the need of the movement. *Vorwärts* merely echoed the sentiment expressed by the radical and liberal press in general, when it said, —

In order to judge this address rightly, we must consider that it is delivered by a statesman who feels himself on the crest of military victory. We must in all justice admit that the former rulers of the German Em-

pire have used a very different tone in similar periods of good fortune. Wilson does not speak of a severe peace to be imposed upon his enemies. We are prudent enough to add that this may show his political shrewdness more than his good intention; and that it does not prove at all his ability to impose his views upon his allies. After four years of frightful warfare has alienated nations, no statesman can melt away the ice of mutual distrust and hatred by the mere fervor of his eloquence. But this much we may say: If the path which Wilson points out is actually open, then the German people, in its new government, will not hesitate one moment to take that path.

ON THE EVENING OF THE NEW DAY

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

A PRINTED page containing the most familiar words becomes unintelligible if there is no punctuation or spacing to indicate where a sentence or paragraph begins or ends. The eye wanders over the monotonous wilderness of letters, through which there is no path by which reason may travel. In trying to take all in at once, we comprehend nothing. And the sequence of events is equally unintelligible, unless we have some way of punctuating time. History is an endless maze of unrelated happenings, until we divide it up into brief portions in which we discern a certain unity of purpose. He who would attempt to expound the meaning of what takes place must follow the example of the preacher, and announce plainly,

‘Here beginneth the first lesson’; and he must be equally circumstantial in declaring in due time, ‘Here endeth the first lesson.’

Of course he knows that in another and in a cosmic sense there is no ending and there is no beginning to the stream of Time. But for our purpose of understanding, we must divide time into portions which our minds can grasp. We talk of the beginning and end of an era, and adjust our minds to the peculiar task which each era presents.

We are all conscious that we are living through one of those critical times which will be marked in history as epoch-making. The world will not be the same as that with which we were familiar before the war.

But when does the new era begin? There are many persons waiting in a

more or less skeptical attitude for its formal inauguration. During the war they refused to think of anything else but the grim contest itself. There was nothing to do but to 'carry on.' And now that hostilities have ended as suddenly as they began, they still see nothing but confusion. The war has ceased, but the new order has not yet arisen. These idealists who look for a new era find it difficult to believe that it has already come. Civilization seems to them to be in a bad way, and in dealing with it they assume what the old-fashioned family physician used to call 'a good bedside manner.' Such people look regretfully to the past, and apprehensively at the immediate present. They do not realize that the course of events has already outrun their hopes.

When does a day begin? Different nations have had their own methods of punctuating time. Our calendar follows the Romans in beginning the day at midnight; for all practical purposes we reckon it from sunrise to sunrise. The Athenians and the Hebrews, however, began their new day at sunset. In the story of creation we are told, 'And the evening and the morning were the first day.'

This Hebrew habit of beginning the day at sunset has survived even to our own time in regard to the day of rest. The whole significance of Burns's 'Cotter's Saturday Night' is lost if we forget that to the Scotch Presbyterian Saturday night was a part of the Sabbath. The week's cares were thrown aside when the peasant saw, in the evening shadows, the beginning of the Lord's Day.

I remember hearing Henry Ward Beecher tell of his experience as a boy, to whom the Puritan Sabbath was a tiresome interlude between days of glorious play. With his brothers he would stand on a hilltop in Litchfield to watch

the sun go down. When it sank, there would go up a joyous shout, and life would begin again with all its pleasant intensity. And from the parsonage Lyman Beecher would emerge to join their sports.

Small boys always begin their holidays 'the night before.' They know that the glorious Fourth of July is, and of right ought to be, in full blast at least twelve hours before their elders are ready for the first firecracker; and Christmas Eve is rightly conceived as an integral part of Christmas Day.

The fact is that all creative days begin in the evening, and creative spirits always anticipate the course of events. They do not wait for the *dawn* of a new era. They resolutely begin the new era at the moment when they see that the old era has ended. The darkness gathers, but it is a time, not for vain repining over that which has passed away, but for eager planning for that which must take its place. There is a quick transfer of interests to new problems which relate themselves to the new period.

The triumph of good health is in the merging of the preceding evening into the day for which it is the preparation. How hearty is the Shakespearean greeting, 'Good-night till it be morrow.' There is no appreciable interval between good-night and good-morrow.

Milton's shepherd, in *Lycidas*, sang his plaintive lay till the sun sank behind the western hills, and then

... he twitched his mantle blue
To-morrow for fresh woods and pastures new.

This buoyancy of spirit which dwells confidently in the morrow, even before the dawn has come, is natural to Americans. It is a part of the national temperament. It has been developed through contact with the vast resources of a continent which has yielded its treasures to adventurous industry.

It was this spirit, dominant in time of peace, which manifested itself when the nation entered into the stern business of war. It was not readily understood by those more familiar with European than with American habits of thought and feeling. They feared that the masses of the people might be the victims of their too easy faith in 'manifest destiny.' Their will to win and their ability to endure might be impaired by their confidence that final victory was inevitable. In their anxiety to improve the morale of the people, the directors of opinion were tempted to appeal to motives of fear or political hatred. They sometimes prophesied dire things, or scolded over national shortcomings. They betrayed a nervous anxiety lest America might not awake.

In the meantime, the real America had awakened, but in its own way. It had awakened, not as a neurasthenic awakes to a vague and benumbing sense of helplessness in the presence of disaster, but as a strong man awakes to the magnitude of his necessary work.

When America entered the war, it was with no intention of restoring the *status quo ante bellum*. The enormous sacrifices involved could be justified only by creating conditions under which such a tragedy as the world was experiencing could not be repeated. To win the war meant more than the defeat of the Hohenzollerns. The Kaiser stood in the same relation to the world-conflagration in which Mrs. O'Leary's cow stood to the Chicago fire. He had kicked over the lamp — that was all. When this conflagration is over, said the common-sense American, we must have a fireproof or, at least, a slow-burning civilization.

Whoever during the past four years has had the privilege of addressing popular audiences on the problems of war and peace must have noticed that

the effective appeal has never been to war-lust or fear, but to the common sense of people who had accepted their responsibility for a reorganization of the world along the lines of democratic freedom. Autocracy had been tried and found wanting. The Tsar and the Kaiser were anachronisms and must get out of the way. There was also the acceptance of the fact that nationalism in the old restricted sense had had its day. The nation must acknowledge its obligation to a new international order.

The power of President Wilson comes from the fact that he voices the aspirations of great masses of the people rather than the interests of any political party or social group. The people have not waited for statesmen to tell them what to do next. While the war was still undecided, they had determined the kind of peace that must follow. They had already begun to work along new lines. They had seized the moral initiative, and are not likely to relinquish it.

II

The historian, when he tells the story of the beginning of the new era, will tell of the way in which America, caught unprepared for war, had in feverish haste to organize and equip armies on a scale before undreamed of. This great achievement was rendered possible only because the Allied fleets and armies stood between her and her foes. America had to do in a year what Germany had methodically accomplished in a generation.

But even if there was unpreparedness in a strictly military sense, there was a preparedness of another kind which was one of the great surprises of the war. Prussia had been organizing for war. America had, with equal intensity, been organizing for peace. Practical idealists, with the equipment of

modern science, had been transforming commerce, agriculture, manufacture, education, philanthropy. New standards of efficiency had been recognized. Coöperation had been preached. Religion itself was being reorganized, and the churches, ashamed of being considered refuges from the evil of the world, were becoming centres of spiritual industry. American big business was being touched with idealism, and it was coming to be seen that the biggest business for big men was to make the world a fit place for human beings to live in. And men and women, big of brain and of heart, were undertaking the job. They were no longer open to the taunt which the furies in Shelley's poem hurled at the timid good: —

They dare not devise good for all mankind,
And yet they know not that they do not dare.

The daring pioneers of the new era were busy devising good for the twentieth century. In the midst of their altruistic dreams, the war came. For a moment they were stunned, as it seemed that the world was reeling back into the abyss of utter barbarism. But quickly they rallied and found in the sudden crisis the opportunity to do, in a large and thorough way, and with the power of great masses, what they had been attempting through small experiments. They saw that the day of small things was over, and that the big things now were the practicable things.

The one thing which these people of the new era had in common was their intolerance of what are called necessary evils. They had studied these evils in their origin and growth, and had convinced themselves that most of them were preventable. They existed only because we had been too lazy and selfish to deal with them in a large, effective, public way. They began to address the conscience in a new tone of authority derived from first-hand information.

Their definition of sin had a more than Puritanic severity. Sin is a preventable evil, cheerfully and piously accepted and acquiesced in. Righteousness is the courageous and skilful coöperation with others to discover and abolish unnecessary evils.

The men of the new era had been convinced that among the unnecessary evils which must be abolished was war itself. As a mode of settling international disputes, it had been discredited. The invention of new instruments of destruction made it too horrible to endure. The only question was how to get rid of it. The appeal to reason had already been made. Then came the tremendous onslaught of Prussian militarism, with its brutal negation of all moral ideals. It was seen at once that all talk of peace was idle so long as this menace existed. Those peace-makers who were not sentimentalists quickly realized the nature of the emergency. In the most literal sense they must engage in a war against war.

While upon the battle-lines of Europe the Allied armies were pressing for a military decision, there was another army at home and in the camps pressing for a moral decision. It was an army of trained social workers, equipped with modern knowledge, and determined that the true ends of the warfare should be gained. They were intelligently organized to counteract as far as possible the evils which hitherto had followed in the train of war.

What have been the natural consequences of past wars, even those which have been waged for the holiest causes? Camp diseases have been accepted as acts of God. Often more soldiers have died of disease than of wounds. Gross immorality on the part of hosts of young men released from the restraints of home has been acquiesced in as a part of the price the nation pays for its military triumph. At home we must

resign ourselves to a state of general demoralization which will last for years after the war. There must inevitably be financial irregularities, shameless profiteering, a lowering of family standards, labor unrest, an increase of juvenile delinquency, and the vast, silent misery of those whose breadwinners have sacrificed themselves for their country.

It has always been so. The glory of war is for the few, but the multitudes who have borne the misery have been forgotten. These maimed and ruined little people of the world stand by the wayside murmuring, 'Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?' And the great ones of the earth answer coldly, 'It is nothing. The country and the cause are saved; nothing else matters.' Did not Napoleon, when the remnants of the Grand Army strewed the snowy roads of Russia, send back the complacent message, 'The Emperor's health is good'?

But the men of the new era declared that, while necessary suffering must be accepted as the legitimate price of victory, we must not acquiesce in unnecessary suffering, and we must put the same degree of energy and skill into the work of prevention that we put into every other part of the conduct of the war. To accept these evils without a struggle is to acknowledge ourselves to be defeatists. These domestic evils and this vast moral misery are no more part of the price than gangrene is the price of heroic surgery. Gangrene after the operation is only an evidence of the ignorance and incompetence of the surgeon. The leaders of the new America were determined that, if there must be war, it should be a clean war carried on under antiseptic conditions.

III

I have emphasized the fact that we have already entered upon a new period

in the world's history, for only in the appreciation of the newness of the organizations that need our help can we do our part effectively. It was no new thing for kind-hearted people to do what they could to alleviate the horrors of war. The new thing is that the nation itself organized this work, and demanded our full coöperation as a part of our patriotic duty. It was resolved not to wait till the end of the war before it began the work of reconstruction. It said to every one of us, 'Let us begin now.' In order that we might waste no time, it provided, what had never been done before, an army of trained leaders to direct the effort of volunteers.

In the New Testament parable the idlers in the market-place apologized for their idleness by saying, 'No man hath hired us.' The United States Government was determined that no citizen might justly offer that excuse. If you wished to be of service, you were shown something useful that you could do. There was a job for everyone. And the jobs that were offered us were not merely 'for the duration of the war.' A new phrase was used in official announcements: 'for the duration of the emergency.'

We now see that the emergency does not necessarily end with the war. The nation has risen to a new sense of its responsibility for its defenders. The welfare of the returned soldier and his family must not be left to chance. The community to which he returns must be made fit for him to live in. Thus have 'war-aims' been broadened till they become plans for a new society.

One can see all this by studying the work of a great organization like the American Red Cross. It has been dealing with the emergencies created by the Great War, but it has been content with no temporary makeshifts. One feels that he is watching the beginning of a new and ordered national life. What

a multitude of new activities, directed by expert intelligence! It is the effective organization of the goodwill of the community.

Not the least of its functions is to save patriotism from going to waste in mere jingoistic sentiment. It gives definite direction to the citizen who longs to serve his country. The soldier at the front knows that he is doing his duty; but how can one who must stay at home serve the common cause? His only idea of service is apt to be vague and imitative.

I came across the works of one of the 'New Poets' of a former generation, which reminds me of the state of mind into which many people fall when trying to reach an exalted state of feeling through the process of imitation. James Eliot, the bard of Guildford, Vermont, published in 1797 a little volume which contains lines written in Marietta, Ohio, in praise of that infant settlement. The poet begins thus: —

Hail, Queen of Rivers, Hail, Columbian Nile,
Along thy beauteous bank I freely roam
And view your cloud-capped mountains which
awhile

Will yet seclude me from my native home.
Stupendous monument of power divine,
The muse explores thy solitary height,
By fancy led thy craggy cliffs to climb,
And then to Orient realms extend thy flight.

The reader wonders why he did not see those craggy cliffs and cloud-capped mountains when he visited Marietta. But Eliot, who was a truthful soul though poetic, explains in a footnote that, though these heights were not actually visible from Marietta, he felt justified in putting them in as enhancing the beauty of his verses.

As the would-be poet was enraptured by the grandeur of mountains that were not there, and was oblivious to the beauties of the real Marietta, so it is possible for the patriot, in his contemplation of imaginative duties, to

fail to perform those that really belong to him. He is ready for heroics, and he would scale the 'toppling crags of Duty,' if he could find them. In the meantime a multitude of prosaic things needs to be done. He is likely to be oblivious to these things unless they are pointed out to him, and he is shown their relation to a great heroic end.

Now this is precisely what has been done during the Great War. The ordinary citizen has had his duty brought home to him and presented realistically. That is the meaning of Home Service. It is the organization of forces which have heretofore been wasted. It has been far-reaching in its scope and yet intimate in its appeal. It has brought into action a vast army of volunteer workers, who have submitted to discipline under trained leaders.

The individual who had hitherto been thinking in terms of his personal interest or local pride is made to feel that he is a part of a great nation and must subordinate everything to the nation's welfare. He learns to say 'we,' and to give the word a larger meaning than he had ever done before. Taking up a modest task, he has felt the thrill that comes to the soldier when he enlists in the army. The necessary routine is lifted out of its pettiness by the greatness of its purpose. During this war hundreds of thousands of persons have for the first time learned the joy and the power of coöperative effort.

When we think of the new day that is at hand, we speak of the return of the young soldiers and of the effect of their experience. But we must also think of the experience gained by the millions who have not crossed the seas, but who have not been idle spectators of the conflict. You may meet them in every village of the land. They are people of the new era. They have learned lessons in war-time which are to be applied in the years to come.

Here are no non-combatant critics, no easy-chair strategists. These people know how difficult and vast the work is, and they have an instinctive sympathy with those who are in places of authority and responsibility. They measure everything by the actual results. If they are discouraged, they keep the fact to themselves. They speak and act cheerfully because they know that cheerfulness is a power, and fretfulness a contagious disease. To be petulant is a kind of sabotage. It is to put sand in the delicate machinery.

And there are personal jealousies, and petty ambitions, that are tabooed by members of this fellowship of patriotic duty. They have learned that when a committee is appointed to do a work, it is criminal to spend precious time and nervous energy in ministering to the egotism of some member of the committee. There is something important to be done. It is of no consequence who does it, or who gets the credit.

Every group of war-workers has been a school for the study and practice of voluntary coöperation. Here, on the evening of the new day, people have been preparing for the larger and happier work to follow. As they have been working together, they have been thinking together — thinking perhaps more than they have been talking. They have been learning from their own mistakes. One might compile a list of 'Don'ts.' But perhaps the most effective would be, not the didactic 'don't' of warning, but the 'don't' of interrogation. The appeal is to the experience of the great army of patriotic workers.

Don't you see the opportunity for a new and better civilization which may take the place of that which has been so sadly shattered?

Don't you see that Anarchy is as grave a peril as that of Prussian militarism, and that, to escape it, the free

nations must have wisdom and prudence as well as warlike courage?

Don't you see that what has to be done has to be done quickly, and that the deliberation which is right in quiet days must in times of revolution give way to quick and sure decisions, loyally carried out?

Don't you see that personal and local considerations have to be subordinated to national and international policy?

Don't you see that the future is to be determined, not by the wise and prudent persons who, detached from the present struggle, *wait* for the Future? It is to be determined by the people who bravely and cheerfully and skillfully are dealing with each crisis as it arises, in the light of great ideals.

Mathew Arnold, in a mood of academic despondency, wrote of an age of transition, —

Achilles ponders in his tent,
The kings of modern thought are dumb.
Silent they stand, but not content,
And wait to see the Future come.

There may be some ex-kings of thought who to-day assume this attitude of skeptical detachment. They are the lost leaders, and the great army of liberated humanity sweeps by them. Achilles in his tent was not pondering over the greater issues of the war; he was sulking over a private grievance. He was no more admirable than when dragging the dead body of his adversary around the walls of Troy. The fact was that, in spite of the fable of his admirers, the weak point of Achilles was not in his heel but in his head.

The people who are doing the constructive thinking have not, during the war, been pondering in their tents, nor are they now thirsting for revenge. They have been too busy. They are not waiting to see the Future come. The great era has already been well begun, and they know it.

FREEDOM OF THE SEAS AND OUR MERCHANT MARINE

BY BERNARD N. BAKER

I

FREEDOM of the Seas means the control of a merchant marine by the allied nations of the world, in such wise as not to cripple the operation of the merchant marine of any single nation.

This, in a word, is my conception of the meaning of the phrase to which I am invited to address myself. It has been the dream of my life, and its fulfillment would mean a life's work accomplished. Wherefore, if I can help, in the smallest degree, to bring about a clear and definite understanding of what I believe to be the right and proper development of the future in the great work of bringing closer the hour when the Brotherhood of Man shall in very truth reach 'Hands across the Sea,' then I shall feel that my declining years have been my best years.

For the first time since 1860, our country now has, constructed and under construction, the largest proportion that it has had for the last fifty years, of the total merchant-marine tonnage of the world.

Unfortunately, of this tonnage not more than fifty per cent will be available as profitable commercial tonnage at the termination of this war.

The important question now is, what should be done, — and what should be done immediately, — to secure the best possible results for the future of our country in this important transportation matter?

I believe with a conviction founded upon a life's work in the upbuilding of our over-seas service that the freedom of the seas will be realized when a maritime league of nations has been formed, and has behind it the mighty force of an international determination that commerce, industry, and peace shall rule the world.

It is proper that, in the formation of such a league, the United States should take the lead. This country has declared for world-wide democracy, and stands definitely for justice and equity for all people and all nations. We believe that the motto, 'United we stand, divided we fall,' is based upon a foundation as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar; and the establishment of a maritime league of nations is a task to which our country could consecrate herself with entire consistency.

The initial step toward the formation of such a league should be taken by the President, who should issue an invitation to all of the maritime powers of the world to send their representatives to an international conference, for the purpose of concerted action to insure the literal freedom of the seas, — by force, if necessary, — and of establishing such a court of arbitration of foreign transportation interests as would be just and fair between all countries.

One of the most important obligations falling upon such a court would be the division of tonnage upon a fair and equitable basis, each nation to

share according to its need and condition.

To accomplish this, the United States might have to give up some of its cherished ideals. We could not expect to secure and hold all the business of the maritime world. We should be called upon to remember, as other nations would be called upon to remember, that the life of all is bound up irrevocably in the life of each; and, strange as the suggestion sounds with the roar of battle still echoing in our ears, we and the other participating countries would be reminded that the Golden Rule may still be applied as a sound business principle.

It must be remembered that reciprocity is still the life of trade. There must be no 'dead bottoms.' If England has need of the products of Argentina and the United States has not, and if England has as good facilities for exporting to Argentina the things that Argentina requires, then England must be allotted her share, or more, of the Argentina trade, that her bottoms may be filled both ways. Otherwise the United States sends her exports to Argentina, and her ships return empty, because she has no need for the Argentine exports; and Argentina is soon 'milked dry.'

It should be the duty of the Maritime League of Nations to discuss such complications as arise, to equalize exports, imports, and transports; to direct the placing of ships where they may accomplish the greatest results; to standardize operation, speed, and general conditions existing in the different countries forming the League.

In no sense would I have the League a combination of business interests; nor must it, if it is to attain its splendid ultimate aim, be permitted to displace private enterprise or initiative. The greater the efficiency shown in the operation of the ships by the company or

individuals in control, the greater the stimulation and the greater the earnings. Courtesy and consideration for the shipper would lead to certain emulation, and to the strengthening of the tie which would very soon, in my opinion, insolubly bind the League and the public.

Again, in considering the cost of manning the ships, the League would take into consideration the problems of the different nations, together with their laws, rules, and regulations relative to the operation of ships and ports and harbors. In this country, for instance, our tonnage-cost is double that of other nations. Insurance and interest on capital require greater earnings. Our shipping built during the war cost \$300 per ton to build, as against about \$100 before the war. This difference must be taken care of by taxation, or we cannot compete with other nations which have built at a lower cost. Compensation laws must be passed, to protect the seaman and relieve in every way the burden upon the operator. Wages must be equalized. We must put ourselves in a position to compete with Japan and other nations whose requirements are much less stringent than ours. These are big problems, but they must and can be met. However, they are somewhat beside the argument for the present, and should be treated in a separate article.

To insure the success of this Maritime League, it must have plenty of force behind it. A policeman on a dangerous and unfamiliar beat goes well armed. The League must be closely guarded by the leading naval powers of the world, which must represent the larger part of the naval armament of the world. Force must control the Freedom of the Seas when force is necessary, but it must be a coöperative force, which will be constantly in a position to compel belligerent nations

to adjust their differences, or else isolate them from contact with all other countries.

As the League waxed strong, it would gradually become possible to reduce navies and armaments; but pending such a happy result, I would have this country go forward as rapidly as possible with its naval programme, so that our 'big stick' may be the more effective, and we may be in a position to give good reason why other countries still outside the protection of the Maritime League should join us. We have already suffered much because of lack of equipment. We must be ready. We must never again find ourselves in the position we occupied during the war just ended, when, without the transports of Great Britain, the day would have been lost.

That a maritime international league is not an iridescent dream, but a practical possibility has already been demonstrated in the amalgamation of steamship interests, both north and south, in the so-called Continental Pool, into which melting-pot was poured, not only tonnage, but everything pertaining to the requirements of the participating companies — rates, regulations, and what not?

The result was the most satisfactory working out of the problems and complications which had arisen between the several companies represented in the pool. After an investigation the British Parliament decided that it would be unwise to destroy the agreements, as they were beneficial to all the interests concerned. The opinion of our own investigating committee, headed by Honorable Joshua W. Alexander, was that, properly regulated, such an arrangement would be of advantage to shippers and receivers of cargoes and to passenger facilities alike. If a privately conducted experiment proved so successful, may we not reasonably

look for complete success under international espionage?

For the maintenance of a successful merchant marine we must have a sufficient tonnage of a class to compete with the rest of the world. This I believe to be the most important reconstruction question to be considered, and one that should be taken up immediately, and acted upon promptly.

We must build a class of ships which can be operated economically. The ship of the future, for successful operation, must be built of steel, must be of at least 10,000 tons dead-weight capacity, and must develop a speed of sixteen knots. In fairness and justice, contracts for the construction of all other ships falling below these minimum requirements should be immediately canceled.

II

Now let us look at the question, fairly and justly, without bias, of our own position in the world's merchant marine. At the end of 1919, if the present construction of large, profitable merchant ships is continued, we shall have a very large percentage of the facilities for controlling foreign water-borne commerce, not only of our own country, but of a large part of the world.

Let us not deceive ourselves, but look frankly at the question whether we, as citizens of the United States, are in a position to man and equip a very large percentage of the facilities of water-transportation. A large proportion of the population of the United States is not in any sense, or by natural affiliations, maritime-loving. Our vast interior territory, with its opportunities for development, especially those which will come as the results of reconstruction to follow the war, will occupy our labor elements fully and profitably, and at far better compensation than could possibly be had on the sea.

The coast-line of our country, while very long, contains but a small percentage of our total population. A large proportion live and carry on their profitable occupations many miles from the coast-line. It is absolutely necessary that the toilers of the sea should know the sea, be associated with it, and live within the sound of the waves. Now we do not occupy this position.

The American boy is apt to find some position far inland, which offers him more in immediate return and future prospects than life before the mast; and yet, if he could be imbued with the vision; if he could be stirred with the lust of travel and adventure; if he could see the wide spaces and learn to love the call of the vast; if he could be made to see the romance of it all and the joy that comes from carrying his country's flag to be planted at the crossroads of the world, there would be no trouble in filling the ranks.

This will be a process of education, but first of all the service must be made attractive. Compensation, and opportunities for advancement and development, must be increased. The Royal Naval Reserve of Great Britain, which recognizes efficiency, pensions its officers, and permits enlisted men to attain rank up to that of sub-lieutenant, is good as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough for the American boy. The fact remains that we are to be a maritime nation at last, and the sooner the American boy of the country turns his eyes toward the sea and its possibilities, the sooner will he begin to realize upon this hitherto unrealized asset.

The triumph of the sea means more than the mere manning of ships. The trade is no longer that of the old 'A.B.' No longer do our ships come and go under sail, handmaidens of the vagrant winds. From a sentimental point of view, the old chanties of the seas are no more.

In place of these conditions of by-

gone days we have mechanical perfection; and the boy who is learning the seaman's trade is afforded a wonderful opportunity of acquiring a diversified education of great value. He is taught mechanics more thoroughly than is possible on land, for at sea there is no corner garage or genius of the forge at every hand. The heavens, too, are called upon to give up their astronomical secrets to this new tradesman of our coming merchant marine.

He no longer sings his 'heave ho!' as the sail is hoisted. Instead, he has at his command the most complete and intricate mechanism by means of which the ship is operated. There is a wide field, of construction, navigation, and operation before the young man who elects the sea for his alma mater: a field not limited to the old divisions of power, but open to the application of almost every possible electrical appliance.

The study of refrigeration is an attractive field for many, and the practicability of supplying at sea and in the tropics perishable goods heretofore absolutely unavailable is a favorite subject for inventor and student.

In a word, I am trying to point the way for the American youth to a new, delightful, and all but unexplored world. He cannot serve but to his own ultimate good. He travels and sees the world under happy auspices; he becomes acquainted with the ways and customs of other people, an education in itself; and yet, while acquiring this education, he is becoming expert in one or more of the master trades and familiar with world-conditions.

Better citizenship, a broader and more catholic outlook upon life, a furthering of the welfare of the world, an education unobtainable anywhere else — these and many other things should make their appeal to the intelligent, ambitious, progressive American youth of to-morrow when the call comes for

the manning of our merchant marine.

The United States is in the presence of a wonderful opportunity to assist profitably in the reconstruction work which must be done throughout Europe, and in supplying the materials necessary to bring about the rehabilitation. These opportunities will not increase our desire to take up seafaring. The result may well be, that we, having in our control an enormous amount of tonnage, acquired at such cost that the question of its operation will be far more complex than in a country developing its tonnage on a peace-time basis, may find it impossible to compete profitably with other nations, which, by environment and breeding, are far better fitted for a maritime life.

The question of insurance, depreciation, and, above all, the high wage-cost of manning and operating the ships, will make it practically impossible without government assistance by way of subsidies to compete successfully with many other countries and their merchant marines; yet we should at all times keep in operation a sufficient amount of tonnage under our own flag to give to our navy and army an auxiliary reserve of both men and tonnage of sufficient magnitude to meet any emergency.

But if such assistance is granted in the operation of our ships in competition with other nations, how long will it be before other countries will adopt the same policy? Result: a mad scramble and bitter competition for the carrying of the foreign commerce of the world. This will go on indefinitely and lead, as it has led in the past, to a decline of the merchant tonnage of the country least well equipped with ships to operate successfully in competition.

Now, by the formation and operation of a maritime league of nations, such as I have outlined, a division of tonnage — a fair and just division — among the nations of the world would prevent a sit-

uation of this kind, and cheat chaos of fresh victims. If the Maritime League of Nations, by agreement, equalizes any differences in the cost of operation and manning of ships controlled by the nations composing the League, and also agrees upon all laws and regulations governing maritime matters, the ghost is laid, and the commerce of the world is saved.

There should be from each nation represented in the Maritime League one member representing labor interests. Without labor, the whole structure would collapse and our motto, 'United we stand, divided we fall,' would be as a tinkling cymbal.

It is my firm belief that the creation of such a maritime league of nations would do more to prevent future wars than any other step that can be taken at this or at any time. The Freedom of the Seas! What a glorious consummation of our dreams! And if this country stands in the position of a naval power of the first class, fortified by agreement with other countries for the joint coöperation of all naval forces, the future peace of the world, and the Freedom of the Seas, would be absolutely controlled, and the hand of the blindfolded Goddess of Justice would be raised in benediction upon all the world.

In 1916, at the request of the Administration, I prepared a brochure under the title of *Ships*. This little book was sent to every member of Congress, and also to every member of the Administration in Washington. I cannot do better at this time than to quote from the opinions expressed in 1916: —

'There is one concluding idea which I feel impelled to submit. It is a proposal which, in my judgment, promises an enduring peace, not alone for us, but for all the nations of the world. I realize, of course, that this is a consummation upon which the greatest minds of

all peoples have dwelt. It has been the dream of centuries. It has been the supreme aspiration of mankind. And yet, the most appalling war of all time is now raging. It is with a measure of diffidence, therefore, that I suggest a peace-plan, when the failure of all that has gone before is so manifest. However, if in time of peace we should prepare for war, certainly in time of war we should prepare for peace.

'It is my firm belief that future wars can be prevented by absolute control of the world's foreign commerce; and by that is meant the world's water-borne commerce. It can be controlled only by two or more nations equipped with merchant and naval fleets powerful enough to force war-inclined nations to accept arbitration of their differences.

'All international peace-movements of the past have centred about a system of arbitration. They have been built upon the same theory as that on which rests the system of jurisprudence in effect wherever civil law is respected. The theory is sound. It is unassailable. It is the expression of right and justice between man and man, and should be applied with equal force between nation and nation.

'Unfortunately, this plan which we have so eloquently preached has failed in practice. And the failure, as every man knows, lies in the fact that the force necessary to make it effective has been lacking. There has been no means of compelling belligerent nations to submit their differences to a court of arbitration, and no power to compel them to accept the judgment of that court.

'Such power can be acquired only through control of the seas. It can be demonstrated only by command of maritime transportation, by the ability to isolate from the rest of the world any nation that may resort to arms.

'I believe that, when we have re-

sumed our place as a great sea-power, we can join with any other powers and form a union which will give us control of the ocean highways. When that end is achieved, and the confederated nations are irrevocably pledged to peace, the hope of all men will have become a reality.

'Since writing these lines, I have become more firmly convinced than ever that the present time, when the nations of the world are thoroughly awakened to the necessity of preventing a recurrence of such a horrible calamity as a world-war, affords the great opportunity for bringing about this result. The end of the war will see the control of commerce in the hands of the Allied nations. This, if properly safeguarded, will mean control for all time of the destinies of the world and the prevention of future wars. World-wars in the past have been mainly for the acquisition of territory or for the privilege of commercial control in certain regions. This war is no exception.

'The development of our merchant marine for war-time needs will afford us the necessary instrument for carrying out a programme for the prevention of future wars. To carry out this programme, the President should at once appoint a committee of men to lay the foundations for a maritime league of nations, which shall control an international mercantile marine. France, England, and Italy, have been engaging in shipbuilding on an extensive scale. These merchant fleets will be ready at hand after the war. If some plan of international coöperation could be worked out now, the danger of a great commercial war to follow the present military conflict would also be averted.'

These lines, written nearly three years ago, now need no change, and are even more vital and important at the present time.

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS ON TAKING SIDES

BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

SINCE the battle was clearly joined between the physical forces of good and evil in the world, there could be no question of the side on which the individual American, true to the ideals of his country, must stand. In the world-conflict between right and wrong, the right, as we have seen it in a reassuring certainty that our vision was true, has won. It was a simple matter to take sides in the great issue, and to plant one's self firmly on the side for which the stars in their courses were bound to fight. To stand anywhere else was but to court defeat and that worst condemnation which comes from within.

Yet, having thrown the whole strength of one's spirit into the struggle for the stupendous common cause, there was left, even up to the moment of its triumph, ample room for divisions and disagreements. The methods and instruments for achieving the victory could not have been the human things they are, and have given satisfaction to every participant in the fight and every witness of it. Even had these means been divine, it is conceivable that there is enough of the critical Job in each of us to have found occasions for complaint.

How, indeed, could it have been otherwise? Three persons before a cold fireplace arrive readily at a shivering unanimity of opinion that the fire must be lighted in it at once; but the one of them who strikes the match and pokes the logs may be perfectly certain that each of the others behind his back believes he could do it better and is re-

straining himself from saying so — if that be possible — only with the greatest difficulty. Multiply your three by any sufficient number, and your individual views become group views, party views, and the taking of sides with one or another group or party becomes as inevitable, and inexorable, as a law of nature.

There are many degrees in the manner of taking sides, covering the entire gamut from the furtive to the blatant. The character of the partisan may appear just as clearly in the quality of his partisanship as in the side he takes. The conservative, who would leave things alone, and the liberal, who tries to change them for the better, are respectively militant and gentle according to their individual natures. One is quite as likely to be a robustious, battle-sniffing person as the other; and this is just as true of private citizens as of semi-public and public characters. To all alike in times of crisis comes the challenge, 'Under which king, Bezonian?' and quietly or noisily the march must begin, and continue, beneath a chosen banner. Young men have been advised to seek out and espouse unpopular causes, for the good of their souls. But the unpopularity of a cause is not always the measure of its intrinsic merit, whatever its espousal may accomplish for its followers. The more important thing to keep in mind in choosing your cause is that 'God and one are a majority,' and that you are the possible 'one.' Having taken sides on such terms as these, popularity and

unpopularity drop out of consideration. There is ample reward in the satisfaction of knowing precisely where you stand and why you stand there.

Now that the war is won, an original disposition to believe that everything is settled fades from thought and view. The questions inseparable from the taking of sides become just as pressing as they have ever been. In the great object of making the new world which is to emerge out of the conflict a righteous world, a happier dwelling-place for the sons of men, a field of fairer play, everybody is on the same side, just as all were united in the conviction that the menace of autocratic power must be forever quenched. Of course a new day is coming; of course it must be a better day. The only alternative is 'chaos and old night.' But how is the sun of this new day to be conducted in any orderly progress from dawn to its noon, and prevented from sinking in due course beneath a sullen or angry western horizon, malign with promise of storms to come. The human instruments and methods to which some control of this process must be intrusted will afford spacious ground for the taking of sides. The logs in the fireplace — to come back from the sun to one of its products — must be lighted and tended; and few of us will be humble enough to believe in our hearts that anyone else can do it quite so well as we. No more of unanimity with regard to the details through which the purpose of the world is to be accomplished will reveal itself in the time now at hand than we have seen in the recent past.

In that past, however, there has been an extraordinary unanimity of spirit in America touching the larger issues of the time. Through whatever means, the war has stood in the eyes of the people as a crusade, a flaming ideal, for the realization of which no sacrifice appeared extravagant. If there are left

any of those Americans who two or three years ago proclaimed themselves ashamed of their country, they are now to be placed only by means of their silence. Yet now there is only one side with which they can possibly affiliate — that of their countrymen who could not be induced to part with their national pride. To fortify and secure it, one and all must now join in the supreme effort to win from the winning of the war the very best — no tolerated second-best — that the struggle can be made to yield.

For this broad purpose, and perhaps for this only, we are carrying a virtually non-partisan spirit from war-time into the period of peace. In the matter of details, the possibilities of divergence are without number. When the individual finds himself confronted with the necessity of taking sides with respect to the persons and processes whereby the general purpose is to be attained, he may well beware the danger of losing sight of the really great end in view. If he keeps his eye fixed upon that object, and neglects the negligible smaller things, he will bring to whichever side he joins an element of positive strength. There is nothing more clearly worth remembering at a time like the present than that, in a country organized on the basis of party government, all the patriotism, all the sincerity and honesty of purpose, are not to be found in either of the two larger, or any one of the smaller, parties. Danger for danger, there is not much to choose between fixing the magnifying, sometimes also a distorting, glass upon the merits of your own side and upon the shortcomings of the other. To hold inescapably in view the high objects for which all methods and instruments should be employed is the essential thing. Thus it is that every partisan can increase the vitality and effectiveness of his own party. The goal itself is so much more

important than any of the means for reaching it, that the taking of sides may be lifted from the realm of pettiness into that of dedication to the highest of causes.

It is on behalf of such causes that it is possible in this new day to take sides. In the social and economic relations of man with man, there must be a continual pressing forward to that democracy of which Lincoln gave the ultimate definition when he said, 'As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master.' In the field of the spirit, embodied in the forms of religion, there must be a quickening which shall make the realities of life and death what they call themselves, instead of those disguised opposites which they have so often

been: the men who have dealt face to face with things as they are, will now return to us by tens of thousands, and imitations will no longer satisfy them. The schools and colleges are waking up to the necessity of preparing the minds of the men and women of the coming day to cope with the problems of a freer, larger world. That world itself, through leaguings its nations together for perpetual protection against a repeated plunging of mankind into the miserable sea of its own blood, stands waiting for all of us who are left, to make it the decent, even the pleasantly habitable, world it may still become.

For the true furtherance of any one of these causes, who would not take sides — and all the consequences?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE SPLENDOR OF THE COMMONPLACE

AFTER the specialist had taken me aside, and had said to me, 'She can live just about a year, certainly not longer; she will not suffer; no, do not tell her till I give you leave,' she became all at once a person alien, apart, possessing a strange new distinction and charm.

It seemed to me that I should want to know, that I might make that year splendid, important, worth while. But the doctor's orders were imperative, and he knew his patient well. The least I could do, I thought, was to live the time left to her as if it were indeed my own last year of life. And yet, as day followed day, I began to wonder wherein the difference after all would really lie, if I were under sentence to

die, as she was, and I knew. And it came to me quite clearly, that if that were the case, one would not lay stress on the big things, which one might feel fairly certain of carrying over into those years ahead, — or into that yearless time which, they tell us, is not time at all, — but on the little, homely, intimate things which one may have to leave behind, which have to do with this earth, as we know it here and now.

And so it has come to pass that, ever since that year, the preciousness of common things, their unthought-of significance and charm, has had strong hold on me. The so-called drudgery of life, the homely task, the daily routine, the meeting of the family at dinner after the busy day — such things as these have taken on a certain distinction and beauty; that ordinary meal

has become, in very truth, a sacrament. And even those fugitive, elusive things we forget to notice because they happen often, — the fragrance of coffee stealing through the house when one is half-dreaming; the way the sunlight slants across the lawn on a June afternoon; the crooning of hens on an April morning; the feel of clean sheets when one slips into bed, — all these joys of the senses are never more to be taken for granted since that year.

It came to me quite suddenly, as I read the leading article in the May *Atlantic* on 'The New Death,' that our boys in France were realizing life somewhat as I had done, when I lived vicariously that last vivid year of one who was under sentence to die. We have certainly felt — we who are left behind — that there is something going on over there of high import, which has nothing to do with military victories or defeats; that they are finding — those young *illuminati* — in this horrible war something that we, as a people, cannot afford to miss; whether it be some new crusade of the spirit, or only that old way of the Cross, well worn by saints and martyrs, but strangely unfamiliar to feet used to stepping blithely down the broad highway of success.

And curiously enough, as one reads such articles as 'The New Death,' and letters and reports that come to one personally, one finds that the interest of our boys in France is centred just where mine had been that unforgettable year, on the quaint and homely happenings of everyday living. The big certainties — life, death, immortality, God — they take joyously for granted, with their strange new insight into things spiritual, their prescience of Reality; but, perhaps for the first time, they are realizing everyday joys; know what quiet means, and rest and needed sleep; are aware of the holiness of clean clothing, the exquisite flavor of coarse

food, the divine loveliness of dawn, and noon-time, and night.

And so, having found out about Life, they know all there is for us to know about Death. Instead of losing its strange distinction, death for them has taken on a new splendor, as have the common things of life.

And as to their losing the Vision, forgetting, — those who live to come back, — they may. But they have known Reality, those boys, and one does not easily drop into materialism after one has attained that knowledge. And as to their keeping their belief in God and in Immortality — in these high matters they have gone forever beyond theory and belief; for they realize God, and experience immortality here and now. They are tasting what old Father Caussade is always calling the Sacrament of the Present Moment, they, who know so surely that each present moment is quite likely to be their last. 'He has set the world in their hearts'; they are in love with it. And if they come back to us, it may be to find a New Heaven and a New Earth; and those who never come back can say with that poet and mystic, who knows so surely that living and dying are of the same piece, 'Because I have loved this life so well, I know I shall love death also.'

What wonder that their letters home drop quite naturally into unconscious poetry. The most prosaic and practical of these boys are learning what the secret poets and mystics always knew. It has taken a world's war to teach them, and us common people at home through them. Because the price paid for our knowing has been so high, it is for us to see to it that the quality of our daily living shall take on such distinction that those who come back will not feel as aliens, and that the young dying of those others may not have been, so far as we are concerned, in vain.

THE SLAVIC NIGHTMARE

I was at a lecture in a well-known club. The lecturer talked about a great plan: to establish a new Eastern front out of the small Slavic nations, who hate Germany and want independence.

'Poland is not a small nation!' burst out one of the audience.

I applauded, as I am Polish myself.

'I beg your pardon,' said the lecturer, with a polite bow; 'certainly; Poland is bigger than Bohemia, for instance.'

At that point a loud murmur of disapproval was heard from the representative of the Bohemians.

The lecturer tried to continue as impartially as possible. When he finished, his forehead was wet with perspiration.

'It is not an easy job, you know,' he complained to me afterwards. 'All these nations are so jealous of each other! To hold them together is like running a class! A class of immigrants who don't understand each other. Germany poisoned them for centuries with this unhealthy jealousy, and tried to make all the differences much more important than they are in reality. And now — you see the results.'

I rather heard them: there was a passionate discussion among the Slavs. I never heard so much noise in my life!

'I am now drawing the maps,' said the lecturer. 'It is hard work!'

'I know how to do it; I may help you!' said I recklessly.

'Thank you very much. We will plan the future frontiers of the reconstructed Slavic countries.'

He took me to his office and showed me all his materials. And then my unhappiness began.

Poland at her golden age was a great country: she had exits to two seas; she held Ukrainia. I am a patriot and would like my country to be mighty again; but I have a conscience, and tried not to give her too much space on the map.

Lithuania does not want to be joined with us again, although we were united for centuries. All right: love is free; let us be divorced! With a heavy heart, I outlined a new state of Lithuania.

The Jugo-Slavs want to have an exit to the sea. What is to be done? They are far from any sea. It would be good to give them the right of trespassing. Why not try to internationalize some rivers? That's the idea! But may I do it on my own risk? The heavy weight of the political responsibility made me bend lower over the table.

'Serbia will never, never, be quite friendly with Bulgaria!' the old white-bearded leader of Serbs stated. Would you draw their frontiers after that?

I was perspiring. I felt unhappy. I was as tired as could be.

At eleven o'clock the telephone rang violently. The excited voice of the lecturer asked me to come to the club at once and bring my maps: an extraordinary meeting was to be held; seven official representatives of the Slavs would discuss a most important problem.

When I entered the large hall of the club, I saw seven men sitting at the round green table. Each wore the picturesque national costume of his country. They looked like a living rainbow.

The old white-bearded Serb presided. He was armed to his teeth. The others also had a very military air. They were all discontented with my maps.

I was discouraged and felt guilty. I started to explain that I did not draw the maps according to my personal ideas: I had followed faithfully all the directions which had been given to me. But they did not listen: they reproached me all together, in many tongues. I felt lost!

Suddenly a wonderful monster approached me: it had two heads; on one was a sign, 'Jugo'; on the other, 'Slav.'

I was terrified. But it seemed to be a kind sort of monster: it did not scold me;

it only shook its two heads reproachfully, and said in a pitiful voice, —

'Why did you not give us a piece of the Mediterranean?'

I tried to excuse myself and to console the monster. I said that the map was only a map after all, and could be drawn anew. But the Jugo-Slav wassad and his look tormented my conscience.

And the worst was yet to come: it came in the form of a huge Bulgarian. He had the traditional long nose, and a crooked dagger in his hand.

'You gave them Saloniki!' cried he. 'You must die!'

I ran to the street. But the street had changed: the houses were very low, and old-fashioned carriages passed by instead of automobiles. It was no more the street of New York.

Two barefooted guards appeared from behind the nearest corner, and they had gilded axes in their hands. They ordered me to follow them. I was condemned to be executed.

'For what?' I asked in despair.

'For high treason against your country: you wanted Lithuania to be a separate state. It is a betrayal of Poland!'

'Thank God, I am in Poland! Then it is not so hopeless: I know how to talk with my people; I will defend myself!'

'We have no free speech yet,' said the guard. 'It is the reign of Jagello. So your eloquence will not help: you will be burned with your typewriter.'

They dragged me to the fire. There were lots of people hanging around: the knights with skins of leopards on their backs, the fat priests, and the newspaper boys. Jagello, the first baptized King of Lithuania, sat on the street-balcony. A crimson flag with the white Polish eagle on it fluttered above his head. His beautiful wife, Jadviga, the Queen of Poland, sat by his side. When she saw me, she stretched her white hands toward her husband and cried, —

'I pray thee, spare that poor short-

haired suffragette! Let her go to the convent instead of burning her! She might be converted yet!'

'Send me rather to exile, O generous Koroleva!' I yelled; 'send me to America!'

'Can't we send her to America, O husband of mine?'

'No,' answered Jagello thoughtfully, twisting his long beard. 'No! I would like to fulfill the desire of your noble and pitiful heart, O Jadviga. But d'ye see, America is not discovered yet.'

The last ray of hope disappeared for me. I would inevitably have been burned, together with all my property, — with my Corona typewriter, — if I had not waked in time.

No, I will never draw those maps again. I know that it is important, and must be done. But not by me: I am only a woman, and a very nervous one.

THE EMANCIPATION OF MAN

The man in the seat ahead of me in the Pullman was knitting openly and shamelessly, as he might have read a newspaper or smoked a cigar. He slipped the first stitch, knit one, and purled two, as nonchalantly as if he were knocking billiard balls about the table or teeing his ball for a long drive. He slipped his stitches along the needle, — or 'stick' as one of his male observers remarked, — loosened his yarn, and proceeded, with a rhythm and a rapidity that it was quite a delight to watch. He was knitting a khaki sweater, with double yarn, and he counted his eighty stitches with a veteran's assurance.

People passing to and fro from the dining-car stopped to watch him, winked at each other, and shook their heads, as if he were some curious freak.

Now, why should n't a man knit? Men have always been more skillful than women in manual accomplishments. In all arts, the great artists

with their fingers have in general been men. A moment's thought and consideration will establish that fact, beyond dispute or discussion.

Women have in recent years flaunted their masculine accomplishments. Whatever they have done in athletics, in business, in the professions, or in the arts which have heretofore been generally recognized as manly, they have talked of with the swollen chest and have advertised widely. To such an extent has this been true, that men have been made to feel quite keenly at times that their own field of activity is gradually narrowing, that they will ultimately be pushed into the back row, or, changing the figure, wiped entirely off the map, which will then be the special property of women. We men have always had our little feminine accomplishments, but have felt obliged to practise them under the rose. They were for us considered no cause for pride or self-satisfaction. We have sewed on our own buttons, darned our own socks, — well, too, as many of us could easily demonstrate, — put on our own invisible patches, but secretly, in the privacy of our own chambers, with the blinds down, for fear we might be detected in our shame. The work was necessary, but for us not honorable. Many men, not tailors either, can make buttonholes better than their wives; but they never confess it outside of the family. I know a man — strong, husky, and athletic — who regularly makes for his wife the most beautiful embroidery and filet lace from his own original designs, but she does not give that fact away; people might think him weak and effeminate, she fears, if they knew that he possessed such skill. So she explains to the curious who inquire into the origin of her beautiful lace that a 'friend' made it for her.

Englishmen have been skillful in knitting for a long time, and have not been

ashamed to demonstrate it publicly, either. A friend of mine, who has lived in India for many years, has told me that English officers there take their knitting with them to public events quite as unapologetically as women do.

Most American men have heretofore been limited in public places to one or both of two diversions — they could smoke or read the paper. Some men do not enjoy smoking, and the modern newspaper may in time be exhausted. Then we yawn and grow restless, like an active boy shut up in the house on a rainy day with nothing to do.

We have heard a great deal of late about the emancipation of woman and the part which the war will play in the speedy accomplishment of that result; but the war is going to do much, also, in the emancipation of man, who needs quite as much to be freed from some of the restrictions and conventions that have limited and handicapped him.

We shall come into our own. Ere long we shall take our knitting and our crocheting with us on the train, and practice these manual arts, with which we have long been secretly familiar, openly and without criticism. We shall sit in our easy chairs in our club-rooms, busy and contented, with our weekly darning and mending in our laps, sewing on our missing buttons while we discuss politics and war policies. Instead of rushing out between acts at the theatre to smoke a hasty cigar or to fill our stomachs with some unnecessary drink or refection, we shall knit a few rounds on a sock for Sammy, or crochet a little lace for the baby's rompers.

The emancipation of man is in sight.

ANIMUS IN CARCERE

It has always been my misfortune to have clothes given to me. Born with a keen sense of propriety and a genuine appreciation of the fitness of things, I

have never yet had the opportunity of selecting my own garments, and constantly appear before the world in plumage quite foreign to my habitat — all innate originality and all natural desires thwarted.

During my childhood I quickly learned that the outward, visible husk would never indicate the inward and veritable Me, but instead would present some older sister, some silly doll of a cousin who was held up to me as an example of what a little girl should be; or, worst of all, a shortened, taken-in and made-over aunt, addicted to musty browns. How well I recall the inevitable and dreaded Sunday which overshadowed the latter part of every week; the inevitable Sunday, with its accompanying horror of the best dress! Childish instinct rebelled from the crackling of stiff silk; small plaid legs never frisked beneath the weight of such forbidding gentility; and many were the tears shed among soft, sympathetic 'company' blankets, put away so carefully on the deep shelf of the spare bedroom closet.

A place of refuge was the spare bedroom closet, pervaded by faint aromatic smells, filled with old chests and mystery. Even the keyhole did strange things, admitting a little thread of light which, in the darkness, reflected a miniature window upside down. It was in the dusky recesses of this closet that I sought immunity from the brown silk, sought comfort of the little upside-down fairy window, and, with fierce satisfaction, gnawed a lump of sugar, knowing that the uncanny phosphorescent light induced by this process would illuminate my teeth in a grisly manner. Alas, that modern sugar can produce no such satisfying effect!

The isolation of the closet was powerless to save me when the time of dressing for Sunday school arrived; the voice of authority drew me forth, and as I snatched roughly at hooks and

slapped at plaitings, it said firmly, 'Now, my dear, don't fuss any more about it. Most little girls would be thankful to own such a handsome silk dress. I'm sure I never had anything half so nice when I was your age.' Which so engendered revolt in me, that during Sunday school, I made up my mind to keep the large two-cent piece previously destined to foreign missions. It was only the pale horror of my best friend, to whom I had confided my intentions, which led me, after a moment's breathless indecision, to produce the money when the plate was passed.

The best dress on Sunday was quickly followed on Monday by a maroon cashmere, elaborately trimmed with many scallops made in imitation of shells. There seemed to be hundreds of them; they clung everywhere like barnacles. An elder sister I had, whose height could well support shells; but I bore mine to school shrinkingly, strengthened only by the thought that I could multiply faster than the other girls, and was able to recite the signs of the zodiac. Fearing childhood's critical eye and cruel tongue, I crept to my desk and busied myself with sharpening pencils, taking surreptitious nips of dry cocoa and sugar conveniently mixed in a small bottle. I felt whispered disapproval and comment closing around me, and before recess a secret note was laid on my desk: 'None of us girls like your new dress; was it one of your sister's?' Even the consolation of humming 'Aries, Taurus, Gemini' to myself could not prevent my ears from burning, and my throat ached with longing for the kindly oblivion of the spare bedroom closet.

All this was long ago. Now alas, there is no closet in the world where I may weep for very pity of myself. The counterpart of the creaking silk and maroon cashmeres is still mine. I am indeed what clothes have made me, every-

body and nobody, a chameleon changing my shape and disposition with each change of garment; of what may have been the real Me, there is nothing left.

Do I but wake of a spring morning filled with happy animation, the spirit is exorcised as I come down to breakfast. I feel the weight of years, I am austere, gracious to those about me, eat sparingly as becomes a stout dyspeptic, glance with contempt at the readers of the morning news, and inquire in a throaty voice if anyone has mislaid my pamphlet on the *New Life*. Presently mother says, 'How you do remind me of your Aunt Cornelia!' Of course I do. I *am* Aunt Cornelia in her very own black wool crêpe.

A box arrives by express. Aroint thee, Aunt Cornelia! Away with your gloomy crêpes, your dyspepsia and dull philosophies; I am become young again in cousin Mildred's dotted muslins and pink lawns. I talk with girlish enthusiasm of football heroes and other noble youths; I love cream-puffs and read Clara Louise Burnham with avidity; little do I realize in my eighteen-year frivolity that I am soon to be divorced.

Yes, once I was actually divorced. Of course, she was not a relative. In our family we do not have divorces; this was merely the rich acquaintance of a poor friend, and I inherited almost directly. At once the muslin *ingénue* vanished and I became tall and willowy. How glad I was to be tall once more! I was sparkingly vivacious and irrepressibly gay; I grew almost witty, and startled the placidity of staid elders with my cigarettes and mad sallies.

If changes in my character are achieved so readily, the body also is amenable to change, and, with slight murmuring, acquiesces in remodeling and alteration; nothing about me can have stability. Sometimes I have the neck of an Alice in Wonderland, long enough to be swathed in folds upon

folds of black satin; again, I have no neck at all, and am conscious of the jog in my collar-bone, the witness of an escapade in childhood. I am long and narrow, I am short and stout; I am broad and athletic, advocating Feminism; I am slight and frail, believing that the woman's place is in the home. Once, oh, horror! I was almost *petite* — but, thank Heaven, it split up the back and I emerged like a seventeen-year locust, slightly shriveled.

The difficulties involved in a variability of physique and temperament are not the only difficulties. My sometime rich appearance, the rustling and swishing of silken underpinnings, make my goings out and comings in marked with deference. I am ushered to front seats, my contributions are watched and commented upon with disfavor; shopkeepers offer me eager attentions; I am embarrassed by falling so far short of their expectations. The theatre is attended with depression, my expensive apparel finding inexpensive seats far from its liking; together we protest against the common carrier as we push into an already over-crowded street car. 'Jackdaw in peacock's feathers,' I mutter. 'Fine feathers never did make fine bird,' retorts the apparel; and we relapse into mutual antagonism as we take ourselves home.

Discontent seethes within me, yet my friends say, 'How lucky you are to have all these beautiful things sent you. Just see how odd and Frenchy this is!' Odd and Frenchy, I suffer that, too; I am the scapegoat for the sins of a New England conscience relaxing in Paris.

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on.

I cannot escape my destiny; old yesterday, young to-morrow, who knows? I dream but dimly of who or what I might have been if Fate had withheld her interfering hand and postponed my incarnations to some more distant world.